

CHATTERBOX.



1878

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 42, BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK



A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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	Page
A Faithful Dog	2
An Honest Judge	10
A Brave Workman	43
A Sensible Dog	43
A Brave Maiden	70
A Noble Deed of Self-sacrifice	74
A Friend in Need	74
An Austrian Trooper	74
An Awful Story	106
A Future Mark Tapley	111
A Bird's Nest	122
A Good Custom	126
A Brave Little Russian Girl	126
A Grateful Pig	146
A Sagacious Dog	154
About Robinson Crusoe	167
A Church-going Horse	183
A Run from a Bear	207
'Aqua Fresca!'	215
An Incident in the Life of Canova	223
A Terrible Enemy	230
About Donkeys	244
A Dog Highway Robber	250
A Clearing Shower	270
A Father rescuing a Child	271
A Clever Gander	271
An Arab Toilet	277
A Timely Joke	279
A Few Anagrams	294
A Brisk Old Lady	298
A Dog's Politeness	346
About Camels	350
About Sponges	355
A Cat taking to Water	394
Baron Anderson's Advice	146
Boatmen of the Bosphorus	367
Cyril the Foundling, 6, 14, 18, 34, 46, 54, 58, 66, 77, 82, 90, 98, 107, 114, 122, 133, 141, 149, 154	191
Cleopatra's Needle	191
Deep-sea Fishing in Africa	50
Dick	130
Dr. Johnson and Garrick	263
Dreaming and Doing	398
Enstace Carroll's Sketch	162
Every Inch a Soldier	307
'Forgive us our Trespasses'	69
Forest Lore	229
Fonthill	235
Francis Chantrey	318
Fishing and Fishermen	341
Found at his Duty	410
Gustavus Vasa	27
Gloff's Turning-point	38

	Page
Going to School	51
Good for Evil	354
Good Temper	337
Humming-birds	19
Honesty Rewarded	42
How he did it	43
Honor Bright, or the Four-Leaved Shamrock, 170, 178, 186, 194, 202, 211, 218, 226, 236, 242, 254, 258, 266, 278, 288, 294, 298, 310, 314, 322, 334, 338, 346, 358, 362, 370	239
Hearing of Dogs	282
Hidden Treasure	338
How 'Snob' went to Church	263
John Bacon, the Sculptor	306
Kinmont Willie	282
Lake Superior	378
Lulli, the little Violinist	75
Miriam Ware's Troubles	81, 94
Mary, Queen of Scots	163
Marshal Ney	159
Modern Casabiancas	228
Mistaken Affection	
NATURAL SCENES:	
I. A Stream	296
II. A Bay	246
III. A Mountain	262
IV. A Lake	275
V. A Waterfall	291
VI. A Valley	316
VII. The Rapids	331
VIII. Cascade or Cataract	351
IX. A Glen	366
X. A Torrent	379
XI. A River	398
XII. A Headland	411
Nicola Pesce, the Diver	330
Newfoundland	354
Our New Errand Boy	27
Old 'Rags'	39
Peggy Charsley	183
Politeness	325
Peasants of Toledo	405
Pictures without Words	168, 169
Raffaël and Rubens	198
Raphael the Painter	392
Robin Hood	374, 381, 390
Rodolph's Choice	336, 394, 402
Robin's Nest in a Shoe	402
Story of a Welsh Engineer	28
Something about the Black Sea	118
Spanish Gipsies of Grenada	119

	Page
Sold into Slavery	116
'Show your Oak!'	198
Stories about American Indians, 210, 234, 274, 290, 326, 342, 357, 369, 406	306
Sheldrakes	327
Spanish Water-Carrier	
The Sea of Azof	2
The Lighthouse	3
The Little Bird-fancier	10
Two Sides to a Question	10
The Chinchilla	12
Taught by a Guy	21
The Work of the 'Little Poor'	23
The Turkey	35
The Power of Kindness	60
The Death-warrant	61
The Jackdaw	63
The Banyan-tree	71
The Robin	98
The Adventures of Ibn Batuta	100
The Story of Charley	102
The St. Lawrence River	107
The Good Ruler	116
The Stolen Apples	124
The Brother's Sacrifice, 146, 157, 163, 173	166
The Serpent's Appetite	172
The Thames at Richmond	191
The Erne, or Sea Eagle	194
The Blackbirds and Cat	199
Treasures from the Deep	206
The Terrors of Wealth	207
Two Old Friends	211
The Circus Horse at Astley's	236
The Monkey and the Elephant	250
The Boy-king	251
The New Forest	283
The Spanish Baker	285
The Spindle Rook	298
The Shorthorn Cow	302
The Man and the Horse	309
The Monkey-tree	323
The Red Grouse	330
The Poitou Donkey	333
The Capercaillie	370
The Kestrel	427
The Traveller and his Guide	
Ulleswater	131
Viper Worship	346
Wally's Foundling	57
Wheeling Himself along	62
Wishing and Working	137
William Hutton	231
Words in Northumberland	350
Zebra and Foal	319

POETRY.

	Page		Page		Page
A Winter Journey	43	'Make Hay while the Sun shines' ...	258	The Cat o' Nine Tales (Tails) ...	191
A Catastrophe	95	Now and Then	52	Tom and Kate	197
Advice to the Children	115	Our Old General	106	The Quarrel of the Rooks ...	218
A Beacon for Father	186	Our Baby	301	The Discontented Squirrel ...	246
A Hare Hunt	302	Pity	223	The Old Oak Tree	252
A Puzzle for Granny	349	Puss and Dash	355	The Match Boys	282
Autumn Leaves	407	Riddle	319	The Cats' Complaint	293
Baby's Ride	339	Suggested by 'The Cabman's Shelter' ...	2	The Railway Train	330
Christmas Long Ago	31	Sambo's Christmas Pudding	26	The Little Yachtsman	343
Despise not the Day of Small Things ...	381	Save the Ship	133	The Merry Mice	362
Holger Danske	231	See-saw	183	The Tired Soldier	373
'It's only a little Glove'	76	The Light-ship	87	The Brothers	386
Jack's Bubbles	307	The Crane and the Trout	175	The Swing	389
				Waiting to be Shot	68

ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLOURED FRONTISPIECE—'THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.'

	Page		Page		Page
A Faithful Dog	1	Defending the Castle	144	'May I see what you are drawing?'	220
A strange Gift for Mistress Dorothy	16	Duke fell on his face	260	Mistaken Affection	228
A Message from over the Sea	17	Dr. Johnson and Garrick	264	'Make hay while the sun shines'	257
A Sensible Dog	44	Dead Sheldrake	305	Now and Then	53
A Winter Journey	45	Dr. Smith and Honor Bright	348	News from the Old Home ...	89
A Noble Deed of Self-sacrifice	73	Eustace Carroll's Sketch	161	'Off drove the dog-cart through the snow' ...	37
A future Mark Tapley	112	Exploring the Cave	265	Old 'Rags' waiting for his master	40
A Bird's Nest	121	'Forgive us our trespasses' ...	69	Our Old General	105
A Grateful Pig	145	'For a moment the lady stood amazed'	152	Our Baby	301
A Sagacious Dog	153	'Father was alone; yes, very much alone'	196	Peggy Charsley	137
A Church-going Horse	184	Forest Lore	229	Pat as Prince Boriabooloo ...	325
A Beacon for Father	185	Fishing and Fishermen	341	Politeness	353
A Stream	205	Found at his Duty	409	Pat showing his Father the Wizard's Hole	336
American Indian Chief	209	Going to School	52	Puss and Dash	353
'Aqua Fresca'	216	Grumalkin	96	Pensants of Toledo	405
A Bay	245	Good for Evil	353	Quarrel of the Rooks	217
A Dog Highway Robber	249	'He could just distinguish a baby face'	8	Roundheads in Bristol ...	124
A Mountain	261	Humming-birds	20	Rover and the Chicks	224
A Clever Gander	272	Honesty rewarded	41	Robin Hood's last shot ...	376
American-Indian Dance	273	'He thrust his sword through the cloth of the banner' ...	65	Rodolph's visit to Mother Brocken's hut	388
A Luke	276	'He bent over the senseless form of his brother'	164	Robin Hood receiving the Prize Arrow	392
An Arab Toilet	277	'Here's a charm to tame all the snakes'	177	Rodolph starting on his journey	396
A Waterfall	292	Honor's Sketch	180	Robin's Nest in Shoe	401
A Valley	317	'Hullo, old chap!'	221	Rodolph heard his cries and saw his danger	404
A Dog's Politeness	315	Hare Hunt	394	Sambo's Christmas Pudding ...	25
A Puzzle for Granny	319	He came rapidly, and the little boy was at his side ...	357	Sir Geoffrey meeting his Brother	109
A Cascade	352	'Here's a lady to see the rooms, Mr. Brian'	330	Spanish Gipsies	120
A Glen	365	'It's only a little Glove'	77	Save the Ship	133
A Torrent	380	Increase hiding from the Indians	92	Sam Holmes going to the rescue	141
A Cat taking to Water	393	I'm Grandmother!	268	See-saw	181
A River	397	I'm Grandfather!	269	She made him sit by her ...	149
Autumn Leaves	408	'I never saw the glass so low in my life'	280	Spanish Baker	284
A Headland	412	John cleaning Charles's great boots	28	Shorthorn Cow	297
Brian listening to Nurse's Comments	188	John bringing the hamper to the Vicarage	29	'Snob' in Church	337
Blackbird and Cat	193	John Goldthwaite looked up with a smile	33	The Cabman's Shelter	4
'Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Bright's party, sir?' ...	213	'Jumping on a stool she cut down the curtains'	128	The Lighthouse	5
Balls 'spinning a yarn' to the Boys	225	Jack's Bubbles	308	The Little Bird-fancier ...	9
Brian at the 'Victoria'	237	Lulli, the Little Violinist ...	378	'The two angry men drew their swords'	12
Brian was on the box with Colonel Wilcott	241	Little John examining the Knight's purse	384	The Chinehilla	13
'Brian! Brian! save me!' ...	283	Miss Ware was so merciful to backward memories ...	76	Taught by a Guy	21
Brian saved by the Boatmen ...	296	Mary, Queen of Scots	85, 93	The Young Seamstress	24
Baby's Ride	340	Marshall Ney supported by the Corporal	104	The Turkey	36
Brian's Birthday	364	Matthew's Visit to the Old Woman's Cottage	160	The Departure for New England	48
Boatmen of the Bosphorus	368	Matthew praying at his brother's bedside	165	The Power of Kindness	60
Brian Sketching in Italy	372	Matthew at his mother's grave	173	The 'Angel' at Grantham ...	61
Bennet escaping from the Indians	400			The Jackdaw	64
Christmas long ago	32			The Banyan-tree	72
Cutting down the May-pole ...	56			The Encounter with the Wolves	80
Chasing a Goat	168			The Log-built House on Fire ...	81
Cleopatra's Needle	189			The Lightship	83
Circus Horse at Astley's	212			The Robin	97
Colonel Wilcott hearing tidings of Pat	313				
Chicks	381				
Drumming the People to Sabbath Service	57				
Dick	129				

CHATTERBOX.



A Faithful Dog.



A FAITHFUL DOG.

AN interesting story of a dog has been told by a gentleman who was travelling in France during the late war with Germany. He met one day some wounded soldiers returning to their regiments, and observed one of them who had a little dog, an iron-grey terrier, evidently English, following at his heels, but only on three legs. In an earnest manner the man told him how the dog had been the means under Providence of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest when fighting near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours after the battle was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was getting weaker and weaker. There were none but the dead near him, and his only companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly round him, with its master's kepi (military cap) in its mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier felt sure that his only friend had deserted him.

The night grew dark, and the cold intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. His limbs grew cold, and feeling a sickly faintness stealing over him he gave up all hope of life and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world; he felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he reached a roadside inn. The people had heard the cannon all day, and seeing the kepi in the dog's mouth, and noticing its restless movements, followed him. He took them straight to the spot, faster than they could follow him with a little cart, just in time. When the friendly help arrived the man had fainted, but he was saved. There were tears in the man's eyes whilst he told the story. The dog had also been touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He had got him when a puppy from a sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Beal.'

Many weeks later, in a different part of France, the same gentleman, stopping at some village, recognised Beal, who also recognised him. On inquiry he found that in a more recent battle poor Beal's late master had been killed, and its present owner, knowing the soldier and the dog, had taken pity on the poor animal, and had adopted him as his own. Beal had attached himself to him to a certain extent, but still seemed restless, and grieving for his late master. On the gentleman's leaving to continue his journey the little dog followed him for some distance, and then, looking wistfully at him, turned and trotted slowly back.

L. C. F.

THE SEA OF AZOF.

THE Don enters this sea by thirteen mouths. In many respects this river resembles the Nile. The Sea of Azof is diminishing in volume, and may one day, perhaps, become a vast marsh. A curious phenomenon occurs here during particular seasons: when the east wind blows violently the sea retires in a remarkable manner. On these occasions, the people who live at Taganrog can pass dryshod to the opposite coast, a distance of nearly fourteen miles. But this is a hazardous journey, involving sometimes the fate of Pharaoh; for when the wind changes, which happens at times very suddenly, the waters return with great speed to their usual bed, and many lives are lost. The sea, however, is so shallow at Taganrog, that vessels drawing from 8 to 10 feet of water cannot approach the town within ten miles, except about midsummer, when the water is deepest, and the sea crowded with small craft.

Taganrog commands a fine view of the Sea of Azof. It was founded by Peter the Great, but its situation allows of commerce being carried on during three months only. Were it not for its want of deeper water, Taganrog would eclipse Cherson and Odessa.

G. S. O.

SUGGESTED BY
'THE CABMEN'S SHELTER.'

DEAR Mother Age, we glory
To live and breathe in thee,
For thou art kind and helpful
To those in misery;
There's not one sorrowing actor
Upon life's restless stage,
But thou hast pity for him,
My loving Mother Age.

The captive in the dungeon,
The workman in the mill,
The coal-mine and the brick-field,
Are better for thy skill:
Methinks the bygone ages
May hide their face for shame,
Before thy stately palaces
That house the sick and lame.

Some tell us thou art fruitful
In strange, unmanly crimes;
Some call thee tame and prosy,
And praise 'the good old times,'
When knights went clad in armour,
And kings fought hand to hand,
And battlemented castles
Frowned over all the land;

And when the Roses struggled
Which should enwreath the crown,
And many a foolish quarrel
Struck youth and beauty down;

And when in town and hamlet
 War lit his angry fires,
 And Pestilence and Famine
 Stalked through our English shires.

All that is past for ever,
 And we have leisure now
 To bind the wounded spirit,
 To fan the fevered brow.
 Taught by the stormy ages,
 Our hearts believe at length
 The warrior's might is weakness,
 And love alone is strength.

The cattle in the market,
 The linnet in his cage,
 Have ample cause to bless thee,
 My kindly Mother Age:
 Thou hast in one united
 Celt, Saxon, Norman, Dane;
 And none for bread or shelter
 Can lift his voice in vain.

One equal law protects us;
 We have one noble Queen;
 The rich and poor are brothers,
 And on each other lean:
 Free, and yet law-abiding,
 We sit beneath the shade
 Of our own apple-blossoms,
 None making us afraid.

G. S. O.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.



DURING stormy weather the lighthouse has to play an important part—to give light and to save life. Many of these towers of salvation are scattered up and down the sea-coast, wherever there are sunken rocks or dangerous shoals; and in places where such towers cannot well be built a

vessel is moored, with a light flaming at the mast-head. Sometimes a bell is used, as is the case at the Inchcape Rock, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Tay. Two bells are tolled there by machinery, at intervals of a minute, whenever the air is thick and foggy and the bright and red light cannot be seen.

The most famous lighthouse on our shores is the Eddystone, four leagues from Plymouth. The Eddystones are a nest of dangerous rocks, all covered at high water; and as Plymouth is a great naval station, it has been always an object of importance to rear a lighthouse on one of the rocks, so that ships sailing in the night may avoid them.

In former days, many vessels which had safely

crossed the stormy Atlantic, and were all but safe at home, went to pieces on these dreadful rocks. A lighthouse, therefore, must be built at Eddystone; but who was to do the thing? For a long time no one came forward to attempt the work, or if he did the difficulties of it alarmed him. At length a self-taught engineer, named Winstanley, persuaded himself and others that he could set a lighthouse on the Eddystone, and he did it. From its picture it appears to have been a fanciful building, not unlike one of Sir C. Wren's London churches. It was a hundred feet high, and it had an open gallery at the top; and the awful nature of the Eddystone waves may be judged of, when we are told that a six-oared boat could easily be lifted up by a wave and driven right through the gallery. Such is the sea there when greatly disturbed by a westerly gale.

Winstanley, however, was sure that his house would stand any Eddystone swell; and he used to say he wished he might spend a night of extreme tempest in it. His wish was gratified; for one night, at the end of November 1703, a mighty storm swept over these islands—such a storm as is scarcely known once in a century. Winstanley was in the lighthouse, seeing after some repairs, and, perhaps, was really glad to be caught and shut up there by the tempest. But what his real feelings were no man ever knew, for when the morning of November 27th dawned the Plymouth folk could not see a trace of the Eddystone lighthouse. It was gone, and all its inmates were gone with it.

Alas, then, for the *Winchelsea*, homeward bound from Virginia! Soon after Winstanley's light was rudely put out that vessel parted asunder on the Eddystone rocks, and most of the precious lives she bore were lost.

And could not England find a son to plant a light of life on the deadly Eddystone? Had poor Winstanley no Elisha to take up his mantle? Yes. Another man emerged from the millions of Englishmen to battle with the terrors of the rock and the sea. And who was he? Strange to say, a silk-mercier from Ludgate Hill!

A work professed engineers and architects would not do, Rudyerd the silk-mercier did, and for forty-six years did his wooden Pharos, 92 feet high, brave wind and weather. It never had to stand a gale like that which overthrew Winstanley's lighthouse, but it resisted some tremendous storms, especially one in the autumn equinox of 1744. And the silk-mercier's lighthouse might have been standing perhaps to this day, had he used lamps instead of a multitude of candles. Those candles set fire to the wooden tower, and it was burnt down. The three light-keepers, who were inside, managed to creep from story to story as the tower burnt downwards, and at last they found a refuge in a rocky cave, it being, happily for them, low water. From this hiding-place they were rescued, and one of them, a very old man of ninety, declared he should die, because some melted lead had run down his throat. Of course it was supposed the old man had lost his senses, nevertheless it was the sober truth; for when he was dead his stomach was opened, and a piece of lead weighing more than seven ounces was found there.



The Cabman's Shelter.

Rudyard's lighthouse was burnt down in 1755, and about a year and a half afterwards another man came forward to help Eddystone to a lighthouse. This was Mr. Smeaton, who had been a maker of compasses, telescopes, and other instruments in use amongst mathematicians.

Smeaton, after many dangers and difficulties, built a beautiful tower of stone, shaped very like the trunk of a tree. And, after the saving light had been ex-

tinguished for nearly four years, it was rekindled on the 16th of October, 1759. It is a comfort to think Smeaton's noble tower has withstood the buffetings of every storm since that day. One tempest happened a little more than two years after the lighthouse was finished—a storm of unusual fury. Of course the new lighthouse was the subject of many a fireside conversation during that fearful night. As the wind howled and roared among the chimneys of Plymouth,



The Lighthouse.

and scattered the tiles in the streets, the friends of Smeaton trembled for his work, and hardly dared to hope. One man, who was fond of saying that the lighthouse would never stand, declared if it survived that night it would remain on the rock until the day of judgment.

Many a telescope was levelled in the direction of the Eddystone as soon as the winter morning allowed the eye to see so far. 'There was a feeling of joy,

gratitude, and wonder,' says a writer, 'when Smeaton's friends with difficulty descried the form of his lighthouse through the still dark and troubled air. It was uninjured, even to a pane of glass in the lantern.' And there it has ever since remained, despite the storms of a century and more. Long may it and its lonely brethren keep our shores from being strewn with wreck of ships, and the lifeless bodies of them whose business is in the great waters! G. S. O.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.
A TALE OF THE PURITANS AND CAVALIERS.
(The £20 Prize Story.)

CHAPTER I.

OBADIAH GOLDTHWAITE'S JOURNEY.



It was a dark December day of the year 1630.

Near the old market-cross of Salisbury two men stood together under an archway, well known in those days to all travellers, for above it hung the weather-beaten sign of the 'Flying Unicorn.' The worthy host of the inn, whose jovial face seemed to have a constant welcome stamped upon it, was bidding farewell, with many last words, to his good friend and customer, Obadiah Goldthwaite.

This last was a cloth-merchant of Bristol, who, in the way of his trade, had occasion to bring samples of his goods to Salisbury and other towns of note. He was a man of a grave and solemn countenance, plainly dressed in a dark-coloured suit, which, with his closely-cropped hair and general demeanour, made it plain to all beholders that he was of the new sect of the Puritans.

'Bad times these for business, Master Goldthwaite,' said his companion. 'Now-a-days men seem more set upon finding safe hiding-places for their money than upon laying it out in broadcloth and brocade. But keep up your heart, man. If rumour speak true, we shall have peace ere long, and then better days will come.'

'Nay,' replied Goldthwaite, solemnly, 'never will England see good days while the high places are full of wickedness, while the Sabbath of the Lord is openly profaned by the king's command, while there is no Parliament to protect the rights—'

'Hush, my friend,' interrupted the other, eagerly grasping his arm, while he looked round anxiously to see if there were any listeners. 'Speak not treason so openly in the public street. In good sooth, too, your words are bitter beyond all reason. Then, as to the Sabbath desecration, it is a matter that concerns us little; for our good bishop hath declared against the reading in churches of the *Book of Sports*, and no small number of our quiet, God-fearing people, are of a like mind.'

'Report would have Dr. Davenant to be a discreet and learned man,' replied Obadiah. 'But tell me, mine host, did he not suffer that abomination, a Maypole, to be reared in the Close, nigh to the Lord's house, this very summer? Yea, and did not the young men and maidens make merry and dance around it, when they should have been lamenting in sackcloth and ashes for the judgment coming upon our country?'

At this moment, fortunately for the good understanding between the two friends, the conversation was interrupted by old Dan the hostler coming, leading Obadiah's horse, ready saddled, for his journey.

'How time flieth when we are in good company!' exclaimed the landlord, glad to find a fresh subject of discourse. 'Who would believe that our cathedral clock hath just struck two, and that in a brief hour or so the daylight will be gone! God speed you on

your journey, Master Goldthwaite, for methinks you have a weary ride before you. They tell me, too, that the floods are out between this and Wylke.'

'Ay, sure enough, master,' put in the hostler; 'Sam Goodman is but now come with news that the Warminster waggon did miss the road through the water-meadows nigh to Wishford, and that all the poor folk were overturned, and some be drowned.'

'Ill news doth travel apace, Dan!' said his master. 'Market-day was but yesterday, and the Warminster waggon never set off from the "Woolpack" till day-break this morning.'

'You say well, friend; ill news doth travel apace,' rejoined Obadiah; 'and I will add thereto that ill news, like a snowball, doth lose nought in rolling.'

So saying, and with a grasp of the hand and last farewell from his host, Obadiah set foot in the stirrup, and departed at a gentle trot across the quaint old market-place.

The landlord of the 'Flying Unicorn' watched him in silence for a few minutes, and then gave speech to his thoughts: 'A good man as ever lived, honest in his dealings and scrupulous almost to a fault. But it is past my understanding why would he go to check all harmless mirth, and make us all as gloomy and long-faced as himself? Every man to his humour, say I. Live and let live!'

But we must now leave mine host, and follow Obadiah Goldthwaite on his lonely ride homewards.

As the Puritan merchant rode out from the old cathedral city of Salisbury his thoughts were not set upon his merchandise, on the goodly samples of broadcloth, of linen cloth, and brocaded stuffs, which he had displayed with such honest pride. No; in fancy he shook the dust from his feet, and felt as if he were called upon to depart in haste from one of the doomed cities of the plain.

Full of such gloomy thoughts, Obadiah quickened the pace of his horse, and so hastened on through the meadows of Fisherton, where he already perceived signs of the rising floods, for in places the road was entirely under water.

There was still, however, good footing for his horse, and he took but little note of the rough travelling; for it was yet broad daylight, and the road in the neighbourhood of Salisbury being much frequented, there were good landmarks on either side.

He soon reached the little village of Bemerton, where in the summer-time he oft lingered on his journey to admire its pleasant aspect, being embowered in trees; for, to the eyes of the weary traveller, it had seemed a sweet haven of repose, a very Garden of Eden. It now wore a wintry look, but still Obadiah paused with a softened feeling to look at a newly-laid-out garden nigh to the little church.

Just then the sound of a musical instrument, like a lute, reached his ears, and as he stayed awhile in wonder to listen, he heard a deep, melodious voice singing these words to a grave and solemn tune,—

'The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.'

Amazed at hearing so pious a hymn in what he had deemed to be a God-forgotten neighbourhood, Obadiah drew near the low hedge, and, looking through the now leafless trees, he saw, standing by an open window, a tall man of noble aspect, with a face of austere sweetness, though thin and pale, as though with much study. He was clad in a sombre black garb, and held in one hand a lute and in the other a scroll of paper.

As the merchant wondered who this might be, there chanced to pass by on the road a man on horseback, who looked like a yeoman of the better sort, and he thus accosted him,—

‘Being a native of a distant city, and somewhat strange to these parts, I would fain know, of your courtesy, who dwelleth in yonder house?’

‘Ay, friend, you must, indeed, be a stranger not to have heard the fame of Mr. George Herbert, the new Parson of Bemerton. Truly he is a saint upon earth, and doth continually abide in one round of prayers, and psalms, and almsdeeds.’

‘Doubtless this Mr. Herbert is a God-fearing man,’ said Goldthwaite, in a considering tone. ‘Those words of the hymn I did overhear were right good and comfortable to the soul in this Sabbath-breaking age; but it grieveth me sore to think that he is so bewitched as to make use of that invention of the Evil One, an instrument of music.’

‘None but Puritans or Schismatics could hold such gloomy doctrines,’ cried the other, in some heat; but remembering what was due to a stranger he added more gently, ‘If you will delay your journey a brief hour, good sir, and join us in yonder chapel when the saint’s bell ringeth for vespers, you will have truly cause to bless the name of our good Mr. Herbert.’

But Obadiah Goldthwaite had heard enough, and, with a muttered exclamation ‘respecting ‘rags of Popery,’ he departed hastily, with scant courtesy.

After a while, when his mind was somewhat quieted, the traveller had leisure to mark how the dark clouds were gathering round, and the weather threatened to be stormy. He saw, too, with dismay as he passed through the village of Wilton, that the Wylfe stream was swollen into a turbid, fast-flowing river, and that his road, which now lay through the midst of water-meadows, was scarcely visible; still he rode onward with a good courage. Moreover, his horse was fresh, and went at a good pace; every step was bearing him nearer to his home. His home! Yes, that was indeed a pleasant thought to dwell upon in his lonely ride across the dreary waste of waters.

He thought of his wife Dorothy, who would be counting the days and hours till his return in that old house at Bristol, where generations of Goldthwaites had been born, and lived, and died.

In fancy he could see the old wainscoted parlour, where, in the ruddy firelight, his father and Dorothy would be sitting together, after the labours of the day, talking over the perils of his journey, and discussing the earliest day when they could hope to welcome him home.

It was Wednesday now, and Obadiah certainly looked forward to reaching Bristol, without fail, either late on the Friday night, or early in the forenoon on Saturday at the very latest.

He had been delayed somewhat in Salisbury by

unforeseen business beyond the market-day, or he had hoped to have reached Warminster that night; but now, if he pushed on well, he could scarcely expect to get beyond Heytesbury, and then he would have several hours of perilous riding after dark.

Master Goldthwaite had left Wilton some miles behind him, and was in the wildest and most lonely part of the Wylfe valley, where there was no human abode in sight, when, with a sudden misgiving, it struck him that the landmarks around were strange to him, and that he must have turned aside from the road. His horse’s feet were sinking in the marshy ground, and more than once the poor animal had stumbled into the deep trenches cut to water the meadows, and only with the greatest difficulty had regained his footing. It was an anxious moment for the traveller. Obadiah pulled the horse’s bridle, and paused for a brief space. He could hear the river rushing near him, though he scarcely remembered its exact course, and he knew that a false step might at any moment plunge him into the deep, rapid stream.

He listened anxiously again and again for any sound, which, if it did not guide him to the road he had left, might at least lead him to some rough shelter for the night.

Suddenly he started, for a low, wailing sound seemed to rise from the ground, not far from his feet. He listened again, but could hear nothing clearly in the noise of the storm and the rushing waters. Thinking it must have been some delusion of his fancy, he was slowly moving on, when again, more distinctly, he heard the feeble cry.

Now Master Goldthwaite, with all his fierce doctrines and fiery zeal for that which he held to be the truth, was a tender-hearted man, who could not bear to hear any living creature in pain.

It was but the work of a moment with him to dismount from his horse, fasten the bridle to the nearest bush, and then diligently set to work to discover whence the wailing cry had come.

For a time he searched in vain; but at length, guided by the sound, he made his way to the bank of the river, where he saw that something which looked like a dark bundle was caught and arrested by the gnarled roots of an old willow.

By the fast-fading light he could just distinguish a baby face, which looked up at him pitifully, frightened at the sight of its deliverer. It appeared to be a little boy, of about two years old, closely wrapped up in a mantle of dark-blue serge, while a hood of the same scarcely hid his golden curls.

The poor child seemed half dead with cold, wet, and hunger; finding himself in a stranger’s arms, the little fellow began to cry aloud most bitterly.

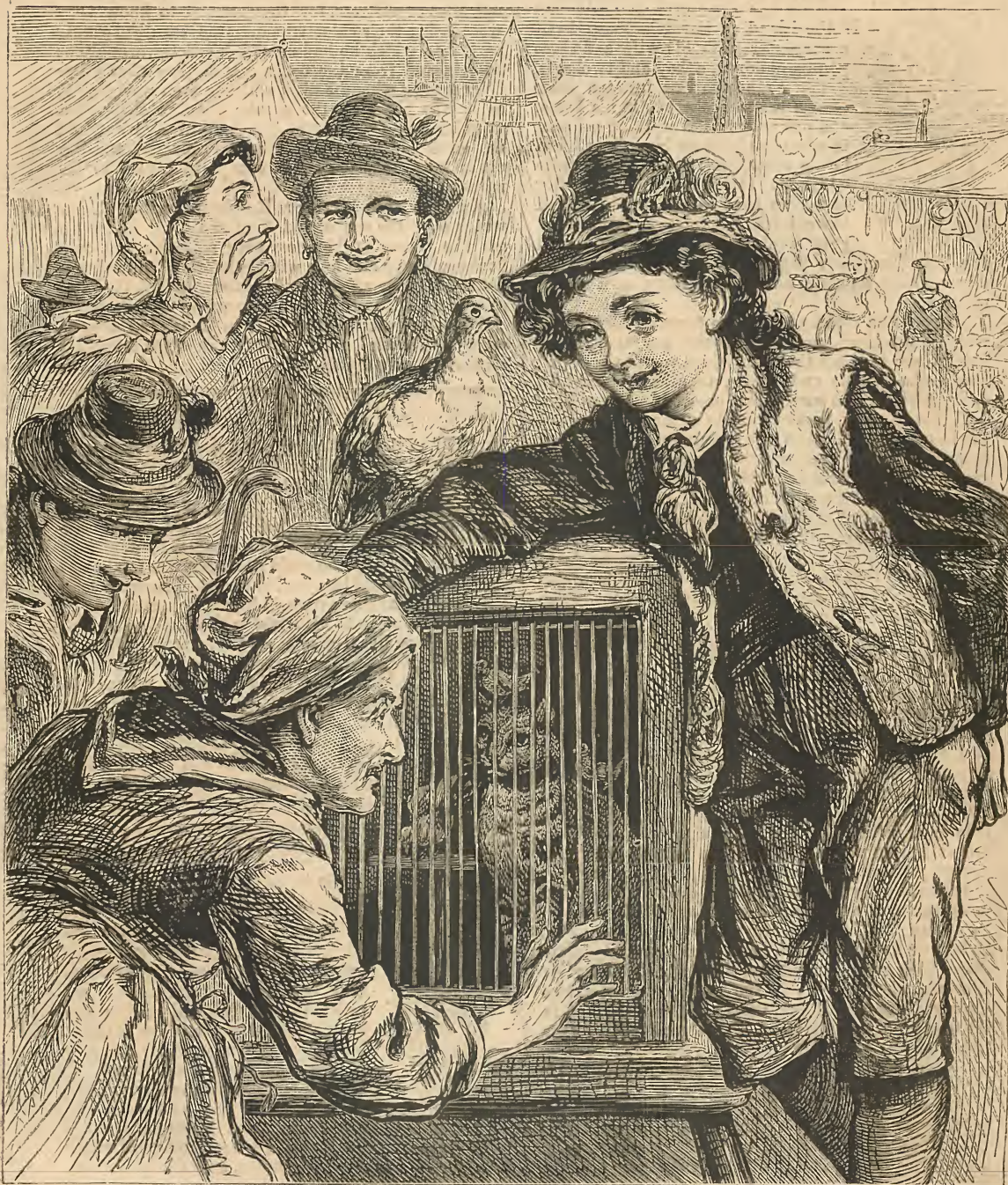
Obadiah meanwhile was utterly bewildered. Never had he found himself in a position of so much difficulty. Here he was, by some strange mischance, alone in a desolate place with a helpless babe!

He looked around him in all directions. Not a living creature was to be seen, no trace of any one to whom the child might belong, no sign of human habitation. There was nothing, so far as the eye could see, but a dreary waste of waters, in the midst of which the poor man scarcely dared to confess to himself that he had lost his way.

(To be continued.)



He could just distinguish a baby face, which looked up at him pitifully.



The Little Bird-fancier.



THE LITTLE BIRD-FANCIER.

ON the island of Sardinia there dwelt a carpenter with his wife and three young children, a boy and two girls. When Francesco was just ten years of age a fire broke out in his home, and not only was everything reduced to ashes but Michelo himself perished in the ruins, leaving his family quite destitute. It was only by the charity of others that the poor widow and her children got food at all, but they grew weak and pale from want, and the little Francesco began to think by night and by day whether he could not do something as a means of support.

There was a wood near to the town of Tempio, in which they lived, and at last the boy thought of going there to catch the birds which were to be found there—the linnets and wrens, thrushes, blackbirds, and pigeons, which surely some one would buy of him.

He set to work first and made a large cage ready for his birds, and when the spring came he climbed from tree to tree to secure the young from the nests. Once each week Francesco and his little sisters carried their birds to the market of Sassari, never failing to sell some if not all their stock. But though they did their best to support their mother, who was too ill and weak to work for them, they found it impossible to earn enough thus: so the boy began to rack his brains to discover some way of adding to his gains. The children had a young Angora cat, called Bianca, which they had petted very much, and Francesco felt sure that if he could train her to live in the midst of his cage of birds without harming them, the townspeople would pay him to see such a strange sight.

Perhaps some of our young readers have seen in the London streets a large cage containing cats, mice, and birds, all living peaceably together in what is termed 'a happy family'; and it is said that our little Sardinian boy was the first to think of this plan. So, by slow degrees, Bianca the cat was trained not only to leave her little feathered companions unhurt, but at last to play a kind of game with them, which was very amusing to see.

When the boy showed his beautiful Angora sitting in the midst of the cage of birds at the fair in Sassari, he was surrounded by a crowd of wondering people, and when he called each little bird to him by some name, their astonishment was still greater. But when Bianca took her part in the game, the spectators showered their small coin upon the clever lad, and in the evening he had quite a little store to hand over to his mother.

Francesco was now very happy, for he had found a way of helping his mother and sisters, and for a time his good fortune continued and increased: but he suddenly met with his death by a sad accident.

There is a kind of mushroom very common in the south of Europe, and Francesco with his youngest sister was busy gathering some one evening, but, unfortunately, he did not know the good ones from a poisonous kind which resemble them, and having eaten heartily both children died within a few days.

As the poor boy lay ill and suffering, his pet birds flew round his pillow and perched on his head, uttering cries of distress, for they seemed to know they were losing their chief friend. One beautiful young partridge, which he had named Rosoletta, would not be removed from the coffin where they placed her little master when he died, and she even stayed on it as it was borne to the grave; then, perching in a neighbouring cypress tree, the faithful bird watched the earth cover the remains of Francesco, and she never left the place again except to return to his mother's cottage for food.

For four months poor Rosoletta continued her watch over the grave, and then she died. Thus we see the power of kindness over animals: not only does gentleness and love win the hearts of our fellows, but it gains the affection of creatures which God has called into life and being for our use or our pleasure.

What a wretched thing it is to be unkind even to an animal, when by kindness we can do so much for others; so very much, too, for God!

AN HONEST JUDGE.

A COUNTRY gentleman once sent a present of a buck to Sir Matthew Hale, before whom he had a cause coming on for trial. The cause being called, the judge, taking notice of the name, asked 'if he was not the person that had presented him with a buck.' Finding that he was the same, Sir Matthew Hale told him that 'he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck.' The gentleman answered, 'that he never sold his venison, and that he had done no more to his lordship than he had always done to every judge who came that circuit.' Several gentlemen on the bench bore testimony to the truth of this statement: but nothing would induce the judge to give way; he persisted in refusing to allow the trial to proceed till he had paid for the venison. The gentleman on this, somewhat indignant, withdrew the record, saying 'he would not try his cause before a judge who suspected him to be guilty of bribery by a customary civility.'

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'



NEVER mind where, and never mind when, but somewhere, and once upon a time, there was a place where four cross-roads met. I do not mean to say that this is by any means a rare or a wonderful thing, but it is the fact upon which my story rests, so it must be remembered.

Four cross-roads; one ran north, one south, one east, and one west.

Only fancy what a crowd, and bustle, and noise there must have been where these four met! think of the cabs, and the omnibuses, and the policemen waving their arms for people to cross or to stand back, and the frightened old ladies standing on the curb-stones, too much frightened to venture across even when the policeman said, 'Now's your time,

ladies!' If ever you have been in London you have seen such a sight as this. But, after all, you would have seen nothing of the kind where those four cross-roads met of which I am going to relate you a story: they were not London roads, nor were they in any town or city in which there were cabs or omnibuses to be met with: indeed, it was long before cabs and omnibuses had been invented, and long before we had any policemen: I am even inclined to think that it must have been so long ago as that remarkable period in our history when policemen were not needed; when people were so honest that you might hang up jewels of great value on the very highway, and no one would touch them; perhaps you on your part may also be inclined, however, from what follows, to think that policemen, if not needed in those times to keep people from stealing, might have been useful in keeping peace.

And now for the story:—

On the spot at which these four roads met, in the very centre of the space stood a fine statue, facing the south. The statue represented Victory resting upon her shield, her sword sheathed, and a wreath of laurel on her brow. This statue was very costly, by reason of the precious metal which adorned it; the shield, the wreath, the sword-hilt and the belt, all shone and glittered in the light.

One day two strangers came up two of these roads in opposite directions: one up the north road and one up the south. These strangers were both armed according to the custom of those days, for they were two knights. As they approached, they stopped; the one before the face, the other behind the back of the statue.

'Ah!' said one, 'what a costly monument! and what a happy land is this in which such precious treasure can be exposed without risk! Why, that shield is of solid gold!'

'My friend,' remarked the other from behind the statue, 'the risk is less than you imagine, for the temptation is less, though great enough in all truth—this shield is not of gold, but of silver.'

'You take me then for a simpleton?' returned the first speaker, somewhat nettled. 'I know gold when I see it, and this is gold.'

'And I know silver when I see it, and this is silver,' laughed the other.

'That is telling me that I say what was untrue,' was the now angry reply of the one who spoke first.

'And you are telling me the same of myself,' said the other knight. 'I take such insult from no one; suppose, therefore, we fight?'

'With all my heart,' was the ready reply; and the two angry men drew their swords and advanced to meet each other.

'Oh, dear sirs! good sirs!' exclaimed an eager voice, which, just as they were in the act of unsheathing their swords, made them stay their hands and look down the east road, up which a maiden came running breathless, her cheeks flushed with her haste, and her hair streaming behind her: 'Good sirs, what is it you are about to do? are you about to kill each other? That statue tells of a noble fight in a noble cause: for what cause is it you are about to fight this day?'

The two knights stood still, sword in hand, for a

moment. Should they take the trouble, they thought, to answer the child? Then the one, whom I think rather the better of the two, though that is not saying much for him, replied,—

'You knight accuses me of saying what is untrue.'

'And he of me says the same thing,' added the other impatiently; 'and the only way in which to settle the matter is to fight: so stand out of the way, little maiden.'

'Stop!' cried the maiden; and her voice sounded so commanding, though so very gentle, that they both obeyed; looking at her in surprise, however, as you may fancy.

As they looked at her, her eyes beamed such a sweet, soft, wonderful light upon them—to tell the colour of that little maiden's eyes would have been a yet greater puzzle than to decide whether the shield was of gold or of silver.

'If you have spoken what is true, your consciences are easy,' she said: 'you will, however, make them uneasy if you hurt or kill one another.'

'Child's talk!' returned the knight who had last spoken, withdrawing his gaze from that of the soft sweet eyes; 'we knights have our way of settling these matters, and it is useless to say more.'

'Stop, I tell you!' exclaimed the maiden again; for the two were about to enter now upon the contest. 'Stop, I tell you! And you, sir, who have come up the north road, step in front of the statue and tell me what you see. If you are, indeed, an honourable knight, answer me truly—What is it you see?'

The knight did as she bade him.

'I see a golden shield,' said he, quite humbly.

The other looked as if he would like to say, 'I told you so,' but the maiden held up her hand that he should not speak.

'And you also, Sir Knight,' she said; 'you, who have come up the south road, step behind the statue and tell me what you see. If you are, indeed, an honourable knight, answer me truly—What is it you see?'

Then that knight also answered quite humbly, 'I see a silver shield.'

'Exactly,' said the maiden, her soft eyes brightening with a twinkle of fun; 'exactly: and now what will you do?'

(The shield, dear reader, was on the one side silver, and on the other gold.)

'We did not know, of course,' observed the one knight, plunging the sword into its sheath and looking very foolish.

'The fact is, we were both right,' said the other, imitating the action.

'The fact is, there are sometimes two sides to a question,' said the maiden.

'You are a bold little girl,' remarked both the knights together.

'Am I? let me see you shake hands, however,' answered she.

Then the two knights laughed, and shook each other by the hand.

'What silly men you were!' said the little maiden; and as she spoke she grew, oh! so tall, and so fair, and so queenly! The two knights could but kneel at her feet in homage.



"The two angry men drew their swords."

'Go now, and be my good knights, and true,' she said: 'my name is Peace!'

Then she vanished down the east road, up which she came: vanished somehow into the morning sunshine: and the two knights, who found that their ways lay both in one direction, walked off together down the west road in the most friendly manner; and so ends my story.

THE CHINCHILLA.

THIS little animal lives in burrows under ground, like the rabbit. It is an inhabitant of South America, and abounds in the province of Chili. The Chinchilla has a body about nine inches in length, and its somewhat bushy tail measures five or six inches more. It is clothed with a greyish fur, beautifully soft and delicate, and so much valued



The Chinchilla.

that as many as a hundred thousand skins have been imported into England in one year. Its rounded head with a sharp nose, its round broad ears, its long whiskers and bright eyes, give the Chinchilla something of the appearance of a very large mouse. These little creatures live in companies, and feed on the roots of the plants which are plentifully found near their abodes.

The Chinchilla is a very timid animal; it is said that when taken up it neither bites nor tries to escape,

but will remain as quiet and still in its captor's bosom as in its own nest. It is very cleanly in its habits and may be caressed or made a pet of, for it is entirely free from that unpleasant odour which rats have, and other animals of the same kind. Its two short, strong fore-limbs, armed with strong claws, assist it in its mining operations under ground: its hind legs are very much longer. The ancient Peruvians used to make coverlets for their beds out of the fur of this useful creature.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 7.)

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE GIFT FOR MISTRESS DOROTHY.



THE Saturday following the events related in the last chapter, Obadiah Goldthwaite was riding, somewhat late in the day, up the High Street of Bristol. A close observer would have marked a new look of conscious importance about him, while now and again his face beamed with an unwonted smile, as though deep in his own heart he had some concealed fount of amusement.

As he passed sedately between the houses, the neighbours gazed at him from their doors and windows with unusual interest; and he knew that their eyes were fixed on the strange burden which he held with so much care on the saddle before him.

He rode on as one absorbed in thought, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and seemingly unconscious of the nods and smiles of his fellow-townsfolk, for he was not minded as yet to satisfy their curiosity.

Onwards he passed till his horse stood still of his own accord before the doorway of a house with pointed gables, crossed by timber beams in quaint designs. Through the latticed panes of the narrow windows Obadiah discerns, with a heart-felt content, the red glow and glimmer of a comfortable wood fire.

There was no need to announce his coming: his approach had been long and eagerly watched for, and in another moment his young wife had come forth to meet him with a loving welcome.

'You are late, my friend, and must needs have tarried somewhat on the road,' she cried, with a tone of merry reproof. 'All this forenoon have I wearied for the sight of you; yea, and yesternight we gave not up all hope of your coming till long after the watchman had cried ten of the clock. But what have we here?' she added, in extreme surprise. 'Why, Obadiah! good man! whence have you brought this child?'

'Ah, Dorothy!' he replied, 'many a time have you blamed me in that I brought you back no vanities of attire, no dainty presents from distant cities; but now take this gift, and never say again that it is my custom to come home empty-handed.'

Mistress Dorothy needed no second summons to obey her husband's word, and as she tenderly lifted the boy from the saddle and bent down to kiss him, the little creature held out his arms towards her with the beautiful trustfulness of childhood.

'What a strange journey for such a helpless babe! And methinks, husband, you would make but a rough, unhandy nurse. I must hasten to warm its tender limbs, for it is well-nigh perished with cold.'

'But tell me, Dorothy, where is my father?'

'He, too, hath been sorely troubled at the delay in your coming. Thrice this forenoon hath he been down the High Street, even down to the Sarum road, to watch for thee. Ah! yonder he cometh from the warehouse, and it were well I should leave you awhile to bestow due tending upon the child.'

But make good speed, my friend, to join me in the oaken parlour, and there you will tell me at your leisure the whole adventure.'

'I will follow you in brief space, dear wife: but first must I give some needful directions respecting my horse, for the lad Caleb is ever wont to be heedless and neglectful in such matters. The poor beast hath done me good service, and hath well earned his rest.'

Thereupon Dorothy departed in haste, and in a few moments a tall, noble-looking man, past the prime of life, but still hearty and erect, and with a most pleasant countenance, crossed the threshold and stood in the low entrance-hall.

The younger Goldthwaite hastened to greet his father with all respect and affection, and it was easy to see that the two men were united by no common bond of friendship.

'You are welcome home again, son Obadiah; for it ever seemeth a weary while when these journeyings take you from us. What success have you met with? What thought Master Fawcett, of Salisbury, concerning that rare new Galway cloth which the shipper last brought from Ireland?'

'He liked it well, father, and he doth desire two bales thereof when next the waggon departeth hence with heavy baggage. But, alack! he hath cause to lament as we do that all merchandise langueth on hand somewhat now-a-days, excepting always in the matter of brocaded stuffs, cramoisie velvets, and such-like for women's adornment, for rumours of wars and oppression, and evil days in the land, touch them but little in their blind, silly vanity.'

'To hear your doleful talk, son, one might think that coming events do indeed cast such black shadows before as to put men out of conceit with their plush doublets! Nay, Obadiah! it is an ancient custom to wear clothes, and is not like to go out of fashion, even though men wear them with a sad countenance.'

'A true word, were it spoken of the women!'

'Methinks it is scarce the part of a merchant to bemoan himself that the Court ladies go not about clad in russet gowns.'

'You know my mind, father,' rejoined the young man, gravely, 'though now you are in the humour to make light of my sad forebodings. I am not of those who cry "Peace," when there is no peace.'

'And, moreover, you are wearied with your toilsome journey, and it is no marvel that you are now in doleful mood. You have a most present need of rest and food. Let us seek Mistress Dorothy, who seems to show unwonted neglect.'

So saying, John Goldthwaite led the way to the wainscoted parlour, the usual dwelling-room of the family.

He opened the door, and was entering, followed by Obadiah, when he paused and started back in amazement at the scene before him.

On a low stool, before a blazing fire on the hearth, sat his daughter-in-law, with a fair-haired boy laughing and shouting in her arms.

She scarcely noticed their entrance, so engrossed was she with the child, whose favour and confidence she seemed to have thus gained at once, as though by magic. Truly it was a harmless bewitching, for

it was but that familiar magic of a gentle heart overflowing with love and tenderness.

Obadiah smiled at the pleasant picture, but it was a smile akin to a sigh; for it recalled to him the one great sorrow of his married life—the early loss of their only child, the little David, who had been taken after but a few brief months of his earthly pilgrimage. It was a grief deeply buried in his heart, but it seemed to have borne fruit in a tenderness towards little children strange to behold in so stern a nature.

‘Look at him!’ cried Dorothy, rising from her seat and holding out the child. ‘Did ever mortal eyes behold so sweet a babe? And he seemeth, moreover, to have made good friendship with me already! Will thou take him awhile, Obadiah, that I may hasten to make ready thy supper? Ah! see now, he doth not leave me willingly,’ she added, as the little fellow clung to his new friend.

John Goldthwaite looked from one to the other in ever-increasing wonder, for Obadiah had held out his arms to take the boy, while Dorothy, who had suddenly remembered her husband’s need of refreshment, busied herself in preparing the table.

‘Well-a-day!’ exclaimed the old man, ‘this doth pass all belief! I can scarce believe mine eyes. Even in my young days I was never good at making out a riddle, and now my patience is well-nigh gone in seeking to guess this one. Dorothy, my daughter, I pray thee tell me what meaneth this new guest?’

‘Nay, father,’ replied she, with a smile, ‘ask Obadiah; for I know no more than you do whence cometh the babe. Perchance it is a sample of the merchandise of Salisbury; for my good man brought him back even now on the top of his baggage, and gave him hither to me with no more ado than if he had been a bale of goods.’

Obadiah, who was now comfortably settled by the fireside, thought it now full time to explain the mystery.

‘I did but tarry awhile to hear what merry jests you would make,’ said he; ‘but, in sooth, right glad am I that my Dorothy here hath taken compassion on the forlorn creature, and freely hath given him so warm a welcome.’

‘Make not such length of preamble, son,’ remarked the elder Goldthwaite: ‘but come at once to the matter in hand.’

‘I pray thee interrupt him not,’ pleaded Dorothy: ‘let him tell the story as it seemeth him best, for I would fain hear the whole adventure.’

Thereupon the traveller began to relate the whole history of his journey from Salisbury to the point where he lost his way up the Wylde valley, and found the little child at the brink of the stream.

‘But how came the sweet babe in such woeful case?’ asked his wife, who now, having finished her household duties, held the little fellow nestled in her arms. ‘What could such a helpless child be doing there alone at that hour, and with no mother or nurse at hand to tend him?’

‘Ah, Dorothy! it is that I would fain know myself. I did make most earnest search for a clue to the mystery, both that night and again on the morrow, by daylight, even at the cost of delaying my journey, but it was all in vain.’

‘Did you publish abroad the finding of the child, and so make the matter known?’ asked his father.

‘Ay, truly; for the town-crier of Warminster, at mine own charges, did cry the story of the babe through the town, but none claimed him. Nay, indeed, in my poor conceit,’ he added, lowering his voice, ‘methinks none are like to claim him.’

‘Then think you, Obadiah, there hath been foul play?’

‘You have hit my thought, father. In this land of wickedness there might well be reasons why an innocent child might be in the way.’

‘Shame on such thoughts!’ cried Dorothy, indignantly. ‘Not a heart of stone would cast out a poor helpless babe to perish! Surely the mother may have put him down awhile, and then, perchance, have wandered and lost her way. Or, who knows but she may have perished in the floods?’

‘Ah, Dorothy! thou knowest not what an evil world is this! Would a loving nurse, think you, have placed her charge on the brink of a deep, rushing stream, where nought but the crooked root of an old willow was betwixt him and death? Another moment, and my poor help might have come too late.’

‘Tell us how, in the darkness of that stormy night, you found shelter?’

‘I called to mind that the road did cross the stream higher up, and so, by means of keeping close against the brink, I came after a while to the wooden bridge, which I could scarce distinguish by reason of the water rushing over it. Then, having crossed in safety, we reached, ere long, the hamlet of Wishford, and did find a shelter at the humble wayside inn.’

‘What tending had the poor babe?’ asked his wife.

‘The good hostess, who did seem a careful and discreet housewife, took him under her most special care, when I did make known mine adventure. But withal, good woman, she began to quake lest it were my purpose to leave the infant on her hands, being already at heavy charges for the maintenance of eight children of her own in these hard times. So it befell that, as I mused on the matter, it became plain to me that the providence of God had laid this burden upon us, and that we should best do His will by making the child welcome in our home, yea, and in our hearts.’

‘Call it not a burden, Obadiah; say, rather, a good gift from the Lord.’ And as she spoke, Dorothy clasped the little fellow tighter in her arms, and kissed his sunny curls.

‘In sooth the little deserted one hath found a home ready prepared for him,’ said John Goldthwaite, with a smile; ‘and I will not be the one to say nay to the bargain. Tell me, what do you purpose to call him?’

‘The name of Moses were not unsuitable,’ replied his son, ‘seeing that he was saved from the waters.’

‘But see here!’ cried Dorothy; ‘if I mistake not, the boy hath already a name of his own.’ And she pointed to the child’s tiny shirt, where the letters ‘Cyril’ were embroidered on the fine linen, and below them was a quaint device in needlework, which bore some resemblance to a coat-of-arms.

(To be continued.)



A Strange Gift for Mistress Dorothy.



A Message from over the Sea.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER III.

A MESSAGE FROM OVER THE SEA.



OUR years had passed away since the eventful day when Obadiah Goldthwaite had brought home the little foundling. It had been a stormy period in the history of our land, although as yet it was but the beginning of those troubles which led to the disastrous Civil Wars.

In a busy, stirring town like Bristol, then second only in importance to London, men took an eager interest in all the political questions of the day, and factions ran high.

The new tax called 'ship-money,' imposed in 1632 by the king alone without the authority of any Parliament, had been a fruitful source of contest, for the merchants of Bristol, almost to a man, had angrily resented it. John Goldthwaite had openly declared, in the meetings of the town council, that he held it to be illegal, and had stoutly refused to pay the tax until compelled to do so by heavy fines and threatened imprisonment.

Meantime, the minds of men had become more inflamed than ever in matters of religion. The penalties imposed upon the Puritans by over-zealous Churchmen did but make them brood over their wrongs, and become more fierce in their hatred of their oppressors.

About ten years before, some of the more zealous amongst the Puritans had been content to forsake their native land and seek a home in the Western wilderness. Amongst the many followers of this first band of 'Pilgrim Fathers' had been John Goldthwaite's only daughter Rachel, who with her husband, Enoch Merrick, had gone forth to seek for freedom in New England.

Obadiah, as we have seen, was strongly inclined towards the same views, and nothing but love for his father had kept him in the old country.

Meanwhile, not disturbed by these storms, Mistress Dorothy was fully occupied by her household cares and joys. Busy at her spinning-wheel, or superintending her old servant Tabitha in the kitchen, where she herself did the more delicate work, she was content to be noted for her gooseberry-wine or her marigold-tea, and troubled herself but little about the outside world. Her sole library consisted of her Bible and Prayer-book, and an old manuscript volume of recipes, and she had no restless desire for any knowledge of passing events.

Little Cyril, now a bright, handsome boy of six, was no longer her only charge: a little daughter of two years old, to whom the name of Mercy had been given, now shared her affections. It would have been hard to say which of the two children she loved best, for since the first day of his coming she had taken Cyril to her heart, and had looked upon him as her own son.

Many and careful inquiries had been made, but no clue had yet been found to his home and family. It is true that in those days it was difficult to give publicity to any matter, as there were no newspapers in which to advertise, and the chief way in which a report could be spread was by word of mouth.

In this Obadiah Goldthwaite had done all that man could do, though, it must be owned, not without a lingering hope that his labour might be in vain, and that the child might still be their own.

Amidst the strife and contention of raging factions, and the gloomy threatening of worse trouble to come, the Goldthwaites' was a peaceful, happy home. Even to the troubled spirit of Obadiah it seemed like a sheltered haven of rest, each time that he returned to it from the active cares of business.

John Goldthwaite had been a successful merchant; but although he was now a man of wealth and position, he still kept on the same style of frugal household, under the rule of his daughter-in-law, which had been enough to satisfy the simple wants of his father and his grandfather before him.

Unlike so many of the Bristol merchants, who paraded their wealth by keeping trains of servants in rich liveries, and by giving costly and boisterous entertainments, Goldthwaite showed his liberality by founding an almshouse for the old and infirm, by taking a foremost part in all public works for the good of the ancient city, and by showing himself ever willing to join in schemes of charity or enterprise.

Like his fellow-citizens, however, he shared the passion of the day for colonial traffic, and had many a venture on board ships bound for Virginia or the Antilles.

In later and sadder times, the boy Cyril often looked back upon those happy days when, holding the hand of his grandfather, as he was taught to call him, the little fellow would go down to the harbour and watch with eager interest the arrival of some ship laden with the treasures of the West.

What excitement and bustle there would be amongst the motley crowd!

Well-to-do citizens hustled about by rough porters, pale-faced women anxiously pressing to meet their husbands or sons, or to ask for tidings of distant friends; while above all the confused sounds would be heard the shouts of joy with which the sailors hailed their native land.

Then, too, what a busy scene was the unloading of the vessel! probably a small unwieldy craft, with a cargo, if from New Plymouth, of the furs of the beaver, the otter, and the marten.

When, after a scene of haste and confusion, the goods had been distributed to their various owners, what a proud moment it was for little Cyril when he was allowed to take his seat on the top of the bales in a truck drawn by a team of dogs!

This will sound strange to us, but at that period the renowned city of Bristol was but a labyrinth of narrow lanes built upon vaults of no great solidity. If a coach or cart entered these alleys, there was danger that it would be wedged between the houses, and danger also that it would break in the cellars. Heavy goods were therefore carried about the town almost entirely in these trucks drawn by dogs. No lord-mayor in his gilt coach could have been more proud of his equipage than was little Cyril when he rode in triumph from the quay to the tall warehouse of the Goldthwaites.

In an age when reading and writing were rare accomplishments, it was necessary to have some mark by which a house of business might be known,

and before this one there hung the sign of a golden lamb.

Many such merry journeys had little Cyril taken, and had seen the arrival of many vessels, when one day there came a brigantine from New England, bringing from across the sea a message which was destined to have a great influence on his fortunes. The captain of the *Lyon*, Master Peirce, had been directed to deliver into the hands of Obadiah Goldthwaite a letter from his sister, Mistress Rachel.

The *Lyon* had brought back a cargo of furs from Salem, and was to return again thither before many months, at the special request of the Governor Dudley, with fresh supplies of food and clothing.

It was a great event to receive tidings from the absent sister, to whom writing was an unaccustomed and laborious work, for she had not received a better education than most women of her time and station.

All the family gathered round the hearth that evening, to hear the important letter read aloud, and there was a hush of eager expectation as Obadiah slowly broke the seals, unfolded the large sheet of paper, and read the cramped characters with much painstaking, though probably with less than had been bestowed on the writing of them.

‘TO MY WORSHIPFULL AND WELL-BELOVED BROTHER,
OBADIAH GOLDTHWAITE OF BRISTOW.

‘As the shipp *Lyon* doth leave shortlie for Old England, I have in the throng of domestick businesse thought fitt to send you tidings of our well-being.

‘You will be trulie glad to heare that the Lord in the worke of his Providence hath ledde us after our wanderings to a pleasante lande, and here have we sett up our Tabernacle, even in the Wilderness. We have begunne to build our dwellings in this place, which lyeth nigh to the sea, but at the firste we were stayed by sicknesse and famine.

‘Our godlie minister, Master Skelton (who was well knowne in his owne country for his pyety, wisdome, and gravity), comeinge hither with us from New Plymouth doth comforte us mightilie. Moreover, mine husbände saith that the King hath been wrought upon to grant a chartere under his seale to 5 Undertakers of the settlemente, so that henceforth we bee no more molested. There cometh but now heavy news, that Mrs. Brydget Colborne hath dyed of a fever. Shee was a godlie and an helpfull woman, and indeede the main pillar of her family. This plantacon here received not the like loss of any woman since we came hether, and therefore shee well deserves to be remembred in this place.

‘I should before have menconed how the Indians do live nigh to us, freindly at this present, subject to the Saggamore of Agawam, whose name hath been tould me, but I have forgotten it.

‘Two of them did come to us requireinge satisfaction for the burning by mischance of one of their wiggwams by our people, and for all there was no prooffe certaine how it was fired wee did give them what they asked for peace sake.

‘The like accident of fire also befell in this plantacon, and in two houres spaces 3 howses burned to the ground, with much household stuff, apparell, and allsoe other things; thereupon the Governour hath ordered that noe man shall build his chimney with wood, nor cover his howse with thatch, in our new toun.

‘Brother Obadiah, I have tolde you these trifling matters, but now I would come to the true intentione of my letter. I do well know that you have before time been mindfull to come out from an evil worlde. Tarrie not

longer. Come over to helpe us, and strengthen our hands in plantinge the gospell.

‘Thou art called, even like Abraham was called, to a lande thou knowest not.

‘Feare not to bear the brunte of this adventure, and to leave behind thee the goodlie and pleasante citie which hath been so long thy resting-place.

‘Give no heede to such as object the tediousnesse of the voyage, the danger of Pirats’ robberte, of the salvages’ trecherie,—these are but Lyons in the way.

‘For we know that we are pilgrimes and must lift our eyes to the Heavens, even our dearest countrie.

‘Enoch is gone a short voyage in the pynace, to seek for corne, which here we stande in sore need of. The child Increase groweth dailie in all honest nurture.

‘I send love and duty to my deare father, and to thee and thy wife Dorothee.

‘Commending you to the Lord for a safe conduct unto us, and resting in Him,

‘Your loving sister,

‘Salem in New England, RACHEL MERRICK.
this 11 of November, 1634.’

(To be continued at page 35.)



HUMMING-BIRDS.

HAVE you ever seen a humming-bird? Oh, yes, I dare say you have seen one in a lady's hat or in a glass-case, but how would you like to see one alive and flying about? The home of these lovely little birds is in the West Indies, a group of islands situate between North and South America, especially in Jamaica, Antigua, and Trinidad, and also in Brazil.

Humming-birds are very beautiful. The crest or top of the tiny head shines like a sparkling crown of coloured light, in blue, green, topaz, or ruby; and equally brilliant are the shades that adorn the little breast, and as the bird flits from tree to tree it looks more like a flash of light than a living thing. I have seen a very beautiful brooch made of the breasts of eight humming-birds; they were green, and it sparkled like emeralds. But it made me feel sad to look at it, as I thought how the little birds had been killed to make it.

But why are they called humming-birds? It is because of the soft hum-hum that you hear wherever they go, which is caused by the rapid motion of their wings—so rapid that as they fly you can only just see that they have wings. From morn till eve they flit about and hover over the flowers and suck the honey, just like bees. In one of the lands where they live the people give them a pretty name in their language, *Beja Flores*, which in English means Flower-kisser. I have two humming-birds' nests. I am looking at one of them now, that I may the better describe it; and I may tell you that if I had not seen one, I never could have believed in a bird's nest being so small! It is about half the size of a very small hen's egg, and is built upon a tiny twig no thicker than a steel knitting-needle, and made of what looks more like cotton-wool than anything else, covered with the softest bits of leaf and bark. It has two eggs in it, quite white, and the size of a very small sugar-plum. My other nest is just the same, only that it is built against a leaf,



Humming-birds.

and has two little birds in it, sitting up, just as if they were alive. Such funny little things! They are quite young, and cannot have been long out of the egg; brown in colour and not at all pretty, only so very, very small!

Is it not sad to think of ever killing a humming-bird? It is said that men shoot them with a drop of water, because powder and shot would smash such tender little things to pieces.

I must tell you of a way these little birds have of protecting their nests. If you approach the spot they will make a dart at your face and try to peck your

eyes, and their sharp beaks can hurt your eyes most severely, and even destroy the sight. So that in passing near where a humming-bird's nest is likely to be, it is necessary to be most careful. The poor little things know no other way of defending their young, and instinct teaches them that you would be very likely to carry off their tiny nest if you could get it.

Now, when you next look at a glass-case of humming-birds, I wonder if you will think of what I have told you about the lovely little Flower-kisser.

M. H. F. DONNE.



TAUGHT BY A GUY.

A STRANGE heading for a story, boys, and a strange thing for a teacher, you think, no doubt. You associate guys and all belonging to them with dark lanterns and mysterious plots, concerning which you have somewhat vague ideas, or with squibs and crackers, and a grand bonfire to end the evening's amusement. At all events, none of you, I fancy, would think a guy could do any one any good; and yet the guy of which I am about to speak did so

much good that I must tell you its story, in the hope that perhaps its lesson may be taught to some one else, and thus, directly or indirectly, may work more good than it has already done.

Some years ago, in a small village not many miles from London, a party of boys were assembled, one Saturday afternoon, hard at work all of them in the completion of Tom Hesdon's guy, as it was called by courtesy, though, to tell the truth, each of the ten or

twelve boys who were there had contributed in some way to find the various things requisite for its construction. One had brought boots, another a coat, another bought the mask, and so on; but still, as Tom Hesdon's father had a shed where they could work even if it rained, and where there was plenty of shavings and sawdust to be had for the trouble of asking, Tom Hesdon was looked upon as the proprietor of the gym; and when at last it was fairly finished, and by the aid of a couple of clothes-props stood against the garden palings, the boys relieved their feelings by giving first three loud cheers for the gym, and then three louder ones for its owner.

'We've got a finer gym than they will have at Fordham this year, that's one comfort,' said one boy, as he looked admiringly at the figure that leant against the railings.

'Only the worst of it is, I don't see that he's like anybody; and the Fordham boys always give their gym a name.'

'Well, they're not much like their names anyhow,' remarked Tom Hesdon; 'and the name's no good if no one can see the likeness.'

'I know who ours is like,' exclaimed Sam Brown: 'he is the very picture of Willie Russell's father.'

'Come, I say, Brown, you're going too far.'

'Well, then, look if he isn't,' said Sam, as he pointed over the railings to a man who was slouching down the road, his head drooping, and his arms hanging loosely beside him, in an attitude that was really very like that of the sawdust-stuffed figure which the boys had made.

'I declare Sam's right,' said one of the boys. 'Willie, there's your father half tipsy again:—' and he turned as he spoke towards a delicate-looking boy of ten, whose usually pale face was crimson with a hot, painful blush, and who looked gratefully at Tom Hesdon as he placed his hand kindly on the child's shoulder, saying,—

'Well, whether it is or is not like Willie's father, boys, is no concern of ours, and we've no right to point out his father's faults to him.'

'And no one wanted to do it—I'm sure I did not,' returned Sam. 'Come, shake hands, youngster—there's no harm done:—' and Sam caught hold of Willie's hand and shook it good-naturedly, but the child's pleasure for that day was spoiled, and as soon as he could find a chance he crept away home.

It was not by any means a comfortable home that Willie Russell had. His father was a good workman, but he spent too much time and money in the village alehouse to be able to spend much in procuring comforts for his wife and children. He and the father of Tom Hesdon had begun life together, had had equal opportunities, had worked for the same master; and now Thomas Hesdon was a builder—on a small scale, certainly, but still a builder—whilst George Russell was worse off than when he began life, for the few pounds he had in the bank then had dwindled away, whilst the furniture he had bought when he was married was gradually wearing out, without there being any apparent chance of its being replaced.

When Willie entered the house he found his father alone, sitting cowering over the fire, and supposing his mother had gone out on some errand, and had taken

his little sister with her, Willie sat down at the table and began learning his lessons for the next day.

'Why don't you come to the fire?' asked his father presently, without turning his head.

'I'm not cold, father, thank you,' replied the boy. 'I ran nearly all the way home.'

'And how's your gym getting on?'

Delighted to find his father in such a good temper, Willie tried to amuse him by giving an account of the various little incidents that had taken place in the course of the afternoon, until at last his father said,—

'Well, I think I must come down myself to see this wonderful gym burnt. Where are you going to burn it—on the Green?'

'Yes, father, but——' said Willie timidly, frightened at the idea of his father hearing anything about what the boys had said about the gym's likeness.

'But what?' asked his father: 'why don't you finish what you were going to say? What is it?'

'Nothing, father, nothing; only I don't think you would care to see the gym.'

'Not care to see it!—what do you mean?' And Willie drew back a little as his father turned sharply towards him, repeating his question when he found it was not answered the first time; and knowing that it would be better to tell the truth, however unpleasant it might be, the boy said gently,—

'Only because one of the boys said—said——'

'Well, go on. Said what?'

'Said the gym was like you.'

George Russell's pale face grew a shade paler as he caught the meaning of Willie's reply. Still, contrary to his son's fears, he made no further remark: but folding his arms he leaned back moodily in his chair, staring at the fire, whilst Willie tried, with little success, to fix his attention on his lessons; and he was very glad when his mother came in with his little sister and began to prepare the tea: but, unfortunately, both she and Chrissy seemed determined to talk about nothing but the gym—Mrs. Russell, because she took an interest in whatever amused her children, and Chrissy because she hoped to get her mother to take her to see the bonfire. However, Willie's answers were so short and unsatisfactory that at last his mother said,—

'Well, my boy, you don't seem to have had a very pleasant afternoon. If I had thought you would have cared so little about it, I might as well have sent you into the village. I should have been glad to have been able to finish that work this afternoon.'

'Oh! the boys complimented Willie on the gym's likeness to his father,' said her husband, speaking for the first time since she entered the house; 'and Willie does not appear to have entered properly into the joke.'

Quite unable to understand this speech, Mrs. Russell looked at Willie, and seeing the child's eyes were filling with tears, she thought it best not to question him until they were alone. So she poured out the tea in silence, but she certainly was astonished when, before it was half finished, her husband rose and went upstairs into the bedroom, where, from the splashing of water and opening and shutting of drawers, she guessed he must be preparing to go out, and that not to the alehouse—he never thought it needful to put on a clean collar to go there.

However, after a little time her curiosity was satisfied, for her husband came down, and saying he was 'going to Hesdon's, and might not be home until half-past ten,' took up his hat, and was just opening the door, when Willie started up, exclaiming, 'It was not Tom who said that, father!'

'All right, my boy; I'm not going to quarrel with any one about that.'

Tom Hesdon was astonished, and not exactly pleased, when he opened the door and saw George Russell standing on the doorstep.

'Surely Willie was not so foolish as to tell of Sam, who, I am sure, meant no harm by what he said?' was his first thought; but he felt sure such could not be the case when he heard the visitor say, in quite a friendly tone,—

'I know your father's at home, for I saw a light in the workshop. Just tell him I have come to have a gossip with him, Tom.'

'Then will you come into the workshop, Mr. Russell?' said Tom; and in another minute Mr. Hesdon, almost more astonished than his son had been, was welcoming his old friend.

'Just sit down here a few minutes,' he said kindly: 'my wife is giving two or three of the youngsters a scrub before they go to bed, but she will be finished soon, and then we'll go in and have a quiet half-hour before supper.'

'Well, I am rather glad to find you here and alone, for I want you to give me your advice about something.'

'Do you mean to take it?' asked Mr. Hesdon, smiling.

'Yes; that is, I hope so. The fact is, for some time past I've not been very well satisfied with the life I've been leading; but I have not had strength of mind to alter it. However, something Willie said to-day decided me.'

Mrs. Hesdon looked up in wonder.

'Willie! why what in the world could he tell you that you did not know already?'

'Well, it was not much; at least you may not think it so. He only told me that the boys who were here helping to make your Tom's guy said it was like me, and as I came past your garden just now, and saw the moonlight shining on the figure, I could not help confessing they were right. Oh, Hesdon,' continued George Russell, with a trembling voice, 'you can't think what a bitter thing it is to know that your children are ashamed of you! The poor little chap did not want me to see the guy, did not want to tell me what the boys had said, but I forced him to do so; and, oh, it was a hard lesson! Heaven help me!'

'Amen,' said Mr. Hesdon, fervently. 'If you honestly feel as you say, Russell, you do not need any advice of mine. All that I can say is, that now you have found the truth, stick fast to it; and if in any little way I can help you, I am sure I shall only be too glad to do so.'

'Father, mother says you had better come in now,' said Tom, putting his head in at the door.

'All right, my boy,' was the reply, and then Mr. Hesdon and his guest went into the comfortable room, where Mrs. Hesdon was at work, while Tom was busy over some sums.

As a rule, George Russell, when his brain was not muddled with beer, could talk and talk well, but somehow that evening he could find very little to say. In fact, he was busy contrasting his own home with Mr. Hesdon's; his own wife's pale, worn face, with Mrs. Hesdon's round, happy one; Tom's ready appeals to his father in any little difficulty, with Willie's half-frightened affection for himself; and he could think of nothing but the difference between this cheerful room, with its bright fire, well-filled bookshelves, and the cold, dreary one at home. Still it was years since he had spent such a pleasant, innocent evening, and he said as much as he sat finishing his supper with Mr. and Mrs. Hesdon.

'And it is this that has done it,' said his friend, as he touched the water-jug. 'It was my wife who first persuaded me to become a total abstainer, and when I think of the blessing that abstinence has been to me and mine, I don't know how to be grateful enough to her. Come, old friend, be persuaded by me, and make your wife and children happy, and resolve to be as I am.'

And before George Russell went home that night the first stone of a happy future for himself and his family was laid, for he had solemnly promised to give up the use of strong drink; and when he stood on the village green with his wife and children to see the guy burnt, it seemed to him almost as though he was watching the destruction of his own foolish and sinful past.

N. P.

THE WORK OF THE 'LITTLE POOR.'

ON Christmas Eve, 1845, a woman presented herself at the door of a house of a modest exterior in France, to implore charity for a child born that day, whose mother was reduced to the greatest misery. She addressed herself to a young sempstress, who was poor, but endowed with a charitable heart; her entreaty was therefore not disregarded. The next day the kind young woman brought the mother some warm clothes, which she had quickly made up, sufficient to protect the innocent creature from the cold.

The girl informed her companions in the workshop what had occurred, and proposed to them that they should clothe a child every Christmas Day. All eagerly applauded this generous idea, and clubbed together to join in the good work. Their resources were very limited; the daily sum that each should put by was fixed at one centime,* which was carefully collected for the 'little poor;' and in 1846 an infant, destitute of everything, was provided with a complete set of clothing. The following year it was three children, then ten, then twenty, who participated in the benefit of this new work of love.

Thanks to the assistance of some persons in affluent circumstances, the idea was developed, and more than 100 children received on Christmas Day clothing suitable to their age. Those young women who joined in this good work of the 'little poor,' devoted to it hours which would otherwise have been spent in recreation or repose.

J. F. C.

* The tenth part of an English penny.



The Young Sempstress.



Sambo's Christmas Pudding.

SAMBO'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

A SERVANT is Sambo, who lives at an inn,
 With a very hard head and an indigo skin;
 He's up in the morning before any guest,
 He's never considered, and never at rest;
 He's hostler and errand-boy, waiter and boots—
 A queer-looking mortal in other men's suits.
 His 'pants' they were Jackson's, his jacket was
 Green's,

His waistcoat once blazed on smart Tiptop of Queen's.
 What a jumble his outfit! how varied its hues!
 His stockings are odd ones, and so are his shoes;
 He's the servant of all at the sign of the 'Lamb.'
 It's 'Sam, you are wanted!'—it's 'Where's that boy
 Sam?'

It's 'Sam, fetch the coals in;'—it's 'Sam, bring the
 toast;'

It's 'Sam, brush my gaiters,' or, 'Go to the post;'
 It's 'Sam, put the horse in, and mind the old mare;'
 Or, 'Sam, missus wants you a-top o' the stair.'
 And Sam says, 'Yes, Massa;' and Sam says, 'I'm
 here!'

With a rollicking step and a good-natured leer.
 Sam never sits down to his dinner or tea,
 He takes his meals running, so busy is he:
 His viands depend on the humour of cook,
 And Sam has the wit to keep well in her book;
 He runs all her errands for parsley and peas,
 He washes her dishes as quick as you please:
 For Sam is but human, and though he must eat
 Cold beans and potatoes, poor lad, on his feet,
 His heart has its longings for chicken and ham,
 And other nice dainties that gladden the 'Lamb.'

One night in December, when Sam had done well,
 In heating the platters and hearing the bell,
 One diner proposed to his fellows, 'I vote
 We give Sam a present—I'm good for a coat.'
 The thought took their fancy, and over dessert
 Refitted was Sam, from his shoes to his shirt.
 But one of the feasters, a talkative chap,
 Sat thoughtful and silent, as if in a nap,
 When, all of a sudden, his chatter returned:
 'You've put him in plumage, and richly it's earned;
 But lads have an inside as well as an out,
 And Sam, I'll be bound, has no terrors of gout:
 How hungry he looked when he handed the jam!
 Put down, "Jabez Jolly, a pudding for Sam!"'

When Christmas set all the bells ringing so blithe,
 And Christendom rested from ledger and scythe,
 The 'Lamb' had its leisure, and Sam, strange to say,
 Found time to sit down in the course of the day.
 That morn when he woke, as the light struggled dim
 Through his frost-covered window, what gladness for
 him!

Beside his rude hammock was laid, in due form,
 A suit for a 'gentleman'—splendid and warm.
 'Twas well the 'Lamb's' guests had all taken their
 flight,

For Sambo was moonstruck—a lunatic quite:
 Instead of a plate he took 'missus' a mat,
 Gave milk to the pony, and hay to the cat;
 Stood here and stood there, like a man in a doze,
 Then grinned as he stroked the soft nap on his clothes.

'But who, when the dinner-bell sounded, can paint
 The feelings of Sambo? They thought he would
 faint;

He could not turn red, and he could not turn white,
 But down his dark face rolled a tear of delight—
 A tear of true gratitude, called from the deeps,
 Where oft, unsuspected, that pearl of pice sleeps.
 How Sam liked his pudding, those only can tell
 Who work and fare hardly—they know it too well.
 But a still greater pleasure had Sambo in store,
 For a sick little neighbour was living next door;
 And Sam felt his joy was a gem of first water,
 When Dick's wan cheek glowed at the sight of a
 quarter.

'Tis better than pudding, and better than wine,
 That gladness of giving—that pleasure divine!
 G. S. O.

STORY OF A WELSH ENGINEER.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, the great engineer, was
 born in Glamorganshire in the year 1719.
 When about two years old his father died, but his
 mother still managed the farm upon which she lived
 with her four children, of whom William was the
 youngest.

Beyond being taught to read and write Welsh, the
 boy seems to have had little education. At fifteen
 years of age he became somewhat expert as a stone-
 mason, having learnt it by repairing the stone fences
 of the farm; and some of the neighbours observing
 how well he did his work, advised his brothers to let
 him employ himself thus. In this way William
 Edwards brought in earnings which were very help-
 ful in supporting the family.

At length some other masons came into the place
 to erect a shed for shoeing horses, and William
 watching them with keen interest, observed that
 they used a kind of hammer which he did not
 possess. Without delay he obtained one, and found
 he could build his walls far better than before.

Not long after this he built a workshop for a
 neighbour, and he did it so well that he obtained
 the job of erecting a mill, and was soon accounted
 the best workman in that part of the country.

When he was about twenty-seven years of age a
 proposition was made to throw a bridge over the river
 Tulf, and Edwards was set to work upon it. When
 complete—and the work of a self-taught man—the
 light, elegant structure was considered superior to
 any other of the kind in Wales.

For two years and a half all went well, but at the
 end of that time a tremendous flood occurred, in
 which the bridge was swept away. It was a heavy
 misfortune for Edwards, for he had given security
 that his work should stand seven years; but instead
 of being disheartened, as some men would have
 been, he at once began to erect another bridge.
 In 1751 it was finished, and only the parapets re-
 mained to be added, when he saw his structure sink
 into the river. It was another bitter disappointment,
 but with undaunted courage the young architect
 began his third attempt, and in about nine years it
 was completed; and being then the largest stone
 arch existing, the fame of Edwards spread all over

the country. It still stands—a memorial of perseverance and enterprise.

But though a self-taught engineer, he remained always a farmer as well, and also employed much of his time in preaching in the Welsh language. Though his life was so actively employed it was prolonged to seventy years, and his son also became a well-known architect and bridge-builder, inheriting not only his father's genius, but also his patience and fortitude, without which even genius achieves little.

M. S.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

WHEN, in the year 1520, Christian II. king of Denmark, conquered Sweden, he promised the Swedes that his rule should be a just and merciful one. But, solemnly as his word was given, he had no hesitation in departing from it, and only a few days after his coronation he caused a number of Swedish noblemen to be executed, among whom was the father of Gustavus Vasa.

The same cruel fate would have befallen Gustavus had not God purposed to spare his life to deliver Sweden from the oppression of the Danes, and thus it happened that the Dane who had the charge of him begged his life, and received a favourable answer on condition that he kept him a prisoner.

Gustavus contrived to escape to his own land, but countless obstacles seemed to rise up against him during his dangerous progress. Once he passed through the very midst of the Danish army, hidden at the bottom of a loaded waggon of hay, which the soldiers pierced with their swords, half suspecting that some one was concealed beneath. Gustavus knew that a high price had been set upon him, and the soldiers would have had no mercy if they found him; so, although the points of their swords entered his body, wounding him painfully, his self-control was such that he never gave a sound or sign of feeling.

But after undergoing all this, a bitter, almost crushing disappointment, awaited Gustavus Vasa—the disappointment of finding his beloved Swedes cowed and spiritless, content to remain a vanquished nation as long as they could get food.

Hoping to find more courage and resolution among the mountaineers and miners, Gustavus travelled on to Dalecarlia, but his guide robbed him, and he was forced to work in the copper-mines for a wretched subsistence until his true rank and station were by accident discovered by one who could assist him.

But none seemed to enter into Vasa's longing to release his oppressed country; one man even betrayed him under the pretence of being a friend, but through the bravery of a woman he was saved, and at length he gathered together an army of 15,000 men, and after many struggles Sweden was free.

Gustavus was then forced to accept the crown, and for thirty-seven years he reigned over a peaceful and happy people. When he was dying a servant asked him if he wanted anything,—

'Yes, the kingdom of heaven; and that thou canst not give to me,' he answered.

Gustavus Vasa died at the age of seventy years, having lived to see the prosperity of the land he had loved so well and ruled so wisely.

OUR NEW ERRAND BOY.

A True Story.



IMUST tell you all about him, because it is quite a story. I mean, quite like those made out of people's heads, and printed in books; but this was never made in any one's head, but it really did happen.

I was sitting on a very cold evening in November by the drawing-room fire, and baby was playing on the carpet by me, when father put his head in at the door.

By father I mean baby's father, my husband, who is the clergyman of this little village of Westholme.

A great rush of cold air came in with father's head, and made me shiver, so I wrapped an antimacassar round baby, and ran to see what he wanted, for he had said 'Esther, come here.'

When I came, I saw standing in our little hall a boy of about nine or ten, small and pale, with light hair and a downcast face; his clothes were wet and shabby, but not very old. 'He wants a place as errand boy,' said father, looking first at me and then at the small boy. I am rather hasty, so I said, all in a minute, 'What, that small child? Oh, nonsense! Send him away, Charles, he could do nothing: and besides, we don't want a boy.'

'So I tell him,' continued my husband, 'but,'—here the small boy lifted a pair of large blue eyes, and said so touchingly, 'Oh, please, try me, I will do anything;' that I began to think my heart was growing as soft to all beggars and friendless children as Charles's is. But I pretended to look stern, and asked, very gravely, how he came to want a place; why he had left his friends,—for I understood from Charles he was a stranger in Westholme,—and so on.

But the little boy hardly answered, only gave a great sob when Charles said, decidedly, he must look elsewhere for a place, as we could not take him.

And then I was carrying my baby off into the drawing-room to escape the bitter wind from the front-door when it should be opened to let out the little boy, when I heard Charles say, 'Are you hungry, my boy?'

And the answer came in such a woe-begone voice, 'Yes, sir, very,' that I was quite glad when Charles ordered him to be taken into the kitchen to have his tea before sending him out into the cold winter night.

My cook and I are not so tender-hearted as Charles, and sometimes we are a little cross when he will have the cold meat we meant for to-morrow's dinner given to tramps, or when we suddenly find baby's milk run short, and Charles confesses he has given a cupful to a thirsty beggar baby.

But every one in the house was glad that this little pale boy should be fed; he was so gentle and soft-spoken, and seemed so very weary. Cook said it was a shame to send a bit of a child like that to get his own living, and she wondered where he would sleep that night; 'he did not seem to like being questioned,' she added. But we all went to our warm beds and forgot him; all except Charles, who murmured once, only I was too sleepy to answer him, 'I wonder if that little lad is under shelter now?'



John cleaning Charles's great boots.

He might well wonder and hope, for the wind was howling and the snow driving, so that baby screamed with delight next morning when she saw the white carpet a foot deep which covered the world.

Next evening, as baby and I were enjoying our twilight hour together as usual, she suddenly toddled up to me and clung to me, looking a little curiously at the darkening window-panes.

Yes, there outside stood the little boy of yesterday,

but even paler than before. 'Please, please take me in,' came the voice through the window; 'I am so tired, and I can't get another place.'

My husband was busy with his sermon and must not be disturbed, so I waited one minute while prudence and pity had a little fight inside me, and then I ran and let the shivering child in at the door.

I was a little afraid of what cook would say when I made him follow me to the kitchen, but he was so



John bringing the hamper to the Vicarage.

young and so cold, and I had little brothers at home just his age.

So we gave him his tea, and then he did so beg me to let him be my boy, as he called it; he would do anything, he said.

'Can you black boots?' asked the cook.

'If you will show me just once,' said the boy.

'And clean knives?' said she.

'I think I could,' he answered.

'And sweep the paths?' I said.

Oh, yes, that he could do.

'And run errands?'

'Yes, yes!' the boy's blue eyes were brightening at the bare chance of our keeping him. They clouded terribly when I said, 'But, cook, you can't bear boys, you know, and we had nearly settled to take Hannah Miles to help with baby.'

'I could take care of baby,' said the boy eagerly:

'we have one at home;' and then he blushed at what had slipped out.

'Oh, that would be very different though,' said cook: 'you must learn a deal before you'd be trusted with Miss Lilian.'

'He speaks nicely,' I said, musingly. I never would have anyone about baby who had vulgar ways of talking. Charles always laughed at me for it.

'You know how to drive a perambulator?' I said.

'Oh, yes, I could do that,' said the boy.

So it came to pass that cook and I settled we would take the boy if 'Master' agreed. 'Master' laughed when I consulted him, and said, if cook and I had determined upon it, he supposed it must be.

This was hardly fair of him, for I know he wished to take the friendless child from the very first.

It was an important matter taking even one more mouth into the house to feed, for we were far from rich, and only meant to keep two servants: cook, and a little girl to help me with baby.

And John, as he called himself, could hardly be so useful as Hannah Miles; still, if he could clean boots and knives, cook would wash baby, she said, for cook came out of my country and had known me all my life, and was not one of those stuck-up servants who will do nothing out of their place. She always, summer and winter, got up at six, and then there was such brushing, and scrambling, and banging, for, like all good servants, she had one fault, and hers was that she was rather noisy, and seemed to be fighting with her work.

Still, it was thoroughly well done, and when breakfast was laid and the water boiling she would come to my room for baby, and never let me have her back again till she was washed and dressed, and had had her breakfast of soaked bread at the clean little kitchen-table.

So I hardly suffered by the exchange of a little man for a little maid.

But to come back to my little man: he was so good and industrious, though how his tiny hands managed to black Charles's great boots, I cannot tell.

At first he was timid and shrinking, afraid even of cook's loud voice and hearty ways. 'As fearsome as a spaniel,' cook pronounced him; but he mended of that, and was quite a pleasant companion for baby; he knew stores of nursery rhymes, which he used to sing to her when alone in the sweetest voice. Charles and I would listen for half-an-hour at a time, wondering where he picked them up.

He was a strange child, very reserved, except with baby: very sensitive to kind treatment, and seemingly very grateful to all of us. One of Nature's gentlemen, I told Charles he must be, and this settled the matter.

The Vicarage was some way from the village, so John made no acquaintances; rather shrinking, if, in his daily outings with baby, any village lad addressed him.

He suited cook, too; and, in fact, our friends told us we had found a treasure in the little trembling wayfarer we had taken in.

We had ceased to ask him about his home, if he had one, or his family, now that he was making for himself a new career and character.

So days went on, John had been just a month with us, when one morning, not long before Christmas, a letter from my home arrived to announce that a hamper would probably be lying at our little station three miles distant.

A Christmas hamper with many good things in it doubtless, and, stuffed in to fill up, there were cast-off suits of my brother Sydney, put in for John. Careful mother of mine, she knew we could not afford to buy livery for our waif, whose story we had of course told her.

So John was summoned and desired to go to the station,—he said he could find the way,—and ask the porter to bring the hamper up that evening, in case it should be beyond his small strength to carry. John and the hamper arrived safely at the Vicarage almost before we expected them, as he had found some one to help him with his load.

Such excitement the unpacking was, in Charles's study, with cook in attendance to carry off the turkey, and John holding Lilian, while the rest were busy.

Turkey and pies, books and toys; a scarlet frock for baby, and a whole suit and greatcoat for John, and something nestling in an envelope for Charles with a 2 and an 0 on it from my good mother.

But the hamper has nothing to do with my story, so I must not linger over it.

Up to this time you have only heard the jog-trot, quiet part of my tale; now comes the romance, which is quite true also. It was Christmas Day, I had put out baby's new scarlet frock for her to wear, and John in his new clothes was carrying her for me to wish her father 'Happy Christmas,' as I had taught her with great trouble, when I suddenly saw that Charles looked dreadfully disturbed. He crushed up a letter as we came in, and told John so oddly to take baby away as he wished to speak to—to Mrs. Treloar.

He hardly ever called me Mrs. Treloar, so it made me quite shaky; and then his never even kissing baby in her red frock! But he soon explained it all to me, and then I did not wonder.

Only fancy, John was not John at all, not a poor boy, but Master Algernon Lennox, the son of Colonel and Lady Mary Lennox now in India, and he had run away from school!

Our little shoe-black, our knife-cleaner, our errand-boy, our baby-tender, was an Earl's grandson!

Was ever such a thing heard out of a novel? The letter was from his uncle; they had been in the greatest distress and anxiety about him for many weeks; ever since the tidings of his disappearance from school had reached them, and it was by the simplest chance in the world they had found a clue to him. Two of his schoolfellows happened to be in a train which passed through the little station where John,—I must call him so,—had gone in quest of the hamper; they caught sight of the boy, recognised him, and sent word to his friends.

That Christmas afternoon a carriage and pair drove up to our quiet little house, and when it went away our errand-boy was inside it. A great deal of explanation took place first, however, for it had puzzled Charles and me greatly to imagine how our gentle, good John, could be one and the same with

the truant who had caused his friends such weeks of anxiety.

John, or rather Algernon, had not long returned from India; he had spent a few months at his uncle's house, and then he had been placed by him at a large school highly recommended in every way.

But here he was not happy; whether some big bully made the timid boy's life a burden to him, for such things will happen in spite of careful oversight, or what other cause led the boy to make the desperate resolve of running away, neither his uncle nor Charles could quite make out.

Mr. Lennox expressed himself deeply grateful to Charles for the kind care taken of him. I saw Charles laugh and look slyly at his boots; but that was not our fault.

Poor John,—I shall never be able to say Algernon, —went away looking very tearful. I think he was a good deal ashamed of himself at last, after his uncle had explained to him the grief he had caused.

'I only thought my father would care,' he said, 'and I was going to write to him when I had earned money to pay the postage.'

And now the story of our errand-boy is told, at least for the present; whether this strange beginning will end in something stranger still, or whether, as I hope and think, our little friend will steady down into an honest English gentleman, we cannot tell.

We at the Vicarage regret him very much. Lilian points with distressed face into the wild waste of snow when we ask where John is, and it is plain that she misses him; she will not yet take to Hannah, which gives me a great deal of extra work.

Cook, too, laments her young companion, and persists in saying she always saw from the first that he was something 'out of the common.' And Charles and I—well, we are glad that we did not shut our doors against that little distressed figure asking for help in the winter's evening, for if we had perhaps, gently born and tenderly nurtured as he had been, he might have sunk down and died in the cruel rigour of that bitter season.

H. A. F.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

CHRISTMAS is no changeling season,
Now in summer plumage drest,
Now, without a rhyme or reason,
Bearing snow upon his breast.
Long as mortals can remember,
Through all ages, he has come
In the dimness of December,
When the singing-birds are dumb.

Christmas is no changeling season,
Now a feast and now a fast;
Sorrowing at Yule is treason:
Hence dull heart and brow o'ercast!
By the cradle bosoms lighten,
For of peace and joy it tells:
Love and peace that come to brighten
All the earth with Christmas bells.

Christmas is a time for greetings,
Giving gifts, and pardoning foes;
Season sweet of happy meetings;
Time for kisses, not for blows.
Now old friends should come together,
Parted all the year beside,
Striding over hill and heather,
With love's light and eager stride.

Christmas ever thus approaches,
Winter clad, a day of days;
Yet not now, alas! with coaches,
Coachman, whip, and spanking bays.
Christmas comes, the coach surviving,
Which once rattled to the door;
Gone the ribbons, gone the driving,
Coach and coachman are no more.

Gone the box, that place of glory,
Where old Jehu grandly sat,
Brimming o'er with fun and story,
Nature's born aristocrat;
Gone the insides' cosy party,
Four stout elders, warm and snug;
Gone the outsides, cold but hearty,
In their mail of coat and rug.

Gone, too, many a place of meeting,
Fate of all things here below;
Gone—but why recount the fleeting
Of those lamps that used to glow?
Life repairs its faded treasures;
Joys upspring our souls to bless;
Pleasures yield to newer pleasures;
Coaches to railroad express;

And while we, with nose uplifted,
Boast our fifty miles an hour,
One may come, sublimely gifted
With an engineering power;
Come, and by a blast pneumatic
Shoot our sons across a shire,
While old Betty in her attic,
Stirs the embers of the fire.

But, whate'er the mode of travel,
Pack-horse, camel, coach, or train,
Christmas yet, without a cavil,
Will a time of joy remain;
Sweet with Home and recreation,
Well-earned Leisure, golden Prize,
Angel tidings of Salvation,
Pathways gleaming to the skies.

G. S. O.





Christmas long ago.



John Goldthwaite looked up with a smile when his son entered.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 19.)

CHAPTER IV.

OBADIAH IS TROUBLED IN MIND.



WHEN Obadiah Goldthwaite had made an end of reading the letter there was a brief pause. His father and Dorothy looked at him in anxious expectation, not daring to speak lest their words might provoke a confirmation of their worst fears.

The strong Puritan feeling of his son had long been a source of anxiety and trouble to the old

man, who, although he himself had not scrupled to oppose the king in the matter of ship-money, and was an ardent lover of freedom in the affairs of government, yet in his religious opinions he had never wavered from a strong affection to the Church of England, of which, since the days of the Reformation, his family had been staunch members.

As for Dorothy, she was the orphan daughter of a poor divine who had held a small country cure in the neighbourhood of Bristol. From her earliest childhood she had been brought up in devout obedience to the Church, whose teaching she loved and revered, and in loyalty to the king, whoever he might be.

It may well be understood that for some years past she had seen, with grief and alarm, the increasing discontent and bitterness of her husband, who had already been fined many times for absence from the parish church, and who began to be looked upon as a dangerous malcontent.

Now, at a critical moment, had come this message from sister Rachel, and who knew but what it might be the spark to kindle the long-smouldering flame?

Obadiah had bent forward with his head buried in his hands, like one wrapped in deep thought.

John Goldthwaite was the first to break the painful silence.

'My poor, misguided Rachel! discreet and pious woman though she be, yet had she ever a masterful will of her own. Would she have us think that Old England is no place for honest, God-fearing folk, and that the only gate to Heaven lieth over yonder, in that strange, uncouth land beyond the sea? Ah! it was an evil day for me when Enoch Merrick first did cross our threshold!'

'Nay, father,' replied Obadiah, 'Enoch is a right godly man, zealous for religion, and one that doth honour to any family. Our country is in evil case to have driven out such from her midst. I grieve not for them. Yea! banishment, and hardship, and poverty, cannot mar the joy of that elect band who have set up their tabernacle in the wilderness, as they journey in faith to the promised Canaan.' He had risen from his seat, and with upturned eyes seemed to be speaking aloud his inmost thoughts, forgetful of any listeners.

As Dorothy watched him her heart sank within her, for with a wife's quick instinct she saw that his purpose was fixed, and that words of hers would be vain to move him.

Even his father thought it wiser not to argue further with him at that time; and thus it happened that, by common consent, the subject was dropped, and for many days no more mention was made of the letter from Salem.

It was about this time that Dorothy began to mark with alarm that her husband was much absent from home, sometimes for many hours together. On several occasions he had returned after dusk, accompanied by a certain stranger, with whom he had remained closeted in earnest discourse till late on in the night, when all the household had gone to rest.

After a while, the anxious wife discovered the unknown visitor to be a certain Matthew Coddington, a proscribed Puritan lecturer, who in the course of his wanderings from place to place had recently come to Bristol.

Those were sad, weary days for poor Dorothy. She was full of vague misgivings and fears of coming evil, yet she dared not seek to share her husband's secret, and thus turn suspense into certainty. But the end was at hand.

It was the spring-time, and one pleasant afternoon in March Dorothy sat spinning by the low window, with the two children, Cyril and little Mercy, playing at her feet. The birds were beginning to sing, and a soft breath of flowers was wafted in the sunshine, even to the dwellers in that city house.

Presently the sound of a rapid step was heard in the passage, the door was hastily opened, and Obadiah entered with a gloomy, disturbed countenance.

'Have you heard the news, Dorothy?' he exclaimed. 'That godly man, Matthew Coddington, hath been committed by the accusation of the Star Chamber, and is now cast into prison for preaching the Gospel. Yea, and we shall hear anon that he is sentenced to the pillory, to stripes and torture; maybe, even to death.'

His wife started up, pale and trembling, and clasped her hands in terror. 'Have pity, Obadiah! tell me, art thou safe?' she faltered, in broken words.

'None are safe!' he replied, with the deep, stern tones of suppressed emotion. 'I am a marked man, and full well I know that, sooner or later, the fate which hath overtaken others will strike me. Hast thou courage to hear me, sweet wife?' he added, more gently, after a moment's pause of silent anguish. 'Our only safety lieth in flight. Would I had followed sooner the counsels of sister Rachel! But there may yet be time. Wilt thou leave thy kindred and thy home and follow me?'

'Have I not promised to leave all for thy sake, and shall I shrink from keeping mine oath in the hour of trouble and danger?'

At her husband's appeal, all Dorothy's fears had vanished in a moment, and for love's sake the gentle, timid woman, was strong to do or suffer.

'There spoke my brave Dorothy!' said he, with a brighter smile than had lightened his face for many days. 'Yet, nerve thine heart for the worst; there is no time to lose, and our plans must be hasty and secret. I have private knowledge that a ship doth sail from this port, bound for New England, within seven days from hence. I would fain have spared thee this cruel haste, but therein must we sail, sweet-

heart, to seek for safety and freedom beyond the sea.

The husband and wife had been so much engrossed in their own conversation that they had forgotten the presence of the children, till at this moment a little voice said,—

‘May I go with thee, father, on the big sea?’ and little Cyril had taken hold of Obadiah’s hand, and was looking up eagerly in his face.

‘Ay, in good sooth, child; you and little Mercy too. We will take our home and our treasures with us, and the desert shall blossom like the rose.’

‘And shall grandfather go too?’ asked the child, joyfully; ‘for he loveth well to see the ships.’

The child’s words struck Obadiah to the heart with a sudden pang. He turned to Dorothy, who was watching him with sad eyes.

‘Does he know?’ she asked, in a whisper.

‘Not yet, a-lackaday! My poor father, I scarce dare think of what the tidings will be to him! They will go nigh to break his heart, I fear me. Had not the thought of his lonely old age stayed me, long ere this I had gone forth to Pilgrims’ Land.’

‘Will he not depart hence with us?’ asked his wife, after a pause.

‘Canst thou for one moment think it, Dorothy, at his age, and bound as he is by a tenfold cord to the home of his fathers? He would but pine and die away from the old city. Ah!’ he sighed, ‘it is these partings that make the bitterness of life and death.’

Never before had he so fully realised how terrible it would be to announce to the old man that his peaceful home was to be rudely broken up, and that he was to be left forlorn and deserted in his old age.

In his trouble of spirit he paced restlessly up and down the room, and for a moment his resolution almost failed.

Should he give up his long-cherished hope, and stay in the old home, even at the risk of persecution or death?

But now it was Dorothy’s turn to be strong. She watched him awhile in silence, and then said timidly:

‘It were wise, methinks, to tell father this night, lest by mischance the news should come upon him of a sudden.’

‘You are right, Dorothy,’ replied her husband. ‘It is a sore task, but it must needs be done, and the sooner the better. I will not lose another moment.’

Thereupon Obadiah hastily departed, as though he feared that his purpose might cool. He well knew where he should find his father at that hour, and sought him at once in the small dark chamber where the letters were written, the account-books kept, and most of the merchant’s business transacted.

John Goldthwaite was sitting in his tall, straight-backed oaken chair, near the narrow diamond-paned window, through which the glow of the setting sun cast a radiance on his venerable white head. As his son entered, he looked up with a smile from the letter which he had been trying to make out by the failing light.

‘Your eyes will stand me in good stead with this crabbed document,’ he began; but the words died on his lips as he caught sight of Obadiah’s pale face, with its stern, resolute look.

He saw that there was something amiss, and he rose from his seat with outstretched hands, as though to arrest the coming evil.

‘You have news for me, my son?’

There was a moment’s silence, for Obadiah could not frame the words which were to speak such a cruel sentence.

‘Tell me all,’ said his father. ‘It is worse, methinks, to fear than to know.’

Thereupon Obadiah told the story of poor Master Coddington’s arrest, and of the sad fate which was doubtless before him. He went on to tell that he, himself, was a well-known friend and supporter of the Wandering Gospeller, that he was suspected by many of being disaffected, and that it was but a question of time as to when he too would be cast into prison, and await the sentence of the Star Chamber.

‘If thou wilt thus court the lions’ den, I will pay fines for thee; I will give all my wealth to ransom thee,’ exclaimed his father.

‘It would be in vain,’ said Obadiah, bitterly. ‘Nay, father, there is but one way open. For the sake of those that love me I must seek for safety in flight. Thou knowest Master Peirce, the captain of the good ship *Lyon*, which now lieth in the harbour? He doth purpose, within seven days, to set sail for New England, and I have made with him a private compact secretly to go on board.’

‘And Dorothy my daughter, and the little ones?’ said the old man, in a strange, dreamy tone.

‘They will take ship with me; but we will be ever mindful of thee, and never let thee want for tidings of us. It is but a two-months’ voyage, father, and perils be not much greater by sea than by land. Each day will I set down—’

He ceased in sudden alarm, for his father had turned as pale as death, and would have fallen to the ground but for the support of Obadiah’s strong arm. The shock had been too much for the old man’s strength, and he was now unconscious of all around him.

(To be continued.)

THE TURKEY.



HERE was once a young turkey who had an odd, un-turkeyish idea in his head. How it got there there is no saying. Perhaps it was because he had been hatched under a kind, motherly duck; and there is no knowing how much depends upon our being brought up well. Perhaps it was because he lived in the Rector’s poultry-pard, which, of course, ought to have made him better than one which had not the same advantage; or it might have been because he often used to overhear the Rector’s children reading *Chatterbox*. It is impossible to say which was the true reason; but however it got there, the un-turkeyish notion I have spoken of certainly was fixed in his head. As he sauntered about the yard he was always talking of it to himself. People thought he was only practising the art of saying ‘Gobble, gobble,’ correctly,



without which no turkey's education can be said to be finished. But what he was really saying to himself was this:—'I want to be useful! I want to be useful!'

Now, you at once see this was a most un-turkeyish sentiment, for you almost always hear them say—that is, if you know Turkish well enough to understand it—'Grand! grand! I want to be grand!' And then they set up their tails, droop their wings, and puff themselves up, to look as big as they possibly can, until a cat or a puppy happens to frighten them, when they instantly subside and shut themselves up tight, looking particularly foolish.

Not so with that little turkey—the one at the back of the picture. He had got into his head somehow that it was better to be useful than to be grand. And he grew bigger and fatter as it drew towards Christmas, but still his desire seemed as far off as ever. At last, one dark evening when he was asleep, he found himself seized by the legs.

'What's this? what's this?' he screamed. But no one paid the slightest attention to his cries and his struggles, and a moment after there came a terrible knock on his head, which in a few seconds killed him. But as he felt his senses going his thoughts ran back upon his old idea! 'Sad! sad!'



“ Off drove the dog-cart through the blinding snow.”

he murmured. ‘I wanted to be useful—done nothing but eat and stuff—life wasted—no use to——’ and here his thoughts closed, for he died before he could say the word ‘anybody.’

In a little cottage near the Rectory lived a poor lady. She was a widow, and worked hard all day and often all night too, to support her three little children. Her heart was sad, for in a few days Christmas would come, and she knew she had nothing

better to give her darlings that day than their ordinary dinner of potatoes and rice; and it was as much as she could do to keep her brave heart from murmuring at her own desolate lot as she saw the good things which were being taken to everybody’s house but hers. However, the thought struck her that she would make some apple-dumplings for the children, and so she at once fetched the few apples she had left and began to make the dumplings. Just then a

knock came to the door. Putting down the apple she was peeling, she went with a heavy sigh and opened it.

'If you please, ma'am, the Rector sends his compliments and hopes you will do him the favour to accept this turkey,' said the boy, holding up by its legs the very bird I have been telling you about.

She took the present, and her eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, and the children came dancing around her, stroking the beautiful plumage of the bird.

Oh, if the spirit of that good turkey could only have looked down upon that poor family when Christmas Day came, when he was brought to table, and have seen the joy of that poor mother's careworn face, as she watched her little ones enjoy their unusual feast, it would not only have reconciled him to his violent death, but also have shown him that, by bringing joy and gladness to the widow and the fatherless, his old dream of wishing to be useful had come true at last.

H. H.

GEOFF'S TURNING-POINT.

A BAD character of Geoffrey again!' said Dr. Lawrence, with a frown on his usually pleasant face. 'Careless, idle, pleasure-loving. I must speak most seriously to him when he comes home.'

'Oh, father,' said a fair girl of eleven, 'you won't scold him this first evening? Indeed he always means to improve.'

'At twelve years old one should do more than mean,' said the doctor sternly, folding up the letter which had come so unpleasantly to the snug winter breakfast-table. 'I am in despair now of ever making a man of Geoff.'

'Try him once more,' said gentle Evelyn, coaxingly. 'He will be so sorry for the bad report, I know; for at Michaelmas he was determined to improve and please you.'

'Determined for a minute, with the purpose of a butterfly,' said the disappointed father. 'Well there, little woman, don't look grieved; I won't scold the first day of the lad's holidays. I must be off on my rounds early, so as to crib an hour to drive round by Pouncefield station, and fetch our boy.'

'Now I can trust you,' said Evie gaily, 'since you call him "our" boy. Good-bye, father dear; wrap up well. I'm sorry you must drive yourself, your hands will be so cold; but James will enjoy his two days at home.' And off drove the dog-cart through the blinding snow.

James was Dr. Lawrence's groom, away on a holiday. It was not much of a household, this country doctor's in Crofton village—just himself, his motherless girl Evelyn, an old cook, a boy to carry out medicine, and James. Twice or three times a-year the whole house was brightened and upset by the arrival of Geoffrey, who, with all his faults, was the darling of at least three people in the house—his father, sister, and old Anna. Yet he was unsatisfactory, this gay-hearted young fellow, seldom bringing a good report from school, and always incurring his father's displeasure for thoughtless escapades.

'What would make a man of him?' the father

pondered again, since years did not seem to bring steadiness to the careless lad.

Often during that winter's day Dr. Lawrence and Evie thought of their boy, each longing to make him as good as he was dear to them.

Darkness fell very early that snowy afternoon. Evie knew she must not look for the sound of the dog-cart wheels till quite five o'clock; but when six struck she grew anxious, and for the next hour she was thoroughly miserable, till exactly as the clock struck seven, Geoffrey bounded in at the side-gate, with a 'Well, you are nice people, to forget all about me!'

'Where is father?' asked startled Evie, holding back even from the first kiss of the dear brother.

'Nay, tell me that,' said Geoff, shaking the snow from his coat. 'If I had not picked up old Snuff the carrier, and got him to give me a lift, I might never have been here at all to-night.'

'But father meant to go for you—he never forgets,' faltered Evelyn, her frightened eyes turning to old Anna.

'He has been kept somewhere, my dears; a bad case,' suggested Anna; but her voice had so little confidence in it that Evie turned paler still.

'He has met with an accident; it is that Pouncefield by-lane; the snow hides the road-marks. Geoff, Anna, what shall we do? If only James were here!'

Poor Evie sat down in agony; her trembling limbs would no longer hold her up. Anna fetched her some water, but she impatiently pushed it away from her dry lips.

'Try to help father,' she gasped.

Old Anna and Geoff were not so much alarmed as Evie; but a feeling that all was not right with the careful, punctual doctor, was in the heart of both, or surely this dismal winter's night he would not have overlooked his son's arrival at the wayside station. Geoff was so sorry for Evelyn, too, he could not but try to relieve her fears. He put his arm round her and said,—

'See here, dear; don't tremble. I'll get Big Robert from the forge to come with us. Send Jim for him at once, Anna; and he might call Jack Travers on the way; and bid them bring lanterns. And meantime, Evie darling, give me a hunch of bread, or something, for I am starving.'

Thus appealed to, Evie was the little mother at once, feeding Geoff, fetching the brandy-flask for his pocket, finding candles for the lanterns, and giving plain directions where to seek the lost doctor.

The thoughtful little girl judged well. Dr. Lawrence's horse swerved in the narrow Pouncefield by-lane, and upset the cart; and there in the snow, by the roadside, lay the poor doctor, disabled with a broken leg.

Geoff found him first, and catching the feeble moans in which his father made known his injury, he bade Big Robert bring a hurdle from a field close by, on which to carry the sufferer.

It was a sad procession that reached the doctor's house, but Evie was quiet, self-possessed, and helpful, despite her pale cheeks.

And there was something in Geoff, too, that commanded respect.

'Not upstairs—into the dining-room,' ordered the boy. 'We have sent for Dr. Knowles from Pennistone, so don't be frightened, Evie; get the iron bed brought down here.'

It was a busy night in the doctor's house—the strange doctor arriving, the leg being set, and the dining-room turned into a bed-room.

'That's a fine lad of yours, Lawrence,' said Dr. Knowles, as he bade his sick friend good-bye; 'he seems to have all his wits about him.'

The doctor smiled amidst his pain; just a little bit unbelieving the smile was, but Geoff had been very good and helpful in the emergency, dear fellow!

Next day Geoff was in his father's room early, full of anxious desire to be of use; and the busy doctor needed him; though he was 'to be kept perfectly quiet,' he had letters for his boy to write, and many messages to send.

Geoff hated writing, but he set to work heartily: he was so sorry for his poor, suffering, anxious father, he must do his best to help him. But he was nothing loth when Evie took the pen from his hands and said, 'There, dear, go to Pennistone for father; I will write the letters.'

Such strange holidays those were! Father's bedroom in the dining-room, Geoff sleeping on the sofa to be near him, helping to make up medicine, and even seeing some patients and reporting to the doctor. Still the days passed not unpleasantly after the first week, when the father's pain disappeared, and he had only the lying in bed to bear.

'School begins on Thursday,' sighed Geoff one evening, as he and Evie sat chatting with their father.

'But I can't spare you,' put in the doctor quietly.

Geoff blushed, and stammered out, 'Father, do you mean it? Am I really of any use to you?'

'That you are,' laughed the doctor; 'twice as much as Jim, and half as much as Evie. But, seriously, Geoff, my lad, I have been much pleased with you in this trouble, sticking so closely to your poor old dad and the surgery, when all the skating and winter fun was about.'

'As if I could leave you for that!' said Geoff.

'It has pleased me,' continued the doctor, 'to see that you are of the stuff that men are made of—hopeful, kindly-natured men, who rise to an emergency. I shall really require your services for another month, and I have already written to Dr. Brown to say so, with a capital report of your conduct at home this holiday.'

'How kind of you, father!' cried Evie.

'How awfully jolly!' said happy Geoff, half-thinking of the commendation, half of the extra holidays. 'And, father, I will work when I go back, just to show you I can be steady at school as well as at home.'

That accident was the turning-point in Geoff's life. Dr. Lawrence no more desponded over the chance of making a man of him. Geoff had found out that there might be real pleasure in doing one's proper work. Love for his father had been the motive which led him straight at first, and why should he turn back now? He promised Evie and his father that he would not, and he kept his word.

H. A. F.

OLD 'RAGS.'

I AM going to tell you a true story of an old dog called 'Rags.' A story which shows the wonderful sagacity of our friend and companion 'the dog:' and how dogs sometimes seem even to understand conversation which is not directly addressed to them.

When we were all children, Mr. B. was a very near neighbour and friend, and as such used to pay us many visits in company with 'Rags.'

This 'Rags' was a little Scotch terrier, whose rough coat suggested his name.

Mr. B. and 'Rags' were constant companions: wherever one went, there went the other. Of course 'Rags' had great affection for his master, but he had a special dislike to children, snarling and snapping at them whenever they came near him.

Now here 'Rags' and Mr. B. differed; for Mr. B. was a great favourite with the young folk, and his appearance was always hailed with delight by the youngsters in our family. 'Rags' evidently disliked this, for he used to jump upon his master's knee, and fiercely resent any too near approach to him on the children's part. Of course we regarded him with great terror, and often wished that the dog had been as agreeable as his master.

On one occasion 'Rags' had been more than usually cross and snappish, and the next time Mr. B. proposed a visit to our house he remarked at luncheon, 'I am going to the S.'s this afternoon, but I shall not take "Rags" with me, for he makes himself so disagreeable to the children; and he must be shut up, or he will be sure to follow me.'

When the time came for Mr. B. to start to the S.'s, 'Rags' could nowhere be found. In vain they called him; search was made in every direction, but he could not be found. At last Mr. B. went on his way alone, wondering what had become of his little dog. Mr. B. usually came to our house by a short cut, through a shrubbery, which led on to the lawn, and crossing this he could enter the house by the window of the dining-room. The first object that met his eye, on coming into our garden, was master 'Rags,' sitting quietly in front of the house! When he saw his master he got up, and trotted to meet him, with a look as if to say, 'Here you are at last! what a long time you have kept me waiting!'

On entering the house Mr. B. exclaimed, 'Why how came 'Rags' to be here? I have been searching for him everywhere in order to shut him up, as I did not intend to bring him with me to-day, on account of his bad behaviour the last time he came here.'

Mr. B. was then told that about two hours before, at luncheon time, 'Rags' had made his appearance alone, to the surprise of every one in the house. He had taken up his station outside the dining-room window and remained, quietly watching, till his master appeared, resisting all endeavours to coax him into the house.

'Then,' said Mr. B., 'it is certain that he must have understood what I said about having him shut up: and he must have come off here at once, to avoid imprisonment.'

Wonderful as it seems, the dog appears to have understood what was said in his presence, for it was the only occasion on which he was known to have paid such a visit without his master. E. PINWILL.



Old "Rags" waiting for his master.



Honesty rewarded.

HONESTY REWARDED.

From the Italian.



NCE upon a time, as a merchant was returning from a fair, he came to a branch of the river that it was necessary for him to cross. The water was not at all deep, for a man could go on horseback from one side to the other; but once in the middle, one had to be very careful not to go too much to the right, as there was a deep pool there where many a traveller had lost his life. The merchant was aware of this danger, and had always escaped it; but grown careless, he went too near one day, and suddenly felt his horse swept off its legs. A labourer near at hand, seeing the peril in which the unlucky man was, quickly took out a horse from his plough, rode in bravely to the edge of the hole, and had the good fortune to seize the merchant by the cloak and draw him safely to land. As to the horse of the rescued man, it perished, the weight of a portmanteau it carried dragging it down to the bottom.

The peasant and his family had great difficulty in reviving their fainting guest, who was half dead with cold and fright. At last he came to himself, but soon he gave way to the greatest grief, for nothing was left to him of all the wealth he had had a quarter of an hour before. What affected him most was the loss of a purse of leather which had been fastened to his girdle, and which contained a number of diamonds and pearls. It was very unlikely that he had lost it in the water, so all his suspicions fell on his deliverer, who could easily have robbed him during his swoon. The peasant, on his side, protested that he had no knowledge of the purse. The merchant, who had built all his hopes of driving a profitable trade on these jewels, felt keenly the misery of his position.

He might have brought the peasant before the judge and have thus harmed him greatly, for appearances were quite against him, but he had too generous a mind to think of doing such a thing.

'You have saved my life at the risk of your own,' said he, 'but you have deprived me of the means of proving my gratitude. The only way in which I can show how grateful I am, is by not accusing you of your theft to the tribunal. By thus forbearing to prosecute you, I shall be handsomely rewarding you for the slight expense I have put you to. But I must beg you to give me a little money to enable me to reach the nearest city, where I shall find some friends of mine and means of living.'

The poor peasant was grieved at not being able to prove his innocence, which he asserted with solemn oaths and tears. Finally his guest bade him farewell, and departed much ill-pleased with him.

Some months after the merchant's departure the peasant went to work in his field, and while emptying a ditch, he found a leather purse hanging to his pitch-fork. He took it off to look at it, and on opening it he found inside the jewels whose loss had so embittered the merchant. When the merchant had been brought out of the water, he had been

carefully undressed and laid on some straw, while a bed was being warmed for him. During this time of confusion the purse had remained unnoticed, and shortly afterwards was thrown, with the straw, into the ditch.

What course now ought the peasant to take? How should he find the owner of the purse? These were the two questions that presented themselves to him. Doubtless he could have deposited this treasure with the magistrate, or have advertised it in the public papers. But these measures did not come into our friend's head. What he did, was to walk constantly about the high road about the time of the fair, and send his wife and children there as often as possible, in the hope of one day meeting the merchant. Two years rolled by without their having ever met him, but one evening, when the peasant and his family were eating their frugal supper, the sound of wheels was heard, and a carriage stopped at the door. The father looked out of window and saw several men get out of a travelling carriage. Husband and wife turned pale, certain that among these people was the owner of the purse, come to do them some harm. The children ran away to hide themselves, but the peasant, hoping to be able to disarm the merchant's anger by the restoration of his purse, stayed where he was. He was still occupied with this thought, when the merchant entered, followed by his travelling companions, and throwing himself on his deliverer's neck, assured him that never again would he be asked about the purse.

'I no longer doubt your entire innocence,' he added, 'and am only come to give you proofs of my gratitude. Until now I was not in a condition to do so, and even had I been, I should have waited till I was convinced that I had no ground for suspecting you.'

Surprised at this speech, the peasant asked him how it was that formerly he suspected him and now believed him guiltless.

'In all my journeys to the fair,' answered the merchant, 'I secretly watched your conduct, and even sent spies into your village, to inform myself of the state of your affairs, and to see whether you had by chance extended your farm, or made some new purchase; but I found that, far from living in ease, the scarcity of the past two years had reduced you to poverty, that you had sold your cattle, and that, being unable to pay a debt of fifty crowns, your farm was on the point of being put up to sale. I wish, since Heaven has prospered me, to pay this debt of yours.'

The peasant at these words burst into tears, and silently went into the other room. He came back a moment after with the purse in his hand, which he placed on the table before the astonished spectators.

'What does this mean?' exclaimed they.

'Take it, sir,' answered the peasant; 'you will see that nothing is missing.'

The merchant opened the purse, and found everything, from the tiniest pearl to the smallest piece of gold, just as he had left it.

The peasant then told them how the purse had got lost, and how it had been recovered; confessing that he had often been tempted to make use of the treasure, but rather than commit such a base act he had

preferred to suffer hunger, and in the end to sell his last horse. He added, that Providence had often helped him when he had found it difficult to support his family; and he did not fail to tell the merchant of the many times he had gone along the high road, hoping to meet him.

On hearing all this the merchant could not restrain his tears. At first he would not take back his purse, but after further thought he said,—

‘You are right, my friend; you could hardly be benefited by the value of these jewels, selling them, as you probably would, at a third of their price, but I promise you that the best farm I can get in this village shall be yours.’

Some days after, an occasion offered itself of buying such a farm, and the merchant bought it and presented it to the peasant.

Every time the grateful merchant came that way he visited his deliverer, always bringing some present or other for his children. Thus the peasant’s honesty was richly rewarded, and his after prosperity was the natural result of his upright conduct.

CARLO VITI.

HOW HE DID IT.

A MERCHANT in London had a dispute with a Quaker about the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, to which the Quaker objected. Desiring to make a last effort, the Quaker called at the merchant’s office one morning, and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs,—

‘Tell that rascal that I am not at home!’

The Quaker, looking up toward him, calmly said,—

‘Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind.’

The merchant was struck with the meekness of this reply, and having looked more carefully into the matter, he became convinced that the Quaker was right, and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error he said,—

‘I have one question to ask you:—How were you able, with such patience, to bear my abuse?’

‘Friend,’ replied the Quaker, ‘I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion often speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by carefully observing this rule I have entirely mastered my natural temper.’

A BRAVE WORKMAN.

WE have much pleasure in recording an act of self-control and presence of mind, which may be well compared to the deeds of daring on the field of battle. Two workmen were engaged fixing a lightning-conductor on the summit of the steeple at Ville-sur-Ourthe, in Belgium. To accomplish this somewhat difficult and delicate task it was necessary that one of the workmen should stand on the

shoulders of his companion. While in this position, a violent gust of wind made him spill some molten lead, which fell on the hand and forearm of his friend. Notwithstanding the sudden and intense pain, the brave man had the courage to remain motionless while the lead burnt its way into his flesh. He knew that a movement of his might hurl his companion from a height of 70 feet into the street below, and he endured the pain rather than risk the life of his fellow-worker. M. A. Karis, slater, at Anthisme, is the hero of this brave deed, and his name is worthy of being put on record.—*Builder*.

A SENSIBLE DOG.



COMMERCIAL gentleman having ridden sixteen miles in the winter, followed by his faithful dog, the poor creature, wearied with his journey, fell so fast asleep before the fire that his master went out of the room unperceived by the dog. On his return the gentlemen in the travellers’ room said to him, ‘We have been amused, sir, with your dog. When he

awoke he was in great trouble at finding his master gone. He, however, went round the room and smelt at all the great-coats hanging up on the wall, and when he found his master’s great-coat, he returned to the fireplace and composed himself for another nap, as if he had reasoned with himself and come to the conclusion, “My master won’t go away without his great-coat.”’—*The Rev. F. O. Morris*.

A WINTER JOURNEY.

LAST night the northern gossards
Plucked geese, ten thousand score:
The feathers came by millions,
And then came millions more;
Until a heap, six inches deep,
Lay at our cottage door.

But cloudless were the heavens
Before I went to bed,
And as I had my supper
A thought came in my head,—
‘Who eats those geese, I wonder,
When they are plucked and dead?’

My mother must to market,
And I must mind the shop.
She’ll through the drifted hollows,
And by the windy top,
Where Ned will loiter, sulling,
As if he meant to drop.

Dear mother would not strike him,
Not for a golden pound;
She says old Neddy’s reasons
Are always good and sound,
Why now and then he lingers
To take a look around.



A Sensible Dog.

For Ned has been her servant
This many a struggling year:
Ay, since the time poor father
Lay dead upon his bier.
She would not hurt old Neddy
For all our landlord's gear.

And though the self-willed donkey
Will sometimes stand and bray,
Just where the wind comes sharpest,
Upon a winter's day,
'Tis but a gentle word he hears,—
'Come, laddy, let's away!'



A Winter Journey.

And he will wait a minute,
As if he would not deign
To do another's bidding,
And then he's off again,
A good eight miles an hour or so,
With all his might and main.

As though he said, 'Don't hurry,
And I will get you there,
Faster than any Neddy
That's flogged into the fair:
I go the best if I can rest
Just when I like, and where.' G. S. O.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER V.—THE PILGRIMS' VOYAGE TO NEW ENGLAND.



N the grey dawn of one early morning towards the end of March a little group was gathered together on the quay of Bristol.

Obadiah Goldthwaite, with his wife Dorothy and the children, were taking a last farewell of the poor father before setting sail for the New World.

It was a sad, bitter parting, but, strange to say, the calmest amongst them was the old man, who was so soon to be left alone. John Goldthwaite, after recovering from the first shock of his son's announcement, had seen the urgent necessity of securing his safety, and had bravely taken part in the hurried preparations.

Mistress Dorothy, who was closely muffled up in her hood and long grey cloak, had just taken little Mercy from the arms of the old servant, and pressed the child to her heart, in a passionate struggle to keep up her failing courage. She scarcely dared to speak, lest her pent-up tears should find an outlet and so break down the firmness of others.

As for old Tabitha, she made no effort to hide her grief; and indeed, poor creature! she felt torn asunder with conflicting desires. At one moment she would cry out that 'nought should stay her from following Mistress Dorothy and the sweet babe to that outlandish place, where they would be without friends or tending;' and then again, with renewed exclamation, she would declare that 'it was a grievous sin to leave the old master; and that, for her part, she would live and die in his service.'

'It is my greatest solace to know that the master will never lack thy faithful care,' whispered Dorothy, as she gave the good servant a few more last directions regarding his comfort and the ordering of the deserted household.

The precious moments were quickly passing away, and a crowd was now rapidly collecting near the harbour to see the departure of the good ship *Lyon*, which was only waiting for the tide.

The Goldthwaites were so well known that some of the spectators had already recognised them, and it was not safe to tarry longer.

Sadly they took leave of each other, with many embraces, and silent prayers, and tears.

Then Obadiah took little Mercy in his arms, while Dorothy led Cyril by the hand to the boat in which they were to embark; their baggage having already been conveyed across to the vessel, which was now on the point of starting.

The old man's eyes were dim with tears as he stood there watching his loved ones depart from him, with the bitter foreboding that he should see their faces on earth no more.

Thus it was that Obadiah and his family went forth to seek a new home in the Western World.

As for the history of the voyage, we cannot have a more precise account of it than that given by Goldthwaite himself in his diary, where, as he had

promised to his father, he set down, day by day, what befell them.

'Obadiah Goldthwaite his Diary.

'On the 21st day of the month of March, being Wednesday, we weighed anchor from the port of Bristol, the wind blowing gently from the east—a fine, small gale.

'The sun shone brightly and dispersed the mist, so that, as the ship did sail pleasantly along, we were, for the space of many hours, in sight of that land which we did so unwillingly quit.

'Late in the evening of the next day, however, for want of wind, we came to anchor off the Haven of Milford; and that same night a strong gale suddenly arising, a French barque, which had lain in the same port with us, nearly drove against our ship.

'Therefore, to prevent being run down—one anchor being cut and loose—we hastened to make sail as quick as possible and put out to sea.

'Here, the wind and tide raging sorely, we were well-nigh dashed again on shore, until on a sudden, by great exertion, having tacked and shipped a sea, we did escape that fearful danger.

'It was here that my wife Dorothy did first see cause for her mighty terror of the deep. She was sorely troubled, yet withal full of thankfulness that, as yet, the children had taken no hurt.

'Truly the boy Cyril hath a fine brave spirit, for he taketh exceeding delight in that which seemeth to us full of alarm and peril.

'On the next day, which fell on the Sabbath, we enjoyed a prosperous sail, and so were enabled to gather together on the deck a godly company for prayer and praise.

'On Monday, being the 26th, about nine o'clock in the morning, we left behind us the western promontory of England and the Scilly Isles; in a gentle course turned rather towards the west, coasting along the British Ocean, nor running as fast as we could, lest by carelessness we might fall a prey to the Turks and pirates for the most part infesting that sea.

'Towards evening there arose so great a storm again that the French barque of which I spoke, retracing its course, steered for England. But our captain was of a more daring mind, and settled to try the sea, which he admitted was the more dangerous, owing to its narrowness.

'At dawn of day the storm had somewhat abated; but, having the south-west wind against us, we made little headway on account of having to tack so often. In like manner, for some days following, the winds being variable, we did make little progress.

'On Friday, a south-east wind prevailing, and the wind driving before it clouds heavy with sleet, such a tempest poured itself down that every moment we seemed about to be engulfed in the waves.

'As the day declined the captain saw a sun-fish seeking to make way against the course of the sun, which he did tell us was the most certain indication of a horrid storm.

'And, in sooth, about ten o'clock at night a black cloud rained down a direful tempest. This was followed by a whirlwind so dreadful that it was needful hastily to take in all sail; nor could it be done before the mainsail, under which alone we were running,

was rent in twain from top to bottom. One part of it, carried into the sea, was got back at great pains.

'Poor Dorothy did many times bid me farewell with great sadness of heart, never hoping to see the dawn of another day; but the children slept peacefully through the uproar, as though rocked in a cradle.

'After that, as we were coasting along the shores of Spain, we did keep anxious watch for the Turks: however, we met none.

'Then, being carried on beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the Madeiras, under full sail scudding before the winds, we at length arrived at the Western Islands.

'Before this time, to our now small trouble, the cooper began to complain that our water-cask was almost empty, and that there was not enough in hold to serve till we might reach land. Our captain resolved, therefore, to touch at Fayal, being the first of the Western Isles we did come in sight of, there to supply this defect.

'This truly was good news to me; for my wife did pine sorely for the sight of land, and had been ailing many days. Cyril, too, and the babe Mercy, did suffer much from the great closeness of the ship and the strange new diet on board.

'We stood directly for the harbour of Fayal, where the Governor, being Portuguese by nation, did treat us very civilly, and suffer us to renew the stock of water and to refresh ourselves with the produce of the island.

'We did also take on board a store of black pigs, and also dried fruits. The boy Cyril was never weary of asking me concerning the many wonderful sights in those foreign parts.

'This was the first place where we did see flying fish, which at one time cut the sea with their wings, and again the high air. These are of the size of flounders, and travel by the hundred in flocks. They poise themselves in the air by way of rest, and some, having lost the balance of their wings, fell on our ship.

'We parted from Fayal, after tedious delay, with an easterly wind, which soon brought us to the height of Bermudas.

'We were now come to the 5th day of May, and I cannot forget the prodigious number of porpoises that did that evening appear about the ship, to the astonishment of the oldest seaman in her. This they do look upon as a bad portent, predicting ill weather.

'And truly that night there did rise up a gale far exceeding any we had before experienced, and our ship rocked and tossed in the midst of mountainous seas.

'Towards break of day, weary of my lodging, I visited Mate Greenaway on the watch, and did enter into converse with him. He was an old seaman of long experience, and oftentimes had made the voyage across the ocean. After a while he said he would look out to see what change there was in the water.

'No sooner were his feet upon the deck but he calls up the seamen, crying out,—

"All hands on deck! Breakers! breakers on both sides! All hands on deck!"

'The sailors were soon on deck with this dismal alarm, and saw the cause thereof; but, instead of

setting lustily to work they did lament and bewail their sad fate.

'The captain came out at the noise; but, seeing how the case stood, his courage failed, for we were hemmed in by rocks.

'Mate Greenaway took heart again, and cried out,—

"Is there no good fellow that will stand to the helm and loose a sail?"

'But of all the ship's crew there were but two that gave heed to him, namely, John Ludlow and Tom Smith. One of them got up and loosed the fore-topsail, to put the ship in steerage way and under command; the other stood to the helm, and he shifted it in a nick of time, for the ship was at the point of dashing on the starboard breach.

'The light of the day, which now broke forth, did discover our position to be altogether perilous.

'It was a sad scene on deck: strong men crying out and seeming demented with the fear of present death; women wailing or clinging to any they thought might aid them; and the little children joining their voices, though they knew not wherefore.

'In this moment of urgent peril, when all hope of safety was laid aside, it was to me cause of deep thankfulness that my wife Dorothy joined not in the clamour, but, with her arms cast round the two children, did fall on her knees in silent prayer.

'Whereupon others of the poor distracted creatures did take heart to do likewise; and by this time the ship's crew, reproached by the courage of Ludlow and Smith, were all at work.

'How it came to pass I know not, but, after a little, Mate Greenaway, having heaved the lead, did find a channel wholly against his hopes, and this soon mending upon us, we were, by the mercy of God, before long, clear of the breaches at Cape Lattaras, and got out to sea.

'No sooner was the ship freed of this danger and gotten a little into the offing, but the seamen surveyed each other as if they doubted the reality of the thing; and then, most strangely, they shook hands like strangers, or men risen from the other world.

'So suddenly were they saved from the jaws of death, that they could scarce believe that they were men of flesh and blood.

'After this adventure the rest of the voyage was most prosperous, so that the captain and his men declared that they had never seen one more pleasant or tranquil, nor, for a single hour, did we suffer any inconvenience.

'At length, by God's providence, upon the twenty-sixth day of May, by break of dawn, we espied land, which we deemed to be Cape Cod, and so it proved. The appearance of it comforted us much, being a goodly land and wooded to the brink of the sea. And so, making our course onwards round a pleasant bay, we came to anchor in Salem Harbour, and, with great gladness, did praise God Who had given us once again to set our feet on dry land.'

(To be continued.)





The Departure for New England.



Wally's Foundling. By HARRISON WEIR.



WALLY'S FOUNDLING.

WALLY (short for Wallace) is a very dear dog; but there is no doubt he leads the cats of the neighbourhood a shocking life, frightening them up trees, on to walls, and generally out of sight, whenever he appears. So well is this understood that no one tries to keep a cat at Dunevic, our place on the mountains, and the few that do turn up between whiles must be innocent strangers from the farmsteads around. They only come once, for Wally's rough welcome does not suit them.

Now that you know this you will, I think, be as much surprised as I was at something I am going to tell you about Wally.

It was winter time, our holidays, and rather dull ones, for the snow lay thick on the ground, and yet it was not bright weather, and mother would not let us boys go wandering about the hills for fear of the drifts and the snow-mists. So we were glad when evening closed in, and we could roast chestnuts at the hall-fire, and read our new books stretched on the rug. We had been very quiet for an hour, Duncan and I and mother, when all at once we heard Wally scratching and whining loudly at the great hall-door, which was locked and bolted, and had a heavy curtain drawn over it. 'Go round, Wally,' said Duncan: 'what does the old fellow want now?'

Wally never expected to come in by that door after nightfall, so we returned to our books, but still Wally whined and scratched, and at last howled so dismally, that mother bade me go and open the great door and let the poor dog in.

It was awfully cold; but I went, drew the bolts, and opened the door a little, not standing in the way of the cold wind nor looking out. 'Come on, Wally, old chap,' I said, finding he did not enter. But still Wally only whined, though he flapped his great tail against the doorway, to show his joy that his cries had been attended to. Then I looked out, and the result was, I called Duncan, and he and I inspected something dirty-white lying on the doorstep, with Wally snuffing kindly over it.

'It's a cat he's killed,' cried Duncan, 'or a rabbit.'

'Wally wouldn't kill a rabbit like this,' I said; and then we stooped down lower to make quite sure. All at once a faint mew greeted our ears: it was a cat, and half dead. We carried it in to mother, Wally following, by long tail-wag saying 'I found it—I brought it—it's my cat!' The poor thing was stiff with cold. Wally had not hurt it at all, and now he stood proudly over it while it slowly revived, crawled up to the warm hearth, and at last lapped the milk which mother sent for.

Every movement of the poor creature betokened a pet, lost probably out of some travelling-carriage, and unable to keep life in it like the hardy hill-cats. Wally must have found it perishing on the waste, and with true knightly feeling carried it home to warmth and safety. He never showed the slightest inclin-

ation to hunt that cat; it was his pet, Wally's foundling! After a day or two, when it had licked itself well, and had a few good dinners, it shook itself out, a splendid Angora cat, long-haired and blue-eyed, quite a pet to be proud of. As to showing any fear of Wally, it patronised and teased him, and Wally's eyes expressed nothing but, 'Isn't she clever, my cat?' She lay on the mat with him, took bones out of his dish, slapped his tail if he wagged it temptingly, and was a regular spoilt darling. If Wally went out of the room she mewed up to screaming point to be let out after him, and she would sleep nowhere but with her head on his warm fur.

I can't tell you the end of Wally's foundling, because there she is comfortably living with him still, and a great pet with all of us, but I thought you would like to hear her story; it seemed so good of Wally to relax his strong rule of hunting cats in favour of a poor half-dead creature by the roadside.

H. A. F.

DEEP-SEA FISHING ON THE EAST OF AFRICA.



SOME of the best deep-sea fishing in the world is to be had on the eastern coast of Africa, between Port Natal and Port Elizabeth, in Algoa Bay. Off Natal Harbour, five miles from a headland called Natal Bluff, in about eighteen fathoms of water, is splendid deep-sea fishing. A fathom, you know, is six feet. The bottom is very rocky, and there fish abound much more than in a sandy bottom, because they find refuge and food in the crevices of the rocks. To the

fishing-lines are attached large pieces of lead, a quarter, half, or a whole pound in weight, according to the strength of the current, and six hooks are put on each line, baited with raw beef or fish. When near the fishing-ground the boat is anchored. On board there are generally about eight men, each with a line. Scarcely have you thrown your line over, and the lead touched the bottom, before the fish begin to bite, and you haul them up as fast as you can bait the line, sometimes catching two or three at once. The best fish caught on this coast are those called rock-cod. Some of these are bright red in colour, while others are of a grey and yellowish tinge; they often weigh from thirty-five to forty pounds. Rock cod do not struggle like other fish, but come up as if you were hauling up a solid log or lump of lead. In hauling them up you do it rapidly, so that when the fish comes to the top of the water it is quite exhausted; and even if it drops off the hook you may still catch it. It often happens, that from its great weight it tears itself off from the hook while being hauled into the boat, and falls into the water; when to your surprise, instead of sinking, it floats, even for a quarter of an hour, so that you can pick it up with your hand. This is caused by its air-bag being ex-

haunted from the rapidity with which it has been drawn up through the water: even if, as sometimes happens, a strong current should drift the fish away to some distance, so that you have to go after it, you need not fear losing it. The rock-cod has teeth as sharp and large as a small dog, and in removing the hook it is necessary to be very careful lest the teeth should hurt you, for the bite is most painful. The small sharks, or dog-fish, which abound on this coast, often hinder the fishermen, for they catch the fish as you are drawing them up, sometimes carrying off the line, hook, and tackle. When the sharks begin you may as well give up fishing, unless for sharks. Quantities of large, queer fish, are caught by steamers along this coast, especially near St. John's river, by towing a long line just clear of the wake of the ship, and baiting it with a piece of red or white bunting, or a piece of rag.

While the fishing is going on many birds fly round the boat—white gulls, nearly as big as an albatross, which may be caught by throwing a light line on the water, baited with pork or fish, which they swoop down to catch: also large birds called Cape hens. But the most remarkable are Mother Carey's chickens, about the size of an English swallow, with black legs and web-footed, and of a dark-brown colour. These fly round the boat in hundreds, sometimes standing on the water, or running along with their little webbed feet and fluttering wings, and sometimes flying slowly over the boat, so as to be easily caught by the hand and let go again, for there is a superstition among sailors that it is unlucky to kill one.

This curious account of deep-sea fishing was given me by one who had taken part in it not long ago, and enjoyed it as much as I dare say you would.

M. H. F. DONNE.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

OH no! that cannot be the name of this story, judging at least by the picture attached to it! There must be a mistake somewhere: the two happy-looking girls and the spirited little sailor-boy, cuddled together in a delightful boat, and dancing over the sea-waves, cannot possibly be going to school. No books, no slates, no long faces, school must be out of the question, and it is most probably a picnic that Eda and Gerald and Sophy Grey must be hastening to. But wait a minute and ask Eda, the pleasant-faced elder, about it all.

'We are going to school, indeed,' says Eda, smiling; 'you know mother has been sent for her health to Pen-issa, the little village on the shore yonder, and the clergyman's sister at Bryn-facher is teaching us till mother is better. She lives on the other side of the bay, and every fine day Evan Evans here takes us across in the boat, and then it is only a two-minutes' scamper to the Vicarage. We have no books or slates, they are all at the Vicarage. Miss Jones keeps them, because mother says as this is the seaside we need bring no lessons home to prepare.' 'And on wet days,' says Gerald, 'it is nearly as much fun, for we have the pony-carriage, and I sit by Evan on the box, and sisters are crumpled up inside;

but it is a long way by the road, so we generally come by boat. Oh, Eda, look! another gull! That makes twenty-four since we left Pen-issa.'

What happy children, you do think! yes, and good children too, learning well and playing well, and only sorry because mother looks so weary and cannot romp with them.

Evan Evans takes great care of his three, and they are very obedient to him: mother would not let them go in a boat otherwise; and as it is there are sundry little rules set down which are to be strictly kept on the way. No one is to stand up in the boat, no toyships to be dragged alongside, and no fingers trailed in the water. But despite precautions accidents will happen we know in the best-regulated families; and an accident which might have turned out very dangerous did one day happen to the little Greys when they were going to school.

Sophy's hat blew off because (I feel it rather mean of me to tell this) she had not sewed the elastic on when the cotton failed, but only stuck a pin in to save trouble, and in trying to recover it she lost her balance and fell overboard. This was bad enough, but before anyone could even cry out, Gerald, her twin brother, jumped in after her. Could anything have been more foolish? but it was impulse, nothing else, except perhaps a bit of that strong love that often exists between twins. Gerald could swim a little, and he thought he could save Sophy.

I am telling it all very quietly, but the two poor elders left in the boat did not feel quiet; Eda turned very pale and made as if she would throw herself after her brother and sister, but she collected her senses directly, and in obedience to a sharp order from Evan sat perfectly still, only saying, 'Tell me what to do.' Before a golden head and a brown head came to the surface of the waves Evan had thrown off his heavy boots and was in the water too. It seemed like hours that Eda sat tossing alone in the boat, but it was only seconds; then Evan's voice sounded again, this time more cheerily: 'Miss Eva, lend a hand!'

It was Sophy, pushed dripping over the side of the boat, alive, but very choky with the quantity of salt-water she had swallowed. Gerald, a brave if foolish little man, was now gasping and spluttering yards away, really keeping himself afloat, and shouting as well as he could, 'I can't reach her, Evan.' No, to reach Sophy, or to drag her in when reached, would have been beyond the little man's power. Evan soon fetched him in, and then he rowed straight home to Pen-issa, instead of making for the Vicarage.

The story might get to the sick mother on her sofa, and terrify her, if the three children were not there to show her all was well. Happily this accident took place towards the close of the three months spent at Pen-issa, as after that Mrs. Grey never dared let the children go to school by boat, and the old pony had a hard time of it. Gerald and Sophy were none the worse for their wetting, and poor Gerald, when his mother cried over him, asked so pitifully, 'Was I naughty, mother?' that Mrs. Grey could only say, 'No, dear, you were right to try and save Sophy, but you were too little to do any real good;' at which Gerald sighed and said, 'I wish I was big—as big as father.'




Going to School.

Gerald did grow big, and brave, and strong, and in time really did save lives from drowning, earning thereby beautiful glistening medals from the Royal Humane Society. But still, Sophy was the very first drowning person he ever tried to save, and it was a long time before he understood why mother cried about it. So ends my tale of this new way of going to school.

H. A. F.

NOW AND THEN.

 ALL over the land,
All under the sea,
Messengers quick are coming and going;
All that the world is saying and doing
The lightning is telling it busily;
And the printer is printing it all through the night,
And the very next morning in black and white
We may read it all leisurely.



NOW AND THEN.

Only think of the time,
The strange time gone by,
When the newsletter came but now and then,
And women and girls, and boys and men,
Came running to hear it eagerly:
And the one of them all who could read the best
Would read it out to all the rest.
Oh! strange old times gone by!


E. M. A. F. S.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOLDTHWAITES REACH SALEM.



HE pilgrims had at length reached the shore of Salem Harbour, but not without peril and difficulty; for there was no quay such as they were used to at Bristol, only the rough shingle. Against this the boats were washed by the waves, and the poor, weary travellers, had to wade through shallow water, after being nearly wet through with the spray.

Obadiah Goldthwaite could scarcely realise that the long-cherished wish of his heart was fulfilled: in that first moment of arrival his thoughts were fully occupied in supporting and encouraging his wife and soothing the tired, hungry children.

In the hurry and bustle of disembarking no food had been given out since mid-day, and it was now long past sunset.

Poor Dorothy was sick at heart, and overcome with the strangeness of all that surrounded them.

Instead of the eager, noisy crowd, which at Bristol would welcome the arrival of a vessel, here there were only a few solemn figures, in dark cloaks, and wearing steeple-crowned hats, who looked weird and awful in the flickering torch-light.

Obadiah looked in vain for some familiar face; then, turning to the nearest stranger, he asked,—

‘Wilt thou tell me, friend, of thy courtesy, where dwelleth Enoch Merrick?’

‘Is it Deacon Enoch you would find? He is gone a journey to Boston, to consult with Governor Winthrop on a matter of discipline.’

This was, indeed, bad news for the homeless exiles. They had hoped to find at once rest and hospitality with their own kindred; and now, so late at night, where could they seek a shelter for themselves and the poor children?

Dorothy was in despair, when a thought struck her,—

‘But surely, good sir,’ she cried, ‘Master Merrick doth not take all his household with him when he goeth a journey? We are near of kin to his wife, and now would be thankful for a place to rest in this night.’

‘That will not be far to seek,’ replied the stranger, ‘for Mistress Rachel is left behind in Salem, and her dwelling is nigh against mine own. I will be your guide to it.’

They thanked him for his courtesy, and he led them on by what seemed to them, in the darkness,

the roughest road they had ever trodden. Many times poor little Cyril stumbled and fell over the trunks of trees of which it was made, until their kind friend took the child in his arms; and so they wearily trudged on, till presently they saw before them a dim light.

At length they had reached the longed-for haven; but Obadiah paused for a moment before the door, uncertain whether it might not be too sudden a shock for him to enter without notice, when he had never even sent Rachel word that he purposed to leave England.

He turned to their new friend, who had told them that his name was Roger Whitaker.

‘I pray you tell Mistress Merrick that friends stand without.’

Master Roger willingly did as he was desired, and Obadiah could hear his sister’s answer through the open door.

‘Friends of mine are not wont to come hither on the eve before the Sabbath. Say to them that I and my son are engaged in solemn preparation for the morrow.’

On hearing this, her brother could no longer restrain his impatience. With little Mercy asleep in his arms, he pressed open the door and entered.

‘Rachel!’ he said, ‘we have come at thy bidding across the sea. Time and tide wait for no man, or we would have better suited our arrival.’

The sedate, grave-looking woman, who sat by the fireside, was startled out of all her severity by the sound of that well-known voice, and gave the travellers a hearty greeting, and asked eagerly after her old home and her father, whom she could not speak of without tears.

Meantime, Master Whitaker, having done his part, quietly withdrew, after having led in Dorothy and Cyril, who, worn out with fatigue, were sitting on the ground outside.

Rachel welcomed them all gravely, and set to work busily to prepare a supper for them of Indian meal and fish.

Dorothy, who was too weary to talk, sat watching the thin, stern face of her sister-in-law, and a feeling of dismay crept over her as she noted the cold, reserved manner, and the plain, uncouth dress, of Mistress Merrick.

She looked round at the bare walls of the dwelling, where all was rough and homely in the extreme. There was no ceiling of any kind, and the thatched roof could be seen through the open rafters. The table was little more than a broad plank supported by two massive logs of wood; the benches were equally rude; a few shelves were nailed against the supports of the wall; and this was all the furniture. It is true there was the grim ornament of a stuffed wolf’s head; while a gun, a pike, and a few other arms, were hung above the fire-place.

The floor was simply of earth, trodden hard by use, and the curtainless window was covered with oiled paper, as a substitute for glass. Through an open door could be seen the inner sleeping-room, which seemed to be still more bare and desolate, if that were possible.

Poor Dorothy thought with a stifled sigh of the dear old home at Bristol, where the chambers were

so fair and seemly, and all was a picture of comfort and order—yes, and of every beauty, to her loving memory. How she longed for one gleam of colour to break the dull monotony of those sombre hues!

Was this to be henceforth a type of her life?

Had she left behind her all bright and pleasant things for evermore?

Obadiah, meantime, had glanced round the New England home with far different eyes.

'Here was, at length,' he thought, 'that godly plainness of living for which his soul so long had craved.'

They were both roused from their thoughts by the voice of Rachel Merrick:—

'The supper is prepared, brother,' she announced; 'and now let us give thanks. Increase, my son, come hither and repeat the blessing.'

At these words a young boy slowly rose from the dark recess in the chimney-corner, where he had hitherto been noticed only by the sharp eyes of little Cyril, who had been watching him with silent interest.

He seemed to move with difficulty, as though he were slightly lame, and his face was pale and sickly, with almost a wizened look of age, sad to behold in a child who could not be more than nine years old.

It was a countenance which, without being positively distorted, yet had a disagreeable expression, from the thin lips and small prominent eyes: and Dorothy could not help glancing from him to the beautiful boy Cyril, with his bright eyes and golden curls.

Meantime, Increase had advanced to the table, and folding his hands and looking upwards, he repeated, in a loud voice, a prayer of some length.

As soon as he had finished he pointed to Cyril and continued, in the same tone,—

'Mother, why doth that boy wear love-locks, like unto the evil folk of Mount Dagon? Is he, too, a malignant?'

Mistress Merrick, whose attention was thus called for the first time to the little boy's obnoxious curls, looked half inclined to agree with her son, but for the moment her kindness of heart overcame her prejudices.

'There is a season for all things, Increase,' she replied: 'and this is no time to question on such a matter. So, here is the little foundling, of whom thou didst write me tidings, Obadiah! I trust he doth repay thy charity with due obedience?'

The words were kindly meant, no doubt, and Mistress Rachel was surprised at their effect. Dorothy turned crimson with anger and annoyance, while Obadiah murmured something confused:—

'He knoweth not . . . at another time, Rachel . . . private . . .'

The child, Cyril, looked from one to the other with undisguised wonder. Master Increase alone remained perfectly calm and unmoved; but Dorothy, who glanced at his cropped head with no friendly feelings, thought that she noticed a twinkle of malicious pleasure in his eye.

There was a painful silence, till Obadiah, turning to the boy, said,—

'Where is that Mount Dagon of which thou didst speak, my little friend?'

'I know it not myself,' replied Increase; 'but this I do know, that the wicked people were driven out

from it, and soundly punished at the pillory and the whipping-post, as they deserved.'

At these words Dorothy shuddered.

Had they not come hither to seek a land of freedom, and would they still meet with intolerance?

'The boy hath heard his father tell the tale,' exclaimed Mistress Merrick; though, even yet, the Jebusites and the Canaanites be scarce driven out of the land.'

'Tell us the story of this Mount Dagon, Rachel,' said her brother,

'It is not long since a company of ungodly folk dwelt on a pleasant hill not far distant, and they gave it the name of Merry Mount, though we did call it Dagon. These wild, lost creatures, had reared a May-pole on the very summit, and they spent their time in feasting, and revels, about it; and they decked it with flowers in the summer time, making a sport of life.'

'Tell what befell them, mother,' cried Increase.

'Yes, in sooth, the end was at hand. The evil place was haunted by demons, a very plague-spot in our midst, and could no longer be suffered to pollute a God-fearing land.'

'One summer eve, the doom they had richly earned did overtake them. Governor John Endicott—truly a valiant man and a godly—with a company of our train-band, did come upon them suddenly. He cut down the accursed May-pole with its vanities, and drove away the misdoers through the forest to Plymouth, there to meet with the just reward of their evil deeds. The leader of all this wickedness, one Thomas Morton by name, a proud, insolent man, the Governor did send away to England. But I will not weary you longer with this history.'

'Come, my good Mistress Dorothy, I see the babe hath ended her bowl of meal; it is time she were put to her sleep.'

So saying, Mistress Merrick led the way into the inner room, where the two women were soon fully engaged in tending and soothing little Mercy, who was wearied out after the changes and fatigues of the day.

Meantime, Increase had asked his uncle Obadiah to help him make fast the door with bolts and bars.

'There be Indians and wolves about,' he said, with a side-glance at Cyril; 'and they might kill us all in the night.'

Cyril opened his eyes wide at such thrilling intelligence, but he showed no signs of fear.

'Wilt thou show me a real live wolf, little boy?' he asked. 'If thou wilt do that, thou shalt have the silver crown my grandfather gave to me when I did bid him farewell.'

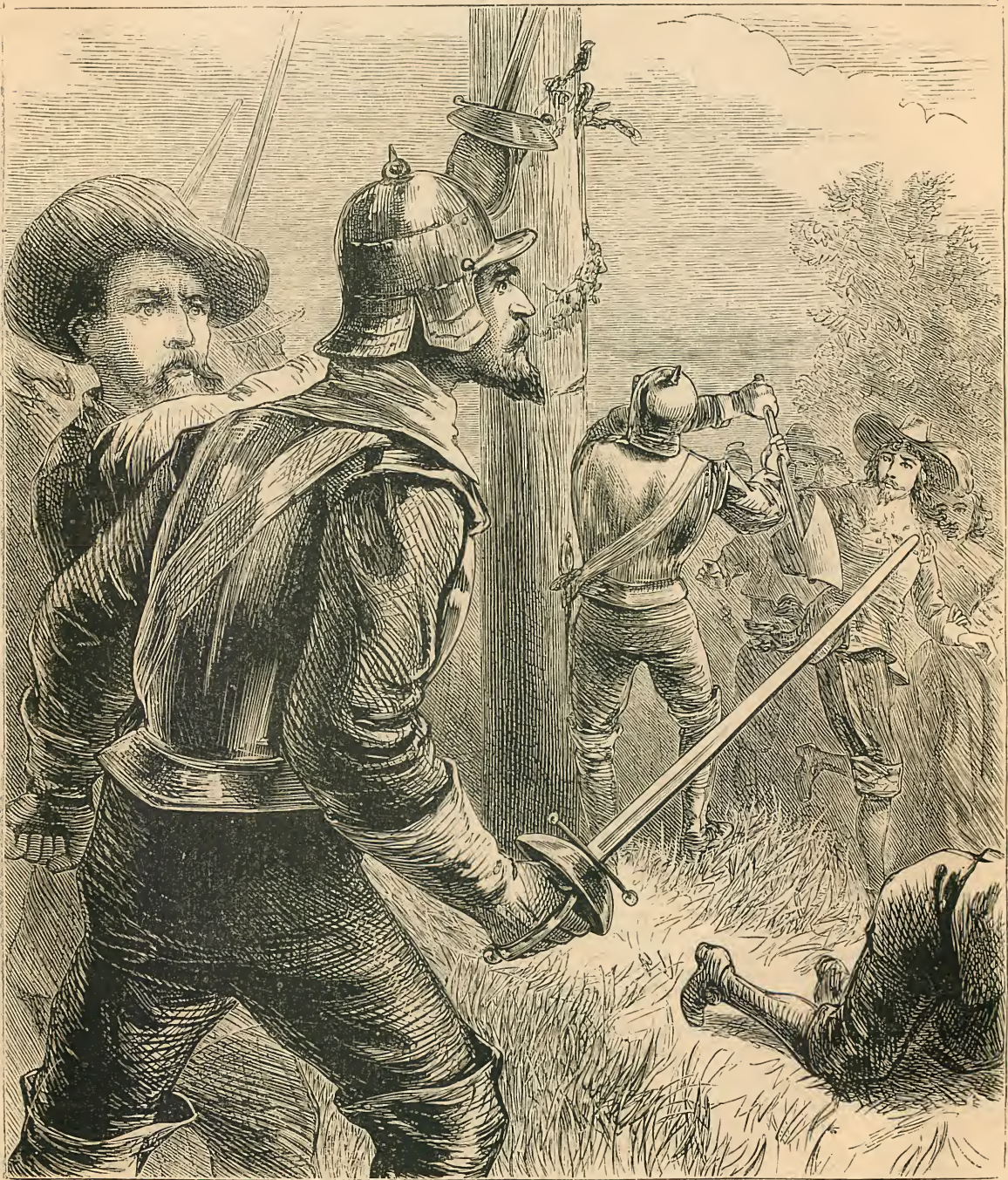
'Wait a while for that,' said Obadiah, with a smile. 'Thou art too young yet to go about the country wolf-eating with thy cousin. Thy first work must be to help me cut wood to build us a house.'

Rachel and Dorothy had now returned, and the evening ended with prayer.

But that night, before the two boys fell asleep on their couch of rough straw in the corner, Increase whispered to Cyril,—

'Give me now thy silver crown, and I will show thee a real live wolf on the morrow.'

(To be continued.)



Cutting down the May-pole



Drumming the People to Sabbath Service

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 55.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE NEW WORLD.



It was Sunday morning, a beautiful bright May day, when New England seemed to have put on her choicest holiday garb to welcome the pilgrims to her shores.

The air was fragrant with the wild flowers of the forest, birds were singing in the sunshine, and all seemed full of joy and sweetness.

Inside the log-built hut there reigned a solemn stillness, such as became the household of a Puritan deacon.

The simple breakfast had been eaten in silence, after the first greeting, when Dorothy had asked some question as to the return of Enoch Merrick to his home. She had been instantly checked by Mistress Rachel, who replied, gravely and firmly,—

‘We will speak of such worldly matters on the morrow, dear sister.’

After that, none spoke again. Even little Mercy seemed to have caught the spirit of the day, or possibly she was overawed by the strangeness of all things, for there was an unwonted gravity on her sunny face.

Cyril only had been somewhat of a rebel, for, seeing the cat purring before the fire, he had welcomed her with a shout of delight; whereupon pussy, in alarm, had retreated under the table, followed in full pursuit by the child, who was only recalled to order by more severe words than he had ever before heard in his short life.

‘Know you not that it is the Sabbath-day?’ cried Increase; ‘and that you are a wicked boy to make sport and frolic?’ If my father were here he would whip thee soundly.’

‘Leave the pussy, my Cyril, and come hither to me,’ said Dorothy, who felt sore at heart, but had the wisdom to restrain herself.

She was thankful that Obadiah had not heard the harsh words, for he was sitting in the open doorway, with an expression of calm peace and happiness upon his face, as though all his past troubles were forgotten, and the rest of this first Sabbath had entered into his heart.

An open Bible lay upon his knee, but he seemed to be absorbed in thought, and as Dorothy watched him with loving sympathy she felt that it was no mere passing fancy for which he had forsaken home and country, but a deep and earnest reality.

It was soon time to prepare for going to the house of prayer, whither they were summoned by the beat of a drum.

It was the custom of the Merricks to leave their dwelling empty and carefully fastened up during the hours of service. Dorothy, therefore, being unwilling to be left alone with little Mercy, Obadiah took the child in his arms, she led Cyril by the hand, and together they all set out on their way through the forest.

They were overtaken by several other families, who looked at the new arrivals with silent curiosity,

and Mistress Goldthwaite noticed that many eyes were fixed in disapproval upon the little boy’s waving hair, which blew about in the wind like a golden cloud. She secretly resolved that, on the morrow, she would cut them off, and thus avoid all cause of offence.

It seemed to the tenderly nurtured woman a long, rough way, before they drew near the pine-built and unadorned edifice, with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it as the house of prayer.

A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had been lately slain in Salem itself. It was nailed to the porch, according to the custom of claiming the bounty.

The drummer was still sending forth his loud summons when the little party reached the door. Dorothy took the babe from her husband, and they followed Mistress Merrick through the narrow entrance.

If the outside of the building had been rude and plain, the interior was still more so.

The unplastered walls, the low ceiling, and the long rows of bare wooden benches on each side, struck Dorothy with a bitter sense of contrast as she thought of the lofty arches, the stone tracery, the carved woodwork, and the painted windows, of her own beautiful parish church at Bristol.

The meeting-house was almost full when they took their places; Increase, who had only recently been promoted to the men’s benches, leading his uncle Obadiah to one side of the broad aisle, while Dorothy followed Rachel to the other side, where the women sat. Cyril, being considered young enough still to require motherly care, took his place by her side.

By the force of long habit, Mistress Goldthwaite had taken her Prayer-book with her, but when she opened it she was amazed to see the indignant glances which were turned upon her by some of the women around, and her sister-in-law, in a hasty whisper, bade her hide that relic of the old leaven.

The exercises began with a long extempore prayer, followed by a hymn, sung to an old simple melody, with great fervour and devotion, by all the congregation in unison.

Then the minister arose in the bare pulpit, and having turned the hour-glass which stood by the great Bible began his discourse. He was a man well stricken in years, of a pale, thin countenance, and his grey hairs were closely covered by a black velvet skull-cap. He wore a black cloak and band, the usual garb of a Puritan preacher.

‘Brethren,’ he began, ‘why did we leave our native country? the fertile land where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? The savage lieth in wait for us in the shadow of the woods; the bear and the wolf prowl round our dwellings. Our children cry for bread, and when we would till the earth the stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares. Wherefore, I say again, have we sacrificed all things and come to this land of a rugged soil, whereof the old world hath scarcely heard? Was it not to set up the pure worship of God, as beseemeth pilgrims journeying to a heavenly country? What, then, shall we say of those who become engrossed with

the cares and labours of this present life? Nay, my brethren, do not thus contradict the end of planting this wilderness. Ye are the poorest people of God in the whole world, resolve ye to excel in holiness.'

But it would be too long to tell all that the preacher said, for the sands of the second hour were chiefly in the lower half of the glass when the sermon was ended.

An approving murmur followed, and the service came to an end with another hymn.

Dorothy had found it a hard matter to restrain the natural restlessness of the children for so long, and was thankful when they once more found themselves in the forest on their homeward way.

Cyril longed to gather the flowers, to chase the grey squirrels which crossed their path, and to loiter and revel in the many delights of that primeval forest, but Dorothy held his hand and kept him close to her, lest he should again offend.

She remembered afterwards that Increase had tarried behind for a while in earnest talk with a group of boys.

The house of prayer was open again in the afternoon, but Mistress Goldthwaite was far too weak and weary to venture so far a second time, and her sister-in-law, as an act of charity, remained at home, with her and little Mercy, while Obadiah and the two boys set out again on their road through the forest.

The religious exercises of the afternoon were much the same as in the morning, and at the conclusion Master Goldthwaite, who was much impressed with the preacher, remained behind to converse with him.

Meantime the children had gone out together, and as they reached the door Cyril whispered to Increase,—

'Thou hast not yet shown to me the wolf, for all that I gave thee my silver crown.'

'Hearken now to me, child,' replied Increase. 'Dost thou see yonder copse? Beyond that old pine-tree is the den of a wolf.'

'A real live wolf!' cried he. 'Take me at once to see him:' and seizing the hand of his companion he eagerly hastened in the direction pointed out to him.

They had not gone many yards into the skirts of the forest, behind the meeting-house, when they suddenly came upon a group of boys, who, after the enforced quietness of the house of prayer, were using their limbs and lungs out of sight and sound of their elders.

Cyril advanced towards them with the sweet confidence of a child who had met with nothing but love; but a hush came over them the moment they beheld him, and they stood whispering to each other while he drew near.

Then all at once, as they looked at his flowing curls, the spirit of intolerance grew strong in them, and the young fanatics mocked and jeered at the little stranger.

'See who comes here!' they cried. 'Surely it is one of the idolatrous crew!'

'Yea, it is the foundling Increase Merrick told us of,' said one.

Cyril stood still, bewildered at this rough greeting, but he held his ground manfully amidst all the noisy

insults which they poured upon him, until one boy, more heedless or cruel than the rest, took up a stone to put him to flight.

Whether aimed by chance or not I cannot tell, but the rough stone struck the poor child on the cheek, and in a moment his face was covered with blood.

Alarmed at the sight, his persecutors ran away in haste to avoid the chastisement that might follow if any of their parents or neighbours should chance to pass that way.

Cyril's first instinct in his trouble had been to look round for Increase, whom he believed to be close behind him; but what was his dismay to find that his companion must have stealthily departed, and that he was left alone in the forest.

The poor little fellow was faint from the sudden shock, and the shadows of evening were gathering round him. He felt utterly desolate and forsaken, and his childish courage gave way. He sank down on the ground, sobbing bitterly, while the revilings of the children still seemed to sound in his ears.

Meantime, Obadiah Goldthwaite, meeting with a kindred spirit in the venerable preacher, had somewhat prolonged his conversation with him.

When at last he turned his steps homewards through the trees, he wondered at not seeing the boys, but he felt no anxiety, thinking only that, with childish impatience, they had become weary of waiting for him and had hastened home.

As he reached the log-built dwelling he found the boy Increase standing with folded hands, before his mother, repeating his psalms with calm gravity.

He looked round for the other boy, when Dorothy, who had hurried to meet him, exclaimed,—

'But where is Cyril? Have you forgotten him?'

'Surely he did return hither with Increase!' said her husband, beginning for the first time to feel alarmed.

'Nay, Obadiah, thy nephew told us the child had tarried behind to wait for thee.'

'Increase, dost thou know where he is?' she cried, in anxious fear.

The boy repeated the story which he had already told, but with some inward quaking lest he should meet with chastisement. To avoid this, and also possibly with a feeling of compunction, he at once offered to help his uncle in the search.

They set off together in haste, accompanied by their good neighbour, Master Whitaker, who readily joined them, bearing with him a pine-wood torch.

It was a weary, anxious search, for it was now growing dusk, and Increase dared not lead them at once to the spot, lest suspicion should fall upon him.

At length, poor little Cyril was found, still lying under a tree, too weak and exhausted to speak. Obadiah took him up in his strong arms and carried him home, bitterly reproaching himself for neglect of this precious charge, and dreading the thought of meeting his wife.

But Dorothy, though she was not learned in books, yet was prompt and ready for action. She wasted no time in useless questions or lamentation, but she silently took her darling and laid him down on her bed.

Tenderly she bathed away the blood from his face



and from those luckless curls, soothing and encouraging him with caresses and loving words.

To his faltering question,—‘Mother, they called me a foundling; what is that?’ she replied, while her eyes filled with tears,—‘They may call thee what they will, my Cyril; while that I do live thou shalt ever be mine own dear boy.’

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

WALKING down a country lane the other morning, I heard a gentle whistle behind me, and a moment after a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from the neighbouring field. Turning round, I was about to retrace my steps towards a man whom I saw standing by the field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed had given the call, when a pony dashed past me at full gallop on the opposite



side of the fence towards the gate, and, before I had gone many yards, was being quietly led out by the man. Delighted at this proof of the power of kindness—for such I had no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience—I questioned the man, who, seeing that I was interested, told me that, having been used to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle of which I had just now seen the effect; that many others had tried to call him, but had always failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He added that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence, another groom having to catch the pony would attempt the call, but, whistle and chirp as he would, it was no use, and he had always to enter the field basket in hand, and so lure the pony towards the halter.

THE DEATH-WARRANT.



It is a rainy day in October, and the wind whistles among the gables of the Grantham houses, and murmurs in the matchless tower of that old Lincolnshire town. King Richard is in the 'Angel' inn, biting his nails and pacing impatiently to and fro. Every now and then he stops at the window over the great archway and peers into the road, as if he expected some one. Within the 'Angel' there are several mailed nobles, and no less than four bishops, who form a little court. They converse in whispers, for they fear their master not a little at any time, and in his present mood he is specially terrible. At length the clatter of a horse's hoofs is distinctly heard, and the King, looking out once more, sees the

rider he has been expecting. He and his good steed are splashed with mud, for the ways between London and Grantham are sloppy and wet.

The King makes for a table in the midst of the chamber, and seats himself in a chair, at the same time motioning his councillors to do likewise. In a few moments the horseman is ushered into the room, and pulling a white leather bag out of his bosom he delivers it to the King on one knee. The bag is sealed with a large seal, on which those who are near enough may discern the form of an eagle.

As Richard takes the bag from Champney (for such is the rider's name) he says, 'And how is my Lord of Lincoln?'

'My Lord of Lincoln is very ill, your grace,' replies Champney: 'he cannot leave his house in St. Andrew's, Holborn, and he is very grieved he cannot accompany the great seal himself.'

'Well,' answered King Richard, as he broke the wax, opened the leather bag, and took out the great seal of England, 'my Lord of Lincoln will allow us to use this, we dare say, against such traitors as the Duke of Buckingham. How say you, my lords?'

A murmur of assent was heard round the council-table. The Duke of Buckingham had no friend in the 'Angel' to take his part. A large piece of parchment, called a death-warrant, was then produced; sealing-wax and a lighted taper were brought, and the great seal was affixed to the parchment in solemn silence.

And now the Duke of Buckingham was to be hunted to death in a legal way, and from the 'Angel' at Grantham an evil angel was evermore to pursue him, till it took away his life.

But how had the Duke of Buckingham offended the grim King Richard? What was Richard's reason for thus sealing his death-warrant?

Not long before the meeting at the 'Angel,' the Duke had been Richard's very good friend. He had spoken bare-headed in the London streets on Richard's behalf, and had bade the crowd shout, 'God save Richard, England's royal king!' Aided by great nobles like Buckingham, Richard had stolen the crown from his young nephew's head, and had put it on his own.

After being crowned in London, he went to York to be crowned a second time—all in the pleasant summer weather. But there was no sunshine in Richard's soul. As he left London further and further behind him, one thought tormented him. It was this: 'What if the London citizens break into the Tower, and set free my nephew Edward, and make him their king once more?'

The fear of such a thing took away Richard's peace, and he determined to make it impossible. So he sent for the Duke of Buckingham one day, and suggested in a whisper that Edward and his little brother ought to die. The Duke turned pale, and started, but said nothing, except that such a deed required some thought. The Duke soon after went out, and Richard gnawed his lip, muttering to himself, 'I will find some iron-witted fool to do this business. Buckingham shall no more be the neighbour to my counsels.'

The Duke very soon found out by King Richard's manner that they were to be enemies henceforth.

'Is it thus,' said Buckingham, 'that he repays my service? Did I make him a king for this? Let me begone to Brecknock Castle while my head is on!'

The horrid murder of the two children was done by two men called Dighton and Forrest; and the bodies were buried at the foot of a staircase leading to their room.

Of course the people of England regarded Richard as the real murderer, and they looked out for another ruler. Their choice fell upon Henry, Earl of Richmond, who was at the time in France. On the very day Richard was journeying from Lincoln to the 'Angel' at Grantham, Richmond was proclaimed king in several places. The Duke of Buckingham proclaimed him thus at Brecknock Castle, and directly afterwards led a Welsh army against Richard. Unfortunately for the Duke, it was a very wet October, and the great river Severn was swollen to an alarming size. The sight of the angry stream cooled the ardour of the Welshmen, and they went home again. The Duke then began to tremble at his own boldness, and thought he had better hide himself from Richard's anger. He was pursued, and very soon after taken in the house of an old servant, named Bannister.

Meanwhile the King, who never lacked boldness and skill, left the 'Angel' on the 20th of October, and travelled to Salisbury, where he thought that his presence was most needful. And a fortnight after the death-warrant was sealed at the 'Angel' that unfortunate Duke was led to the block, in the market-place at Salisbury.

The death of Buckingham alarmed the other friends of Richmond, and stayed the progress of his cause for some time. Some of his supporters left the country, and others were executed; one of them losing his head for writing those well-known lines,—

'The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel that Dog,
Rule all England under the Hog.'

The Hog meaning Richard, whose arms were a Boar; the Rat and Cat being Ratcliffe and Catesby, Richard's chief advisers.

But Buckingham's death, and the murder of the little princes, and Richard's own great bravery and ability, did the wicked usurper no good. The judgment of Heaven overtook him at Bosworth, where he fell to rise no more, after fighting with desperate courage against his doom. G. S. O.

WHEELING HIMSELF ALONG.

AT a meeting of the stock-holders of a railway company, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both well up in years, but one a good deal older than the other. In talking of the times gone by, the younger gentleman told a pleasant story which should be read with profit by every poor industrious and striving lad. We use nearly his own language:—

About half a century ago, gentlemen, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing, and able, considering my years, and I secured a place in a hardware store to do all sorts of odd jobs. I was paid seventy-five dollars per year

for my services. One day, after I had been at work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B., came into the store and bought a large supply of shovels and tongs, pans and buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he was to be married next day, and he was supplying his household in advance, as was the bridegroom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow and made a load heavy enough for a young mule. But, more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh Avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, and could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going deep into the mud every time I tried to push it forward. At last, a good-natured Irishman passing by with a dray took my barrow, self and all, on his vehicle, and on my promise to pay him a 'bit,' landed me at my destination.

I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whistling with glee at my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after I paid the Irishman the 'bit' and never got it back from my employers. But a certain merchant had witnessed my struggles, and had seen how I laboured to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I handed it in the doorway. He sent for me the next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty in the shape of a five-hundred-dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my stepping-stone to fortune.

The speaker was a wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one highly respected for many good qualities of head and heart. Boys, learn a moral from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you to notice whether you are sluggish and careless, or industrious and willing, or how many there are who, if you are moral and worthy, will be ready to give you a helping hand to advance you in your career, whatever it be.



THE JACKDAW.

KIND old lady used often to tell, with great pleasure, how she was one day at Oystermouth Castle, near the Mumbles, five miles from Swansea. Some boys were robbing jackdaws' nests, when the one in the highest place nearly slipped in getting down, and called out, 'I say, Jack, I all but squabbed my daw.' It was certainly a proof of his British pluck

and his power of fixing his mind on the matter in hand.

About two years ago I called on some old friends, and found that one of the boys' great pets was a jackdaw, which had been taken for him down in Sussex,

from a nest in an oak-tree opposite the old man's house who gave it to him. He had watched the birds till they could nearly fly. He got up easily enough, but his wife had to help him down somehow. My friend Thorn, the owner of the bird, is a very fair, open-faced, blue-eyed boy, great at foot-ball and cricket, but careful of his lessons as well. Jacky is still alive and flourishing; but two years ago, when I made a sketch of him on Thorn's fist, he was still young, and Thorn's care late and early.

Now Jacky can take care of himself; but at that time he wanted much attention, and when Thorn undertook him he meant to do his duty by his pet. With great pride did he bring me the bird, whose feathers were glossy and not one awry—not a miserable, draggetailed scrub, but a well-conditioned bird. Thorn keeps his own clothes as tidy as Jacky does the coat a good God has given him. Boys should be neat and clean, without being vain or fine. Order and cleanliness imply self-respect, and respect for other people's good opinion.

Generally, the end of pet jackdaws is a mistaken bath in a stable-pail or washing-tub, or some other untoward adventure; but this Jacky is likely to attain a green, or rather grey, old age. Jackdaws are, like their relations the raven and magpie, mischievous, and fond of stealing bright things, which they hoard and hide in corners only known to themselves. Jacky sleeps in a box hung on the wall, and goes to bed up a ladder. He is always fed from the back window close over it, and he likes to sit on the flower-pots, under the plants. Since I sketched him Jacky has learned various tricks. Old Corporal Trim, the terrier, does not like him, and felt disgusted and insulted when he began his first talk on his own account,—'Come along, good dog Trim.' After that exploit, every body taught him. Jacky began this in the country, where he had been taken by train, and he soon increased his stock of words. His delight was to walk out and get a whole knot, the more the better, of the village children round him. He talked to them, and was then generally caught and taken home, for fear of his hurting them, and being hurt in return. He had the weakness of his genus for pecking dimpled arms and plump little calves, and this weakness ought not to be forgotten.

His chief trick was to get at some railings, behind and against which some large fat pigs used to lie, when he pecked their backs as they slept till they squealed. How astonished they were to be told, 'Come up! come along!' while they could not make out from whence the voice came.

Jacky loved the country and its freedom. After he was put in the train and returned to London he did not talk for a whole year, until his master's little cousin—the baby Marion—talked to him in her funny way, and made him speak again. He went to Barnet afterwards, and his great trick there was to find where Trim had buried his bones. Trim hates him, but puts up with him. Jacky is frightened at the cat, and does not pretend to fight her as he does Trim; he also detests and dreads workmen, and seeks shelter from both in Trim's box, which the terrier lets him enter on such occasions: but if Jacky only comes to spy, then he is driven at once away.

F. W. K.



The Jackdaw. By the late F. W. KEYL



"He thrust his Sword through the Cloth of the Banner."

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 60.)



CHAP. VIII.—A FOREST HOME.

THE events of that first Sunday in New England had much weight in deciding the Goldthwaites in the choice of their abode.

At his wife's earnest request, Obadiah marked out the site of his dwelling at some distance from Salem, yet still not so remote as to be beyond the reach of help in case of an attack from Indians or other danger.

Although it was never known what part Increase had taken in the cruel assault upon little Cyril, yet Dorothy felt anxious that the two boys should not be much together. She was well aware that her nephew had been brought up in all strictness of discipline by godly parents, but she had her own reasons for doubting whether Increase had more than the outward show of piety.

It was a pleasant spot in that primeval forest which the wanderers had chosen for their new home. From the rising ground they could see, in the distance, the dark-blue line of the sea, always so dear to the Pilgrims' eyes, as being the highway to the land of their childhood.

But much weary toil and labour would be needed before that rude dwelling would be ready for its inmates. The forest trees must be cut down, the ground cleared, the roots of the trees being broken up with axe and spade, and a rough fence made round the enclosure to protect it somewhat from wild animals.

The want of water—often so great a difficulty—was not felt here: there was no need even to dig a well; for a bright clear brook was on one side the boundary of their domain.

Next came the building of the house, and in this work Obadiah had need of all the friendly help of his neighbours, foremost amongst whom was his brother-in-law the deacon, Enoch Merrick.

It was a busy time which followed, and perhaps the happiest hours of Dorothy's life in New England were spent in that glorious summer month, as she sat under the shady trees, with little Mercy, watching the progress of the work.

Day by day the log-built house rose higher, as the men cut down the needful timber, hewing it into posts and planks till the forest echoed with the sound.

Cyril, who had soon recovered from the effects of his wound, was full of delight at the freedom and novelty of his life. He took a share in all that was going on,—helping or hindering as the case might be,—but always happy in the thought that he was taking part in the building of a real house.

As soon as the roof of boughs and rushes had been securely fixed on, and the oak door put up, the house was pronounced ready to live in, and Obadiah was left to finish at his leisure all the inside work, and to make the simple furniture.

Now Dorothy's help was needed. She prepared

the paper, soaked in linseed oil to make it transparent, and fitted it in the latticed windows: she learnt to make mats of rushes, after the Indian fashion, for the bedding; and from the slender store of household stuff which they had brought with them she soon gave an air of comfort and a look of home to that rude dwelling in the wilderness.

In that simple, primitive colony, all men laboured with their hands, even the elders, the minister, the governor himself, and all were willing to aid and encourage a new-comer.

Obadiah Goldthwaite, whose lot had hitherto been cast in a city, was quite ignorant with regard to all matters of husbandry, but he set to work with a good will, and soon made a wonderful difference in the look of his homestead.

The most important matter, as he soon learnt, was to get in the crops of Indian corn, of barley, and of peas, as soon as possible, for these were needed for the support of the family during the winter.

When the autumn came there was an orchard to be planted, and for this he readily obtained fruit-trees of many different kinds.

One great want was of milk for the children, but this was supplied before long by the purchase of a cow and calf for fifty shillings, or rather an exchange for that value of woollen stuffs.

Of these old John Goldthwaite had privately embarked in the ship *Lygon* a goodly number of bales in the name of his son, who had stoutly refused at first to take any merchandise, wishing, as he said, to go forth to the New World as a Pilgrim, and not as a Merchant Adventurer, like so many in those days.

But after a while, as Obadiah looked upon the young children, and saw how delicate and unfitted for rude toil was his wife Dorothy, he felt thankful for his father's thoughtful care, which thus enabled him to procure so many needful comforts in their forest home.

The thought of the old man, left alone in the world, was his greatest anxiety, and he never failed in his promise to send constant tidings of their welfare by every vessel which left the bay.

John Goldthwaite, on his part, always thought of his children with tender love, and lost no opportunity of sending them useful gifts, so that the coming of a ship from Bristol was a time of eager excitement for Cyril, who was never forgotten by his old friend.

Years passed away, and found the Pilgrim family but little changed. Their homestead had become more settled and fruitful: they had their store of sheep and goats; and the thick rank grass of the plantation had been grazed by cattle and mown by the scythe till it looked like an English meadow.

The fruit-trees in the orchard were growing well, and there was abundance of plums, cherries, mulberries, raspberries, and currants.

Strawberries grew wild, and many familiar flowers and herbs now filled the little garden, which was the special charge of Dorothy. There were pennyroyal and sorrel, liverwort and winter savory, and many other herbs little known to us now, but then much valued as medicines.

The log-built house was covered with flowering

creepers and the sweet-scented single damask rose grew in wild luxuriance over the porch and roof.

The soil was naturally dry and sandy, and Obadiah found the benefit of plentifully covering his cornfields with fish, of which there was always great abundance. This was a native custom which had been taught him by their Indian servant Squanto, a good, faithful creature, who owed his life to Mistress Goldthwaite's kind nursing when he had been left for dead in the woods by his own people, after an encounter with a bear.

Time had brought more change to little Mercy than to any of the others: she was now a bright, helpful little maid, her mother's right hand in all household work, and the very sunbeam of the house, where her sweet voice might often be heard singing psalms or hymns to the old Puritan melodies.

Cyril meantime had grown into a fine manly lad, strong and active, with all his limbs trained to their fullest use by the open free life of the forest.

He could use a bow and arrow as well as Squanto himself, with whom he was often trusted to go out hunting in the woods, and would bring back venison and game for the table. Sometimes in winter he would return with other spoils, the skins of the opossum, the raccoon, or other wild animals.

But the keenest delight of all was when, on rare occasions, he was permitted to join a wolf-hunting expedition with a party of the neighbours, when Mercy and her mother would bid him farewell with sore misgivings, and look upon him as a young hero.

Squanto had tried to teach him an Indian way of trapping the red deer, by putting on artificial horns of the boughs of trees, and then so mimicking the feeding of the animals as to deceive them and get within easy shot of a herd.

But all Cyril's instincts of justice rebelled against this crafty trick, and he learnt to be so swift of foot and so skilful in aim as to succeed very well without it.

The sea-fishing was another endless source of interest and adventure, and in this Master Goldthwaite always took part, as it seemed to accord more with his peaceful tastes.

Mackerel and herrings, bass, turbot, and many others, were caught at their various seasons in great numbers. There were plenty of oysters, crabs, and immense lobsters, but the most important of all was the cod-fishery. In the spring-time Obadiah and Cyril would go out in a pinnace along the coast, and there meet many other vessels bound on the same errand from all parts of England; and, besides catching the codfish, they would also have much talk with the captains and seamen, and learn all that was going on in Old England.

It was a sad story in those days, for they were the troublous times when the long struggle between King Charles and his Parliament was on the point of breaking out into all the horrors of civil war.

News had already arrived of the execution of the king's unfortunate minister, the Earl of Strafford, in 1641, and of that terrible rebellion in Ireland, where so many thousand Protestants were said to have been cruelly massacred.

It was with intense interest that the Puritans of

New England heard of the events passing in the old country, for they felt that on the drama which was there being acted out to its bitter end their own freedom in a great measure depended.

An incident which had occurred some years before showed the spirit in which they regarded the contest.

One autumn day, Obadiah Goldthwaite and all the other men of Salem between sixteen years and sixty were gathered in the ranks of the train-band, and mustered in the open space near the house of prayer, for exercise under the orders of their captain, John Endicott.

They were all encased in complete armour, with steel caps and hammered iron breastplates, and each man was armed with a ponderous matchlock.

Above them hung the folds of the English ensign, held aloft by the standard-bearer.

The men were formed into a hollow square and awaited orders, when presently the martial exercises were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from Boston. He was an elderly man, with a grey beard, wearing a black cloak and band and a high-crowned hat, and in his hand he bore a staff.

It was none other than the venerable minister of Salem, Roger Williams, and he was the bearer of a letter from Governor Winthrop to the captain of the train-band.

John Endicott hastily broke the seal with the governor's coat-of-arms, and as he read his countenance darkened.

'Here be news, indeed!' cried he, with fiery indignation. 'Fellow-pilgrims! wherefore came we hither to this land unknown to our forefathers? Was it not to worship God in liberty of conscience? But what think ye? Even here our persecutors will follow us. King Charles and Laud, his counsellor, are minded to establish the idolatrous forms against which we bore our testimony—to set them up, I say, here, even in the land whither we have escaped. But look ye to it, fellow-exiles! Shall we, in yonder tabernacle, have the high altar, the wax tapers, the sacring bell, and the mass? Not so. We stand on our own soil, won by our swords, cleared with our axes, and hallowed with our prayers. Christian men, be strong of heart. What have we to do with this king, who would enslave us? with this arch-priest, who would betray us? What have we to do with England?'

He turned to the standard-bearer, and before the minister could interpose with milder counsel he had thrust his sword through the cloth of the banner, and rent it completely in pieces.

There was a shout of triumph from the people and the soldiers, who were carried away by the enthusiasm of their stern leader.

Thus it was that Endicott, the Puritan of Puritans, showed his hatred of what savoured to him of Popery. It is true that he was afterwards publicly admonished for this conduct, and rendered unable to bear office for the space of one year; but this mild sentence of the Boston magistrates only served to show their real sympathy with an act which might well have been considered an avowal of treason.

(To be continued.)



WAITING TO BE SHOT.

A SHARP report the other day
Rang loudly through the air,
As though some sportsman went his way
Intent on bird or hare.

But lo! a second—then a third—
A fourth and fifth—and more!
And then what was a lovely bird
Came by me wounded sore.

‘A shooting-match!’ And men had met
To do a deed of ill:
To put to rest a foolish bet
About a marksman’s skill.

The feathered fowls beneath our feet
Are placed, by God’s design,
To serve the body as its meat,
Just like the corn and wine.

Nor do we pity ox nor hart
Which sheds its blood for man;
For in its death it plays a part
In God’s appointed plan.

Nor those who stalk as manly men
The stubbles and the meads,
Do we account unkindly, when
The stricken partridge bleeds.



But our good Father never meant
That we should kill or maim
His songsters blithe and innocent
To suit our wanton game.

Oh, can we think the Lord of all
Will kindly look on him,
Who makes the harmless pigeon fall
To please a selfish whim?

No; he alone shall mercy find
Who loves both bird and beast:
The proof of love is 'being kind
To meanest things and least.'

The needless blow—the wanton harm—
The blood that's idly shed—
Will bring the dread Avenger's arm
Upon the guilty head!

G. S. O.

'FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.'

OH, I say, Bob! do wait! there are my marbles all gone again, through the hole in my pocket! I told Goody Jenks of it yesterday, but she never mended it.

'She never mends anything, I believe; at least, I know: Bill Cook called me "Ragged Robin" yesterday, all because of the split in my jacket.'

The speakers were two pleasant-looking little lads of nine and ten years old, Robert and Arthur Forman, the motherless children of old Forman, the squire's coachman.

Their clear childish voices thrilled through the quiet air, and reached the ears of a young woman seated sewing at a cottage window. Her breath came quickly as she listened; and her hands trembled;

she wavered a moment, then put down her work and went to the door.

'Come here, and let me mend that hole,' she said to the little lad in trouble.

He raised his blue eyes in surprise, but came and stood by while she stitched; then he smiled and said,—

'Thank you. I wish we had you at our home, instead of Goody Jenks: you stitch so much firmer.'

The sewer made no answer to this appeal, but rather hastily retreated into the inner room, and the boys, after waiting a minute, returned to their play in the road. In the evening they told their father of the kind person who had 'stitched up' Arthur.

'Where is she staying? At Mrs. Archer's? A stranger, you say? I wonder——' And then the old man went on thinking over his present discomforts, the mother of his young lads only a year dead, and the once comfortable dwelling becoming daily more and more wretched and uncared-for in the absence of womanly care. It was true that Goody Jenks came in every morning to make beds, and cook, and mend; but that did not go far towards making a home of the place.

The boys felt their loss almost as much as their father; they were loving lads, who needed motherly love and womanly care.

So next day when they passed Mrs. Archer's cottage, and Arthur's sewing friend bade him 'good morning,' they stopped and told her all their home news, the tears starting to their eyes when something took them back to the time 'when mother died.'

'Tell them who you are, dear,' Mrs. Archer said to Mary; 'they are good little lads, they will help you.'

But Mary was silent.

'Do you want a place?' asked Arthur, looking up. 'Father thinks he must have some one always in the house to do for us, since Goody Jenks has got the rheumatics. I should like you very much.'

But still the girl could not speak.

After a while the two children ran home to tell their father all about that Mary who was so kind to them.

'Aye, now, if we could get a decent, willing lass about the place!' said the old man. 'Boys, ask her to step in here to-morrow.'

Bob and Arthur brought the message next day to Mrs. Archer's Mary, and were greatly surprised when she burst into tears, and cried,—

'Oh, no, no! he wouldn't if he knew!'

And then the open-mouthed children listened in amaze while Mrs. Archer told them that poor weeping Mary was their own half-sister, who had married against their father's will years ago, when they were babies. The stern old man had forbidden her the house, and sworn never to look her husband in the face. Now that husband was dead, and Mary, widowed and childless, had wandered back to her old village, longing for some one to love and care for. The blue-eyed boys she had won over, but the old father was a different matter.

The boys, however, saw no difficulty.

'You are sorry, Mary, and your poor Philip is dead, so father can't be angry any more.'

But Mary shook her head.

The boys went home rather sad. Mary had said

neither yes nor no to the plan of coming to see Forman.

At bed-time, as Arthur was repeating his 'Our Father' at his father's knee, a duty the old man had taken on himself since his wife's death, the boy suddenly paused and repeated, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

'Father,' he asked, 'ought we to forgive everybody that sins against us, if we hope to be forgiven?'

'Aye, aye,' said the old man; 'surely. Go on, boy!'

But Arthur still paused, clasped hands upraised,—

'Then, father, forgive Mary,' he said.

There was a long silence, in which the sins and sorrows of days gone by flitted through the old man's mind.

'Who told you of Mary?' at last he asked, his voice shaking with anxiety.

And then the whole story came out.

'Bring her here!' said the father.

And Bob needed no further telling.

'He wants you,' were the simple words that brought Mary bareheaded through the village street to her former home.

The boys looked on with awe and pity as she threw herself at the old man's feet and asked for pardon.

'Of course he gave it,' said Arthur to Bob in bed that night; 'the Lord's Prayer said he must.'

So Mary Deane became Mary Forman once more, and kept her father's house, and tended her motherless young brothers. No more rags and discomfort for them; no more dirt and gloom in the pretty cottage; but far better than mere comfort was the peace that fell on the dwelling where cruel thoughts had been for ever laid to rest, where one had confessed and the other had forgiven. H. A. F.

A BRAVE MAIDEN.



YOU all know that in Australia girls as well as boys are trained to ride fearlessly from childhood; but I think you will be surprised to hear of the feat of a young lady who united great courage to clever horsemanship.

Miss Grace Bussell, of Perth, Western Australia, was riding along the cliffs by the sea-shore one stormy day, when she saw a steamer in distress below, and a boat vainly trying to reach the shore. Soon the boat was swamped by the breakers, and its cargo, consisting of women and children, were struggling in the surf. At once Miss Bussell rode her horse down the steep cliff, and reached the shore in safety. She next urged the horse in among the boiling waves, beyond the second line of breakers, right up to the capsized boat, to which the frightened women and children were clinging.

Her horse stumbled over the rope which connected

the boat with the steamer, and Miss Bussell all but lost her seat; but she righted herself, and managed to secure the children while the women clung to her saddle. Thus weighted, she reached the shore safely, and made another journey into the waves to save the one man of the party. By this time help was at hand to rescue the remainder of the sinking steamer's occupants, but so fierce was the surf that it took four hours to land the fifty people still on board the 'Georgette,' and every boat employed in the endeavour was capsized.

Miss Bussell, finding that stronger hands than her own were now stretched out to save the drowning, turned her horse homewards, and rode to her sister's house, twelve miles distant, for clothes and food for the poor shipwrecked people. Drenched with seawater, and half dead with fatigue, she reached the dwelling and told her story.

Her sister, Mrs. Brockman, hastily collected such food and stimulants as would be immediately necessary, and galloped through the woods at night to the shore. The next day the rescued were brought to her dwelling, and cared for till they were sufficiently recovered to go their several ways.

It is sad to close this record of heroism with the tidings that Mrs. Brockman only survived a short time the exertions of that bitter night; but her sister still lives, and must, we think, be such another maiden as her courageous English namesake, Grace Darling.

H. A. F.



THE BANYAN TREE.

THIS strange tree belongs to the fig family, and is called by learned men the Oriental, or Indian Fig. Its branches, after growing out from the trunk about twenty feet, bend downwards and grow thus until they touch the earth. There they root themselves, and, when old enough to put forth branches, those new stems do as their mother did, and thus in course of time the ground is covered by the tree, or,

as the old writer, Strabo, says, 'The whole tree becomes like a tent supported by many columns.'

Our great poet, Milton, has alluded to the Banyan in these words:—

'Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade;
High overarched with echoing walks between,
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds.'

Sometimes a Brahmin, who is held to be in India a most holy man, makes a little shed by the great trunk of a Banyan tree, and beneath its boughs he spends his days. The tree gives him plenty of room to pace about in meditation; it shelters him from the fiery rays of the sun, as well as from rough weather; and he hardly ever leaves the place. The people, who almost adore him, bring him all he needs to satisfy

the simple demands of nature, and he, on his part, blesses them, and names them in his prayers.

The Banyan, being thus a holy tree, is generally found growing near the chief temples.

In a certain island there is a very large Banyan, which is called Cubbeer Burr, after the name of a famous Hindoo saint. This tree has 350 trunks, each about the size of a good English forest tree. As the ground covered by this Banyan is very sacred, festivals of the most solemn description are held there; and it is said 7000 persons can worship at one time under the leafy dome. After this we shall not be astonished to hear of a whole regiment of cavalry sheltering under a Banyan, or of great public meetings being held there. It is just the sort of place for such doings. Far better to be one of several thousands under the green shadow of such a noble tree, than to be shut up in a hot gas-lighted hall.

Though the Banyan is so large as a tree, its fruit is no bigger than a cherry. Its leaves serve the thoughtful Brahmin for plates. Can you fancy the hermit dressed in a long white robe, and with a big beard, eating his simple dinner off a Banyan leaf, and living all his life beneath its shade?

And just as the tidy English cottager tends his yew, and clips it into the shape of a castle or a peacock, so does the Brahmin assist his Banyan to grow with regularity. He directs its drooping branches where to touch the ground, and forms them into proper shaped arches. The English dean does not love and cherish his cathedral more fondly than the Brahmin his Banyan, under whose sun-proof and rain-proof shelter, composed of tens of thousands of heart-shaped leaves, he passes his quiet life. We think, however, he would be more useful if he came out into the busy world, and shared its toils and cares like the rest of us.

We have given one poet's words about this most curious tree: perhaps we cannot do better than ask Southey to tell us what he thought about the same subject. He says:—

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amidst the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banyan grew;
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree.
For, o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propped its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground;
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deformed the natural floor,
And, through the leafy cope which bowed it o'er,
Came gleams of chequered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.'

G. S. O.





The Banyan Tree.



A Noble Deed of Self-sacrifice.

A NOBLE DEED OF SELF-SACRIFICE.



It is rarely indeed that we hear of any one sacrificing their own lives to save that of another; still there are such cases on record, when to save some beloved child, parent or friend, a brave man or woman has laid down his or her own life readily and willingly. Very few are the instances in which a man will sacrifice his life to save one unknown to him. Here, however, is a case.

When on Christmas Day, 1871, the steamer *America* took fire, and sank at the mouth of the river La Plata, an Italian named Viale was swimming securely in the water, well protected by a life-belt. Unmarried and travelling alone, he had neither wife nor child to save. The waves, however, brought just before him a young husband, who was making the most terrible exertions to save his beloved wife, whom he had but lately married, from the death which seemed so near to them. She is unconscious, the salt water is hanging heavily to her clothes, and on her pale, death-like face, the flames of the burning steamer are reflected: unspeakable anguish and distress are imprinted on the countenance of the young husband. Shall he let go his fainting charge, and, putting forth the remnant of all his strength, try and save himself? No! rather would he sink down with his helpless but beloved burden beneath the waves of that silvery stream. But for a minute longer can his strength hold out, then a watery grave must be the common lot of the attached young couple.

Viale witnesses this scene and then—what in that moment must have passed in his noble heart?—he looses the life-belt from round his waist, and gives it to the stranger. For a while he still continues to swim on, then he sinks down, paying for his generosity with his life. The name of the couple who were thus so nobly saved is Marco del Pont. It is they who relate the story. J. F. C.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A FEW Sundays ago, at the time of the recent severe weather, when the ground was covered with snow, I was standing outside our front gate with one of my sisters, when we noticed a large black-and-white sheep-dog running about the lawn in front of the house in a very excited manner, now and again disappearing in a clump of bushes which grew on the lawn, then running up to us and returning to the shrubs.

My attention was at length attracted to the animal's proceedings. At first I thought he belonged to the milkman, who had just called next door (our house is a semi-detached one), but when I opened our gate, thinking the dog would follow his master, he stood and looked at me, and after going through the gate ran into the lawn again through our neighbour's, and returned to the bushes.

I called the dog, and he came up to me and he let me pat him, and placed his nose in my hand,

then ran back and sat down close by the clump of trees. My sister and I now followed him, and I pushed my way through the shrubs and was surprised to see a black object lying curled up under a fir-tree. At first I thought it was a cat, but on getting nearer I found that it was a dog. I called it, but the poor creature seemed stupefied with the cold; but at length it raised its head, and I saw it was a black-and-tan terrier.

It was evident that the sheep-dog had tried to attract our attention to the poor animal, for he now sat and watched us while my sister tried to rouse the little dog; who, after awhile, dragged itself towards her with difficulty, being quite cramped with cold. It was unable to stand, and evidently quite harmless, so I lifted it up and carried it indoors.

After placing it in front of the fire and giving it some milk and biscuits, it began to recover and feebly wagged its tail. So I looked through the window to see what his friend the sheep-dog was doing. He was trying to get through the garden gate and follow us into the house. I suppose he was not satisfied as to our friendly intentions, but after a while he went away and we saw him no more that day.

The little terrier recovered in a day or two, and seemed to have taken a fancy to its new abode. We made numerous inquiries, but could find no owner for it, so as we had no room for more pets we found it a home.

I afterwards saw the sheep-dog in the village and found he had nothing to do with the terrier. I had thought the two dogs might belong to the same person. So it was evident that the kindly dog had tried to attract our attention to the poor, little, half-frozen animal, which would have otherwise been dead before morning—for the night was bitterly cold—from a feeling of pity, which might have done credit to a higher intelligence than that of a dog's.

A LOVER OF DOGS.

AN AUSTRIAN TROOPER.

THE following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry a few months ago. Not far from thirty thousand cavalry were in a line. A little girl, a child of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause rushed out into the open field, just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping round to salute the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade-ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child. The mother was paralysed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable; and such terrible destruction, the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom, when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the

correct line of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress. And a proud and happy moment it must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

MIRIAM WARE'S TROUBLES.



MIRIAM WARE was the under-teacher in Miss Sorrabby's school. She was clever and well-meaning, but she had a fault which interfered much with her happiness and that of those around her. She was impatient and hasty-tempered. Little Mabel Grant, a slow but industrious child, could never say her lessons to her correctly, for fear of her sharp, 'Now then, May!' and the other little girls were often

put out by being hurried, hustled, and pushed—in spirit, I mean—by Miss Ware.

Of course they did not like her; at least, but few of them could see through her faults, and guess that behind them she was good, true, and kind-hearted. So it came to pass, that if anything went wrong in the school a whisper went about that it was 'all Miss Ware.'

Sometimes the teacher heard the whisper, and thought how hard the world was on a fatherless girl, and how disagreeable her little pupils were; and once she even rushed into the presence of Miss Sorrabby, and said she could not bear it any longer: but that wise lady talked to her gently, and showed her how everyone in the world has troubles to bear, and how, for her poor mother's sake, she had better think again, and stay in her place.

And Miriam thanked her then, and did so. But a few weeks later a greater misfortune befell her: there were rumours of little losses in the school; ivory pens, silver thimbles, and such-like treasures, vanished without hands. When a bright half-sovereign of Lucy Moore's disappeared, however, there were murmurs loud and deep, and a little thoughtless voice said, 'She should not wonder if that cross Miss Ware had taken it.'

Poor Miriam! her hot temper rose at the bare suspicion. She would not bear it a moment: she would not stay in the house; she would go back to her mother, the poor widow at Thoroton village.

Miss Sorrabby was not in to calm the excited girl; so Miriam, half choking with indignation and grief (she had really tried to do her duty by these little ungrateful creatures, and was fond of most of them), rushed to her room, put on hat and cloak, seized a hand-bag, and rushed out into the dim, damp twilight, on her way home.

Thoroton village was ten miles off, and even if she got there her mother was poor, and would be deeply

grieved to find that Miriam had lost her situation with kind Miss Sorrabby. But how could she submit to be called a thief? Impossible! it could not be expected of her!

The girl hurried on, past green hedges and cottage gardens, shouting children, and busy mothers calling them in out of the damp, till she gained the river-side. The river led to Thoroton; its cool murmur calmed her troubled spirit. Out of breath and weary she sank down on the wet grass, and tried to collect herself.

What was she doing? where was she going? Giving up her work, her duty, because her hot spirit would not brook an unjust accusation. 'If when ye do well and suffer for it ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' These words rang in her ears, as if a warning voice had spoken them. She covered her face with her hands a moment, and asked God to forgive her her hasty temper, and to show her what He would have her do—to make her patient, in fact. And then, as tears of repentance ran down her cheeks, she heard the cheerful voice of Miss Leinster, the head-governess, just behind her.

'Miss Ware! Miss Ware! Miriam, my dear girl, come back! It is all cleared up. Those silly little creatures, to dream of you hiding the money! Oh, I am glad to have found you! There, dry your eyes, dear; and no one need know of your running off like this. Only think, it is Mr. Medlicott's jackdaw that has been the thief! Lucy Moore herself caught him with Miss Sorrabby's gold spectacles in his bill hopping off. And there, under the sun-dial, are all the treasures he has hidden, even the half-sovereign. Mr. Medlicott must cut his wings now, so that he cannot come over the wall.'

And so chatting the kind governess hurried Miriam back.

Half-a-dozen little girls met them in the hall, wild with excitement. 'They are all found! everything!' 'And, oh, Miss Ware, please forgive me,' said the little one who had uttered the cruel suspicion which had so wounded Miriam. 'I did think you had taken the half-sovereign to punish Lucy for being careless, and weren't going to give it her back till Saturday.'

Miriam kissed the little upturned face, but could not speak; conscience was busy reproaching her with hastiness, temper, yes, and want of charity.

The children could not think what had 'come to' Miss Ware in the days that followed; she was so gentle, so merciful to stammering tongues and backward memories.

There was great peace and happiness now among the little ones in Miss Sorrabby's school. The naughty jackdaw's wings were cut, and no more glittering trifles found their way to his treasure-house; but if you asked them what made the last part of the half so much happier than the first, Lucy Moore and Mabel Grant, and their little circle, would bid you stoop down, and then whisper in your ear, 'Because Miss Ware is so kind now.'

Yes, Miriam Ware is all the kinder that she knows her faults and strives against them; for governesses have faults as well as children, and have even more trouble in the conquering of them, since after child-



Miss Ware was so merciful to backward memories.

hood bad habits are like weeds neglected, which tower above the flowers even, and make waste what should be a pleasant garden, a happy home.

H. A. F.

'IT'S ONLY A LITTLE GLOVE.'

IT'S only a little glove,
So ragged, and old, and worn—
You scarce would stoop in your daily path
To look at the thing forlorn:
You never would think by those fingers small
A heart could be rent and torn.

It's only a tiny thing,
This treasure I hoard and keep;
But many a vision of joy it brings,
And sometimes it makes me weep;
And I dream a dream of a fair-haired boy
Under the flowers asleep.

It's only a little glove,
Yet dearer it is to me,
For the restless feet that pattered and beat
Their music upon my knee—
Dearer for sorrow, and care and pain,
Than the riches of land or sea.



It's only a tiny thing,
 But I love it with deepest love—
 A golden link in the chain that binds
 My soul to the world above:
 And I know I am nearer to Heaven each time
 I bow o'er that tiny glove.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER IX.—CYRIL'S BOYHOOD.

IN the midst of the free, happy life of his forest-home, Cyril, as may well be supposed, had grown up with but little taste or opportunity for study.

Dorothy had, indeed, taught all her own small store of knowledge to Cyril and Mercy; they could read and write, and the little girl was an adept at needlework, which was as much education as any of

the other children of Salem received.

Then, too, she would talk to them of the dear old country beyond the sea, and tell them all the tales of noble deeds which had thrilled her own childhood. They were never tired of these stories, often told in the flickering firelight on winter nights, as they sat together after the labours of the day.

Almost unconsciously the thoughts and feelings of the gentle woman became theirs also to a great extent, notwithstanding the different influences by which they were surrounded. Thus, in the very midst of that Puritan colony, the children grew up with an ardent love for the Church of their native land, which had been sealed by the blood of their forefathers, and though nurtured in the freest Republic on the face of the world, they were Royalists at heart.

Poor Dorothy! she had borne up bravely all these years, and had laboured nobly to do her duty, but none knew at the cost of what secret suffering. Notwithstanding her gentle, loving temper, she had, from her first coming to Salem, been looked upon with suspicion and disapproval by her neighbours.

She had much to endure from the harsh words and

averted glances of other women, such as Rachel Merrick, who felt that she had no full sympathy with them, and did not share their zeal or their intolerance. They found fault with her apparel, simple and plain as it was; they blamed her for her very silence, her love of solitude, and, above all, for her training of the children.

'Why,' they asked, 'should Mistress Goldthwaite set herself up as wiser than the elders of the Church at Salem, who had decreed that all the children should be given over to the care of the ancient deaconess, who ruled with her birchen rod and kept them in awe and godly discipline? They doubted not that the boy and girl who were thus spared their chastisement would come to a bad end.'

This, and much more, Dorothy had to listen to with meekness and patience, but, like the constant dripping of water, it was slowly wearing out her spirit.

Her heart yearned for her old home, and for the Church of her fathers. She would often dream at night that she heard the church bells ringing, and that she once more joined in that beautiful service of prayer and praise which she loved so well, only to wake, alas! and find herself still an exile in a distant land.

She could not lighten the trouble which oppressed her by sharing it with any kindred spirit; she knew that to her dying day she must bear the burden alone with her God.

Meantime, with sadness and regret of heart, she would wear a smiling face, and be ever ready to take part or interest in her husband's toil and her children's innocent pleasures.

But the long struggle was wearing out that fragile form, and each winter found her more weakly and delicate. Still she never complained; and, as so often happens, those of her own household were the last to awake to the fact of her illness, which had long been too plain to every one else.

In the balmy summer-time Dorothy would rally a little, and loved to sit out under the trees amidst the flowers, which reminded her of the hedgerows of Old England.

One effect of her illness had been to soften the hearts of the Salem people towards her; and Rachel Merrick, who, with all her strong prejudices, was a truly kind, good woman, showed herself most helpful in all she could do to lighten the toil of her sister-in-law. But this drawing together of the two families had its evils, for it also brought Increase Merrick more to the homestead, and towards him Dorothy could never overcome her deeply-rooted aversion.

He was a young man now, and had outgrown much of the weak bodily health of his childhood, but he never could compete with Cyril in any manly exercises; and Dorothy used to think she could detect in her nephew's words and looks an intense and growing envy and hatred of his rival. It was no wonder, then, that she shunned his society for both Cyril and Mercy, though it was hard to do so without seeming ungrateful for Rachel's kindness.

During these years many an evil turn had Increase done to Cyril, leading him into mischief, and then managing to get out of it himself, leaving his companion to bear all the punishment.

Of late, however, he seemed to have changed his manner, and having given up these boyish tricks, he had tried to make Cyril his friend; and the lad, who had no suspicion in his honest, open nature, had begun to trust and like him.

Obadiah Goldthwaite meantime was so much engaged with the cares of his farm, and, above all, with the management of matters connected with the Church Covenant and the general business of the colony—for he had lately been elected a member of the Salem Council—that he had noticed nothing at home.

But a bitter awakening was at hand. It was late autumn of the year 1642. The summer had been brighter and finer than usual, but now the cold weather had come on suddenly. The forest was very beautiful in the brilliant colours which clothed the trees. The beech had turned to a pale yellow; the maple was on one side light green, and on the other scarlet, and yellow, and pink; while the oak had become a dark shining copper; and amidst the bright colours rose the rich sombre green of the pine-trees.

Dorothy, who had been gifted with an artist's love of colour, was never weary of admiring the glorious scene, which she called her forest flower-garden. One evening she had stayed out later than usual, and had already been summoned several times by Mercy's gentle voice to join the evening meal, when at last the girl, alarmed at her mother's silence, hurried out to find that she had fallen unconscious on the ground. Obadiah and Cyril were both out fishing that day, and there was no one about the place but the Indian servant.

With his help Mercy carried her mother tenderly into the inner room, and placed her on the couch, and then, in an agony of terror, sent Squanto off at once to fetch her aunt Rachel.

The good woman came with all haste, and gave all the help in her power, and after a while, by slow degrees, Dorothy revived: but she was very weak and feeble; indeed, all that night she seemed to hover between life and death.

It was indeed sad news for her husband on his return, and most bitterly did he reproach himself for his former blindness, though even yet he would not believe in any danger.

Rachel shook her head sadly when he tried to get words of hope and comfort from her.

'My poor brother,' she said, 'it is best you should know the truth. These many months it hath been plain to all Salem that she is not long for this world.'

Obadiah was overwhelmed by these terrible words, and buried his face in his hands. The memory of the happy years gone by rose before him in that moment of anguish, and he felt that he could not live without Dorothy. He would not despair: many had been ill before and recovered, and why should not she? All that care and love could devise should be done.

It was wonderful how the sick woman rallied under the influence of the devoted nursing which she received from all, until, in a little time, she seemed to have recovered; or, at least, appeared no worse than she had been for years.

Still, in his newly-awakened anxiety, Obadiah resolved to go and seek the help of a noted doctor who had recently arrived at Plymouth, and whose fame had already spread through New England.

It was early in December that he set out on his journey, which he hoped would not take him many days, although the travelling might be somewhat difficult, for the winter seemed to have set in early and with unusual severity.

But he would not put off the journey till the spring, for now that his anxious fears were aroused he could not bear to delay.

In the grey dawn of a winter morning Obadiah Goldthwaite started, with Cyril and the Indian servant, who were to accompany him some way on a hunting expedition, for provisions were scarce just then. They met with but little success that morning, as they did not get upon the track of the red deer, and were forced to content themselves with a few wild ducks which had been driven inland by the cold.

About noon, after they had finished their simple meal together, they separated; Obadiah giving Cyril the most earnest and particular directions about the care of the household during his absence, and urging him to return home at once before nightfall.

This the boy and Squanto at once prepared to do. Presently, however, as they were walking on, Cyril, who was in front, caught sight of a fine deer trotting across his path. He took aim at him with his match-lock, and hit it, but the deer bounded on. Squanto and he at once set off in full chase, forgetting all else in the excitement of the pursuit.

Mile after mile they followed the deer, farther and farther into the forest, every moment thinking they would come up with it.

At length they reached an open glade, where they saw the stag; but as they drew near he heard their stealthy steps, and was starting off once more, when Cyril fired and he fell.

'Here will be something to fill our larder, Squanto!' he cried, in triumph.

They were too far from home to take the whole animal; so, cutting up the best part of the venison, they loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, securing it together by thongs cut from the skin.

While they were engaged in this work they noticed that it was growing dark, and presently some flakes of snow began to fall. At first they did not think much of this, for the flakes were few and far between, and scarcely covered the ground.

At length Squanto looked up and round him in dismay, and said,—

'We no get home to-night, young master.'

'But we must reach home before dark, Squanto, or mother will be sore troubled. Come, let us make all haste.'

They walked as fast as they could with their loads, while the flakes fell thicker and thicker, till at length the Indian stood still.

'What is it?' cried Cyril, in alarm. 'Surely thou dost know the track homewards?'

Squanto shook his head and pointed to the ground, which was now so thickly covered with snow that there was not a trace left of their footmarks. To

make their situation worse, the short winter day was almost at an end, and the darkness was closing in round them.

Eagerly Cyril tried to persuade his companion that if they went straight forwards they must be in the direction of Salem. The faithful servant knew full well that it was hopeless to attempt to continue their journey; they would only lose themselves more hopelessly in the snow-clad forest.

Convinced, at length, against his will, Cyril helped Squanto to prepare for camping out the night. No time was to be lost. They were soon busy cutting down poles and boughs to make a shelter, which the Indian skillfully built up into a kind of tent. Then they collected sticks for a fire, which soon blazed up, and they made their supper of the venison they were carrying.

The fir-boughs made a dry bed, on which Cyril, after the fatigues of the day, was soon asleep with the sound slumber of youth.

As for Squanto, he carefully built up the fire, and prepared to watch all night before it, for he was too much accustomed to forest life to neglect such precautions. Unfortunately, he, too, was weary with the unusual exercise of the day, and the severe cold had a benumbing influence upon him, so that presently he closed his eyes; and he, too, fell asleep.

How long he had dozed he knew not, when suddenly he was awakened by a distant sound, which he knew too well: it was the howling of wolves!

He looked at the fire: it was almost out. He started up, and rushed to the tent of boughs to rouse Cyril. Again, that terrible sound, and this time close at hand!

A sudden burst of flame came from the embers as he stirred them, and showed him the yelping wolves.

He seized a stick from the fire and shook it above his head, shouting to Cyril, who was on his feet in a moment. The lad seemed to be in his element in the hour of danger; he did not lose his presence of mind, but hastily loaded his gun, while Squanto kept the wolves at bay by scattering the burning embers towards them and holding a flaming branch in his hand, shouting all the time and making the most horrible noises.

There was not a moment to lose. The Indian pointed to an old grizzly wolf, who seemed to be the leader, and Cyril fired at him with a steady aim.

The wolf rolled over with a yell, and was soon dead, and the rest of the pack took flight into the forest.

There was no more sleep that night for the hunters; they made up the fire, and only then saw what a narrow escape they had had, for the venison was all carried off; and during that long weary watch in the falling snow they heard again and again the howlings close by them.

Cyril kept his gun ready loaded by his side, and not till daylight came did he feel safe from another attack, as the wolves were plainly made bold and ferocious by hunger.

(To be continued.)





The Encounter with the Wolves.



The Log-built House on Fire.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 79)

CHAPTER X.

AMONGST THE INDIANS.



WHEN the morning came at length, after that terrible long night, Squanto's first care was to seek for some track which might guide them homewards. In all directions he could see the marks of the wolves' feet on the snow, which now covered the ground several inches deep. It would have been extremely difficult for any one less accustomed to the forest than the Indian to have found any path whatever in that which seemed a trackless wilderness; but signs unnoticed by most people enabled him at length to find his way.

In the first place, there was the direction of the wind, then he carefully marked on which side of the trees the moss grew thickest, to discover which was the north: by these and other signs he at length, to Cyril's great joy, led him to the place where, on the day before, he had parted with his master.

Now they hurried on, only regretting the loss of the venison. The weather was intensely cold, and in places where the snow had drifted it was hard to make rapid progress.

As they drew near to their homestead Squanto suddenly paused, and pointing through the trees exclaimed,—

'See you that, young master? Who maketh blaze there?'

Cyril looked, and his heart sank within him with a new dread; for there, distinctly before them, in the very direction of home, a cloud of smoke was rising. For one moment he stood still like one paralysed, then made a desperate push forwards, followed by Squanto, who seemed to share his fears.

When they reached the open plantation it was indeed a terrible sight which met their eyes. The log-built house, the loved home, was burnt down almost to the ground, and the smoke they had seen rising was from the smouldering embers.

Wild with grief and horror, Cyril rushed forwards, calling loudly in his despair,—

'Mother, mother! Mercy! where are you?'

But there was no answer; the only sounds were the crackling of the flames, the rippling of the little brook near, and the lowing of some cattle in a distant shed.

Just at this moment the figure of a man crept stealthily out of the same shed, and the quick eyes of the Indian at once perceived him. He pointed him out to Cyril, who hurried to meet him.

What was his surprise to see that it was Increase Merrick!

'What has happened?' cried Cyril. 'Tell me, Increase, how came the fire? Where are they?'

But the other young man, who was pale and trembling, and covered with mire, only shook his head. At last he muttered between his teeth,—

'The Indians! the Indians!'

'Speak, man! Have the Indians done this? For the love of Heaven, tell me where they be, my mother and Mercy!'

There was a moment's pause; then, looking full in the lad's face, Increase replied,—

'They are gone—carried off by the Indians!'

Cyril staggered back, as though he had been struck by some terrible, overwhelming blow.

'And you knew it, and let it be—!' he faltered out after a while. 'We will rouse the township, call out the train-band, and pursue the wretches. Ho, Squanto! come hither and—'

But the poor boy could say no more. Overcome by his own emotion he broke down in a fit of violent sobbing. It was but a momentary weakness, however; bitterly as he regretted his delay in returning, and his absence in the hour of danger, he soon felt that this was a time for action, not for vain lamentation.

Increase, who had been watching him in silence, with a strange expression on his face, now spoke again,—

'It were vain to seek help in Salem; the train-band is under orders to protect the township. Why not haste to pursue the Indians thyself? They are but a straggling band of miserable cowards.'

'Thou sayest well, Increase!' replied the boy, impetuously. 'Come, we three will follow and attack them unawares.'

But Increase drew back.

'Nay, Cyril,' he stammered; 'it were best for me to remain here. Who will tell Master Goldthwaite what hath befallen?'

With a gesture of contempt Cyril turned away, and hastened to consult with his faithful friend Squanto, as to how they could pursue the enemy. But the Indian gave him no encouragement. He had been vainly seeking to discover footprints in the newly-fallen snow, and even had he found a track he knew too well how utterly hopeless was the youth's wild scheme.

He tried to explain to Cyril that it would be madness for them to think of following a band of Indians flushed with triumph, and in a fiercer mood than usual. Why, it would be certain death! No; the only way to help their friends, if, as he could not believe, they had been carried off prisoners, was to go at once to Salem, where they would surely find brave men to join them.

He tried to lead Cyril away from that terrible scene of desolation, but he would not be persuaded to turn away till he had once more searched the ruins on every side.

'Tell me, Squanto,' said the lad, 'what tribe think you hath done this? Methought they were all at peace with our people.'

The Indian shook his head, and answered thus in his own language, which Cyril could now understand: 'The Saggamore of Aggawam hath been sore troubled by some of your settlers. They have taken by times his fishing-tackle and his beavers; yes, and but a little while since, one whom you spoke with but now shot at one of his people for not bringing him a canoe to cross the river.'

'Do you mean my cousin Increase?' cried Cyril in anger. 'Nay, but even so, it was a foul and

treacherous deed to revenge himself on innocent folk!

Squanto was silent. He knew the style of Indian warfare too well to be surprised at this sudden midnight onslaught with knife and hatchet and fire, which would include, if possible, the whole slumbering colony, to punish one guilty person.

The words of Increase, 'Who will tell Master Goldthwaite?' still continued to ring in the ears of Cyril. He seemed to see it all. The weary journey of the poor husband in search of advice and help for his sick wife; his return home, full perchance of hope and expectation; and then, the death-like welcome which awaited him; the pleasant homestead burnt to the ground, his loved ones gone to an unknown fate; all his hopes ruined and destroyed for ever!

As he thought of all this, the poor fellow was overwhelmed with grief.

'Come to Master Merrick's,' said the pitying Indian; and without another word, Cyril suffered himself to be led away towards the dwelling where he had first been brought, twelve years before, as a happy child. How much had happened since then! and what was in store for him now?

It seemed to the poor lad at that moment that nothing could be worse than the terrible suspense and anxiety of being thus in ignorance of the fate of all his loved ones.

He reached that well-known door at length, but stood there awhile, for he could not muster up courage to enter and learn the worst.

But some one from within had heard his footsteps. The door was quickly opened, and a young girl rushed forward to meet him, eagerly clasping his hands.

Was he dreaming? No. It is Mercy herself; but she seemed pale and excited, and her eyes were full of tears; and when she spoke, her words were faltering, and broken by sobs.

'Mother is wearying for you, Cyril. She hath asked for you so many times. We have searched for you. Where have you been? I knew you would come in time. I have prayed so for it.'

Cyril could not speak. He seemed overwhelmed with a nameless dread, as Mercy took him by the hand and led him across the threshold.

CHAPTER X.—DOROTHY GOLDTHWAITE DEPARTS TO THE BETTER LAND.

HAND in hand, Cyril and Mercy entered the inner chamber. At the door they met Rachel Merrick, and Obadiah, who was kneeling by the bedside, looked up at their entrance; but the boy scarcely noticed them. His eyes, his thoughts, were all for his mother, who was lying on the low couch propped up by pillows.

Dorothy had heard his step, and tried to stretch out her arms towards him. 'Cyril, I knew you would come. I could not depart without farewell.'

Her faltering voice could say no more; but she whispered something as he bent down to kiss her, which no one else in the room could hear.

'Not now, mother,' he replied. 'Tell me when you are stronger.'

'That will be never on earth. Cyril, you must

know the truth now. Have I sinned in hiding it so long?' she added, in a fainter tone, as her head sank back on the pillow, and she made a sign to her husband.

Obadiah rose, and all eyes were turned upon him, in wonder and expectation. 'Cyril, I have promised to tell somewhat that doth concern thee most nearly. My sick wife cannot rest in peace till thou knowest all.'

The boy looked from one to the other in anxious alarm. What could there be that was of any importance at such a time? Then a dim remembrance came over him of words he had heard long ago; taunts of Increase and the other children, who had called him a foundling.

But he had never believed their words, or sought to question further in the matter. He had been so happy that he had never wished to know or think of anything which might bring a change.

At length the hour had come when the mystery was to be revealed, and Cyril, with a beating heart, prepared to know the worst.

At a sign from Dorothy, he sat down close by her side and held her hand.

Then, in the measured words of suppressed emotion, Obadiah Goldthwaite told, as briefly as possible, the whole story of that eventful journey to Salisbury, the finding of a little child crying by the water-side in the flooded valley, the bringing him to his home at Bristol, and the loving welcome of Dorothy.

'In that hour you found a mother and a home,' said Obadiah, solemnly; 'and to this day we have never had the heart to dim the gladness of your young spirit by robbing you of them. Judge yourself if we have acted wisely.'

'Forgive us! we could not bear that you should love us less,' whispered Dorothy, who had been earnestly watching the lad's face the whole time.

'Forgive you!' cried he, passionately, as he covered her hand with kisses. 'Forgive you! Nay, rather a thousand times on my knees would I thank you for your pity to a helpless outcast!'

There was a tone of bitterness in his words, which Dorothy's quick sympathy felt, rather than heard.

'Not pity,' she murmured. 'Cyril, thou hast been our pride, our greatest treasure.'

Exhausted by the effort and the strain of excitement, she sank back motionless, with closed eyes.

Cyril was utterly bewildered by what he had heard, and could not believe that it was not all some strange dream. But he was roused by the voice of Rachel Merrick:—

'I pray thee leave us awhile, my good lad. Our patient hath sore need of rest and quiet. All this talk hath been too much, as I did warn my brother.'

Cyril did as he was bidden, and left the sick chamber, where there was now perfect stillness. Scarcely knowing what he did, he sat down by the hearth in the outer room, and watched the flickering flame from the embers.

(To be continued.)



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.



NE of the saddest pages of modern history is that which chronicles the life, the sufferings, the sins, the sorrows, and the untimely death of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her life was a romance, her death a tragedy.

In the midst of war and tumult little Mary Stuart first saw the light; the dark December

days of 1544, which were so cold and dim in chilly Scotland, bringing life and death at once into the royal dwelling, for eight days after her birth she lost her father, James V. of Scotland. Grief for the rout of his army in an encounter with the English, as much as disease, is said to have been the cause of his death.

From her earliest infancy, therefore, this pretty babe became a centre of interest to surrounding countries. England at once tried to secure her by arranging an alliance with their young prince, Edward VI., while France stretched out protecting arms to the orphan child of Mary of Guise and the heiress of Scotland.

With her French mother, therefore, little Mary crossed the sea at a very tender age, and was received into the family of the French king as another daughter. Her lessons and her amusements were alike shared with the royal children, though throughout all she was encouraged to remember, not only her high position as Queen of Scotland, but also her near connexion with the throne of England, through her grandmother, the eldest daughter of Henry VII.

Mary Stuart had hardly entered her teens when she became an object of alarm and distrust to her cousins in England.

The pretty little girl with the fair hair combed back from her chubby face, with the great laced ruff that kept the little head uncomfortably quiet at times, and the jewelled robe that marked her rank, was no pleasant relative to possess.

France had taken firm hold of the young exile and given her in marriage to their Dauphin; doubtless, at first, hoping by this means to make Scotland a mere appendage to France, and later, entertaining still more ambitious views—no less than putting forward the Dauphiness as a claimant to the throne of England on the death of Mary, the eldest daughter of Henry VIII. Elizabeth, they argued, was no one, since the marriage of her father and mother had been pronounced null by the Church, and the sentence had never been reversed.

Mary Stuart and her husband were now greeted in public as King and Queen of England. The English arms were engraved on their plate, embroidered on their banners, and painted on their furniture; and their favourite device in those days was the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto, '*Aliamque moratur*,'—'Another is delayed,' meaning that of England.

These were proud and, doubtless, happy days for

the gay-hearted child; she was the beloved of all, and dreaded no evil from foes she only knew by name. But death once more invaded her home and took from her the fond and busy mother, who had spent her widowed life in trying to retain a hold on the Scottish nation for her daughter's sake, and the youthful husband who had ambitiously hoped to call himself some day, through his wife, lord of three great realms. These changes in her life were only the pioneers of others still greater, the first of which was the quitting of the pleasant land of France for her own northern country.

It is said that as the court of the happy home of her youth faded from her view she continued to exclaim, 'Farewell, France! farewell, dear France! I shall never see thee more.'

Too true a prophecy! Neither was her reception in Scotland calculated to efface the remembrance of past pleasures and comforts; the luxuries of civilisation had not penetrated into the homes, or even the palaces, of the hardy Scots; and Mary, the spoiled child of a court and a happy family, shed tears of disgust and indignation when she saw the wretched pomies, with bare wooden saddles or torn trappings, which were provided to carry her royal person and her ladies from the waterside to Holyrood. Neither was she pleased with the palace itself, which had not at that time assumed its present proportions, and consisted only of what is now called the north wing, an abode which seemed small and dismal to the young girl. In after days, as we may still see, she occupied herself in beautifying these apartments with her own needlework.

Mary Stuart, however, had the grace to conceal her feelings of disappointment from the nobles who flocked to receive her, and when at last, wearied with her long sea voyage, she retired to rest, she listened without impatience to the serenade of amateur violinists under her window, which effectually drove away sleep from her aching eyes; nay, it is even reported that she pleasantly thanked these mistaken musicians, and expressed a wish that the concert might some day be again repeated. Her French politeness must have come into play then. But these were the least of her troubles at this time. Mary was, naturally, of the faith of her mother and her foster-country, while the Reformed religion had taken great hold in Scotland; it was a bad beginning this difference in vital matters between a queen and her people, and, with the best intentions on both sides, there could not but be a disturbance at times: but Mary seems to have acted gently and sensibly at first; begged for liberty to worship according to her own conscience, and entreated 'with winning sweetness' the most energetic of the Reformed preachers to exhort her when he would in private, and she would pay all attention to his words, but not to hold her up to public scorn.

A modest request enough for a queen, one would think; and one young and beautiful, too, accustomed more to flattery and admiration than to reproof.

Four years after her return from France, Mary married her second husband, her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley; and now, for a short time, she seems once again to have tasted the happiness that her youth and lively disposition demanded.



Mary Queen of Scots.

Her people loved her, and were proud of her, despite the shortcomings that severe judges found in her; and they were willing to accept her new choice, and even, with a few exceptions, to allow him the title of sovereign, which Mary hastily and without consulting her subjects bestowed on him.

But these peaceful days were but of short duration. Mary was indiscreet and thoughtless in many matters, and sorely did she suffer for her faults. Chastelard, a French poet, who had pleased her with the lines he wrote in her honour, and whom she petted and favoured, was barbarously executed by the Government on the accusation of audacious and unbecoming conduct to their queen. Alas! this was not the only occasion on which blood was made to flow in the very daily walk of this fair young girl.

Unwarned by experience, Mary now took into favour one David Rizzio, a native of Turin, who first excited her attention as a musician. She elevated him to such rank and dignity as to excite the envy and disapproval at first of her subjects, and then of her husband.

As her secretary, Rizzio was constantly in her society, and even admitted as a guest to her table, when others of nobler birth and greater claims to such an honour were excluded.

Rizzio seems to have been as unwise in his demeanour as his mistress; uplifted by his good fortune he looked down on those around him, wore richer clothing than the very king himself, and from a poor musician became an arrogant courtier. Little wonder that he made enemies, and that, jealous of his influence over the queen, a plot was formed to murder him as he sat at supper with his royal mistress.

The tale is a terrible one.

When the band of conspirators, headed by the king, entered the little ante-room at Holyrood, and Rizzio was desired to come forth, for the place did not become him, the wretched man foresaw his fate, and clung to the skirts of his royal mistress for protection.

But the victim was not to escape: the table was overturned in the scuffle; the king seized Mary's arm to prevent any interposition on her part; Lord Ruthven, risen from a sick bed to share in the bloody deed, assisted in tearing the unfortunate man from his only sanctuary: while George Douglas, pulling out the king's own dagger, plunged it into the body of the favourite, slaying him at his mistress's feet.

Fifty-six wounds did the hapless man receive. Never, surely, did the chamber of a queen witness so horrible a spectacle; the groans of the murdered man and the shrieks of the female attendants adding to the general confusion.

The stains of Rizzio's blood, as his dead body was dragged away from the queen's apartments, are yet shown at Holyrood.

And now another character comes on the scene, connected, alas! with another bloody deed—the Earl of Bothwell.

This nobleman in past days had given serious offence to Mary, so much so that for a season he had been an outlaw, under her severest displeasure; but time brings change, and he was now received into the full sunshine of the queen's royal favour. There are those found to say that she loved him better than her

rightful husband, while it is only too certain that Bothwell aspired to her hand, and found Henry Stuart terribly in his way.

In those barbarous times the strong and the bold generally had their will, whatever the obstacles might be, and they hesitated at neither crime nor bloodshed.

On the 9th of February of the year 1567 the king lay ill of small-pox in the Kirk of Field, where Mary visited him, spending the evening with him. At twelve o'clock she left him for a masque, kissing him affectionately at parting, and placing a ring on his finger.

Two hours later, when the beautiful queen would be in the thick of the revel, a terrible explosion shook the whole neighbourhood where lay the sick king, terrifying all around. A rush was made to the royal quarters, when the dead body of the king was discovered lying under a tree near his lodgings.

It is impossible to believe that the queen could have been so wicked as to have any hand in so ghastly a deed, but that Bothwell came out of it red-handed is not to be doubted, and that the murder was designed to forward his cherished design of obtaining Mary Stuart in marriage. How she was ever brought to consent to such an arrangement none may say; they who take the most lenient view of her conduct (and let us be among the number) declaring that Mary was captured by Bothwell when on a journey to visit her infant son, and compelled to marry him. He had been heard to say that 'he would marry the queen, whether she would herself or not,' and he kept his word.

The Scotch rose at this unnatural alliance. The whole nation was in arms; some with the intention of punishing Bothwell, rescuing Mary from his power, and guarding the infant heir to the throne; others furnishing Mary herself with troops to oppose the rest. Mary avowed a desire to avoid further bloodshed, and proposed to make terms with her people.

The rival forces met at Carberry Hill, where she consented to a suggestion that Bothwell should pass off the field until his guilt or innocence of the royal murder was proved, and that she should return to the care and advice of her nobles. Bothwell fled to Dunbar, with the intention of seeking refuge in the Orkney Isles, but he was taken prisoner by the Danes and conveyed to Norway. There he died a lunatic in 1579, leaving a testament to the effect that he himself murdered Darnley by the counsels of various Scottish nobles. The truth of this statement is, however, not well established.

To turn to Mary. The hapless queen was now in the hands of her subjects, who, despite their promise to honour and serve and obey her, began instantly to assail her with reproach and indignity. Amid rude clamour and cries from the rabble Mary entered Edinburgh one summer Sunday evening, riding on horseback, covered with dust and drowned in tears. Here she was made to pass through the streets, a public spectacle of disgrace, the mob carrying before her a white banner on which was rudely painted the scene of her husband's murder, with a figure of her little son kneeling by, and the prayer put into his mouth, 'Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!'

A terrible scene for the eyes that yet could call up a vision of Rizzio's murder, not a year since. All

night long the uproar continued under the windows of the wretched queen. Her dreams must indeed have been disturbed by them, and her prayer in that dreadful hour, if, as we think, she was more wayward than wicked, must have been, 'Save me from the reproach of them that would eat me up!'

From Edinburgh she was removed to Lochleven, and placed in the keeping of the Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and of Ruthven, Rizzio's chief murderer. Mary's heart must have failed her there, one would think. Here she was compelled to sign a deed of abdication, and to become the subject of her infant son James.

Now Mary was indeed a prisoner as well as a dethroned queen. But her youth, her beauty, and her winning disposition towards those she really loved, caused her friends to rally round her and concert means for her liberation. One day she escaped the vigilance of her keepers, and, dressing herself in the garments of her laundress, tried to pass herself off for this personage, bidding the men in the little boat she had entered conduct her to the shores of the lake. But the rowers suspected somewhat, and one, saying, 'Let us see what manner of dame this is,' tried to pull down her muffler.

Mary put up two white hands to protect herself, which instantly betrayed the pretended laundress. She begged them as their queen to aid her escape, but they dared not; instead, they conveyed her back to prison with the promise that the attempt at flight should not be made known to her gaolers.

So nearly had Mary tasted freedom in this exploit, that it was not long before she formed another project to recover her liberty.

This time it was a simple lad, a relative of the owner of the castle, who helped her.

'Little Douglas' stole the keys of the castle gate for the lovely lady who smiled on him; and in the dead of night Mary Stuart crept forth with one attendant, locking the gates behind her and throwing the keys into the lake.

'Little Douglas' rowed her across the water; and there, in ambush, she found faithful adherents.

Once at large, others flocked around her, and she was soon at the head of a considerable force.

But the Regent Murray, her half-brother, advanced to oppose her; and in a desperate encounter, between Glasgow and Dumbarton, the deposed queen's army was entirely routed.

Mary was a fugitive again; and now the fatal and yet reasonable idea occurred to her of throwing herself on the mercy of Elizabeth of England, who seemed well disposed towards her 'fair cousin.'

Alas! Mary did not take it into consideration, that, far more than she ever hankered after the English crown, did the Maiden Queen desire that of Scotland. '*Aliamque moratur*' might have been also Elizabeth's motto at this time. Elizabeth refused to see Mary, but offered to negotiate with her subjects. This Mary proudly refused. She was Queen of Scotland still, she urged, and as such fit to treat with the Queen of England.

Then Elizabeth varied the mode of action, and a conference was called at York to determine whether Mary were innocent, and also to investigate into the charges brought by her against Murray, the regent

appointed for the new little king of thirteen months old.

Though nothing could be proved against the unhappy prisoner, for as such the dethroned queen must now always be regarded, she was retained in captivity, while Murray was acquitted of blame and permitted to return to Scotland.

Mary's crime was declared to be her undue claims to the crown of England; and till these were disposed of Elizabeth pretended that her own safety demanded the close keeping of her beautiful cousin.

Scheme after scheme was formed among Mary's friends and adherents for her deliverance, but their own ruin was all that they effected.

The Duke of Norfolk, another lover of the beautiful and now distressed queen, was, after being inveigled by his enemies into a line of conduct which was certain sooner or later to destroy him, imprisoned in the Tower, tried, and beheaded.

A young Roman Catholic gentleman, called Babington, deeply moved by the misfortunes of the Queen of Scotland, determined to brave every danger to effect her deliverance; but a traitor revealed his schemes to the English government, who allowed him to proceed to such lengths as should render him certain not to escape their toils when they thought fit to apprehend him.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE LIGHT-SHIP.



FAR I fling my saving light,
The good Lord speed it by His might,
Or precious souls may die to-night,
Homeward returning!
Once driven on these deadly sands,
In vain the boatswain pipes all hands,
In vain the captain gives commands,
So keep me burning!

Yea, let me pierce the midnight air,
And tell the stately *Téméraire*
'Here lurks a monster in his lair,
Cruel, rapacious!
One who could swallow up a fleet,
Yet hunger after other meat;
So let me fly through storm and sleet,
An angel gracious!

Rocked with the gale, and drenched with brine,
Drear is that little deck of mine,
Where one must make all night to shine
My precious warning;
The guardian of my light is blest,
Almost beyond earth's very best,
And well he will have earned his rest
To-morrow morning.

Oh, when the wolds are white with snow,
And blustering night-winds come and go,
And you have nestled warm below
Soft hands that cherish,
Give, boys, one sleepy thought to him
Who wakes all night his lamp to trim,
Lest if he sleep, and it grow dim,
Five hundred perish!

G. S. O.



The Lightship.



News from the Old Home.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 83.)



THOUGH Cyril was utterly wearied out in mind and body by all that he had gone through in the last twenty-four hours, yet he could not sleep. There seemed to be a tumult of thoughts within him, and he felt as though his life had suddenly come to a standstill, and he must begin again afresh.

Poor boy! it was indeed a terrible blow for him, to feel himself thus suddenly cut away from all kindred, all home-ties, and to know that, in truth, he stood alone and desolate in the world.

Who was he? What was he? Did no one on the face of the earth own him as a son, as a brother?

In the first bitterness of his spirit, Cyril felt as if he were a second Ishmael, whose hand would henceforth be against every man, and every man's hand against him. Soon, however, nobler, better thoughts prevailed. A voice seemed to whisper to him:—

'What if thou hast no name, no kin, yet despair not. Carve out for thyself a glorious name, and win thee an undying fame. Yes,' added he, speaking aloud, "'Cyril the Foundling" shall be a name of honour, and not of reproach. I will be braver than Captain Miles Standish, and wiser than Governor Winthrop, and —'

What more he would have added will never be known; for at this point a gentle voice interrupted him:—

'Why, Cyril, what aileth thee, brother?'

And turning round, he saw that Mercy had softly entered the room from her mother's chamber.

'Say that again, Mercy,' cried Cyril. 'Shall I always and for ever be thy brother?'

'Yea, surely,' replied the maid. 'But tell me now, while mother sleepeth, where hast thou been these four days past, when we needed thee so sorely?'

Thus questioned, Cyril told the whole story of his unfortunate delay in returning home in consequence of hunting the deer; of his finding the house nearly burnt to the ground, and meeting Increase, who sent them in pursuit of the Indians.

'You are dreaming still, Cyril,' exclaimed Mercy. 'Increase never could have told you that. He was there, and knew all that befell.'

'Tell me about it, Mercy.'

'It was very lonely all that day, without father and thee, and not even good Squanto to help us. Mother, too, was weary and ill at ease, and many a time did I go to the door and watch for your return.'

'Oh, that we had hastened back!' cried Cyril. 'But we were not minded to go home empty-handed, and a stag crossed our path, and, alas! we followed it and lost our way in the snow.'

'Nay, Cyril, I blame thee not. It was late in the afternoon when I remembered that the little calf in the far shed would want its bowl of milk, and I went forth through the garden, bearing it in my hand.

Of a sudden, I saw a figure rush forwards from the forest, and crouch down under the loose straw by the shed. As I stood still, dismayed, I saw that it was my cousin Increase with a white, scared face; and ere I had time to question him, I heard a rustling of leaves, and could just see in the distance a number of Indians, with spears and clubs, stealthily advancing towards us.'

'My poor Mercy!' exclaimed the boy. 'Oh, what could you do? How did you escape?'

'I never feared the Indians would harm us,' replied she, 'for they had always been friendly and helpful. My thought was that perchance Increase had done them some injury, and they would seek revenge upon his people. I flew to my mother, who had stood looking after me on the threshold; I seized a fur covering from the couch, wrapped it round her, and without a word drew her forth into the orchard. She must have thought me mad, but I dared not pause to speak till we were hidden behind the trees, and hurrying towards Salem. Then I told her what I had seen, and she said I had done well.'

'In sooth, it was bravely done!' cried Cyril. 'Thou hast more courage in thy little finger, Mercy, than Increase hath in his whole body.'

'The snow was falling fast ere we came hither, and it needed all my poor help to support dear mother's feeble steps. At first uncle Enoch would scarce believe my tidings, but he sent word to Captain Endicott, and all that night the train-band kept watch, lest the Indians had planned a surprise.'

'And did none give a thought to guarding our dear home?' asked Cyril, bitterly.

'There was never a fear of danger there,' said Mercy. 'On the morrow it was found that another outlying homestead, that of Master Brydges, had been attacked and burnt, and all the poor folk murdered in the night. Oh, Cyril, how terrible!' she added, with tears in her eyes.

'Yea, my brave little Mercy. Doubtless, thy warning saved the township, for their scouts would have warned the treacherous savages that the train-band was out.'

'And then,' she continued, sadly, 'came the worst. Poor mother took a chill, and Aunt Rachel saith that she will never more be well—that she cannot tarry long—'

The poor girl's voice was choked with sobs, and she could not finish the sentence.

Cyril looked at her almost with envy. She had a right to weep for her mother, but he felt that he was an outcast, and had no claim even for a share in her grief.

'Is there no hope?' he said presently. 'Did not thy father succeed in his errand, and bring back that learned and skilful surgeon from Plymouth?'

Mercy shook her head. 'My father could not prevail upon him to journey in this weather, even by many entreaties and great promises.'

There was a pause, then she continued in a lower voice:—

'Cyril, I have a message for thee. When my mother was first seized with the illness, and scarce hoped that she might live to see thee again, she took from her neck this ribbon and the little key fastened thereto, and gave them to me. Then she told me

that all the little garments worn on thy first coming to us were inclosed in an oaken casket, and left in our old home at Bristol for greater security, in the safe custody of our grandfather and a faithful servant, Tabitha by name. She charged me to give thee the key thereof.'

'Nay, Mercy,' said Cyril, turning away his head; 'I pray thee keep it till the day when I shall ask thee for it.'

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a sudden summons for Mercy by her father's voice. She put the ribbon round her neck, and hastened to the sick chamber.

When he was left alone, Cyril threw himself down on a mat before the hearth, and, overcome with weariness, he was soon in a heavy slumber.

Slowly and sadly did the long hours of that night pass away for the watchers by the sick-bed, for it was plain to all that Dorothy's strength was ebbing away, and that she could not live to see another day. Rachel Merrick, a skilful and tender nurse, had tended her with loving care, for in the hour of sickness all her past doubts and prejudices had vanished away.

It was not till the first faint rays of early dawn were glimmering through the narrow casement that Dorothy Goldthwaite's gentle spirit passed away in faith to the pilgrims' home—the Better Land.

All her loved ones were gathered round her; and as they watched her peaceful, happy face, a hush seemed to come over them, and they scarcely dared to grieve that their darling was taken away from the storms of this world to the sure haven of rest.

But they bitterly thought of the morrow, and of what life would henceforth be to them without the sunshine of that gentle presence upon their earthly pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XI.—NEWS FROM THE OLD HOME.

It was a clear, bright winter day, when the sun, glittering on the frosted crystals which covered the trees, made the whole forest look bathed in light. But Obadiah Goldthwaite had no eyes for the beauty which surrounded him: his head was bent towards the ground as he slowly made his way onwards, with his daughter Mercy by his side.

He seemed to be completely crushed by the blow which had fallen upon him; and even those who knew him best could never have believed that he had such a depth of passionate feeling under his quiet, reserved manner.

Some weeks had now passed away since Dorothy had departed to the better land; but still he could not return to his ordinary duties and labours. Mercy was his constant companion, and his chief comfort seemed to be in wandering with her and in talking to her of bygone days.

They had reached a point of rising ground, in the forest, from whence could be seen the steel-blue line of the ocean along the eastern horizon.

'Look, father!' exclaimed Mercy. 'I see yonder a sail. Methinks it seems too large for a fishing vessel: it hath more the look of a foreign ship.'

Obadiah looked in the direction she pointed out, and they soon saw that it was indeed an English

vessel, which was being carefully piloted into the dangerous entrance of Salem harbour.

'Let us go down to the shore, and see if the ship hath brought us tidings from England,' said Mercy, hoping to divert her father's thoughts for a while.

'As thou wilt, my child,' said he; and together they made their way down to the harbour.

Here they were joined by Cyril and Enoch Merrick, who had been out fishing, but had not met with much success that day.

They had not long to wait for the arrival of the ship, which proved to be the *Sea Venture*, from the port of Bristol. She had brought a cargo of goods and also some passengers, round whom the Salem people eagerly crowded to hear the last news from the old country. And truly in those days there were terrible and stirring events taking place.

The strife between King Charles and the Parliament had broken out in open war for the last year; and though there had at first seemed hope of peace, yet now that the Queen had come back from France with fresh supplies of money and arms, the struggle became more bitter on both sides. There was much talk of one Colonel Cromwell, a man of mark and influence on the side of the Parliament.

The master of the *Sea Venture* had been entrusted with a letter for Obadiah from his father.

'Tell me, friend,' said Goldthwaite, 'did he give thee the letter himself? Is he well in health?'

'Ay, truly,' replied the master. 'He gave it into mine own hands, and bid me bring back an answer; and more than that, he hath promised me a fine reward if I will bring thee back too, Master Goldthwaite.'

'When do you set sail again?' asked Cyril, who had been listening eagerly.

'Within a matter of fourteen days, if I can make up a cargo of furs in that space,' said he, as he turned away to his many calls.

Obadiah without further delay broke the seal of his letter and hastily glanced at it, while Cyril and Mercy watched him anxiously. But he seemed to be unconscious of their presence, and after reading it several times, he folded it up with a deep sigh.

'What saith my grandfather?' asked Mercy, timidly.

'He tells me—what, indeed, I well know—that he is old and feeble, being well-nigh eighty years of age; and that he hungereth for the sight of us all once more before his death.'

There was a moment's silence, for they thought of the loved one who was missing to their home, and felt that the old man could never more see them all upon earth.

Then Obadiah went on to tell of the news—about that bitter civil war so fiercely raging, of the battles fought and the cities taken, and the need, as his father said, there was in the old country of honest men and true.

It was growing late now, and the three turned back together—not homewards, alas! for their once pleasant home was no more—but to the friendly shelter of the Merricks' roof. They were silent, for Obadiah was full of anxious thought.

Why, indeed, should he hesitate to obey the old man's summons, and return to his native land?



Increase hiding from the Indians.

The burning of his home, the bitter loss of his dear wife—all seemed to have uprooted him from this, the country of his adoption. And then, though he scarcely owned it to himself, he had not found, even in this Puritan colony, the perfect freedom and peace which he had hoped for.

Yes, even here there had been troubles and dissensions, angry jealousies, and fierce persecution of those who would serve God in their own way.

Now, too, that his own land was, as he deemed it, a battlefield for the Truth, would it not be cowardly on his part to stand aloof from the strife?

He was still a man in the prime of life, who might yet take an active part in warfare, and thus bear his testimony before the world.

There were other motives which had also full weight with him. As he looked at the daughter by his side, now fast growing up towards womanhood,



Mary Queen of Scots.

he felt that the old home at Bristol, amongst her mother's friends and kindred, would be more congenial to the young girl than the training she would receive from Aunt Rachel.

Mercy was so like her mother, and he could not bear the thought of having all the life and brightness of her spirit crushed out of her by stern repression and constant petty discipline.

Then, too, there was Cyril. He turned to the boy,—

'Tell me, Cyril,' he said, 'would it be a sore trouble to thee to leave this land of hunting and fishing, and to journey back to Old England?'

The lad's eyes brightened at the words.

'It hath been the dream of my life, father! All this sport and adventure hath been but boys' play; but I am a man now, and would take my part in the world like a man.'

Obadiah smiled sadly at the boy's enthusiasm, but he would not damp it. Experience would come all too soon; and it was well to set forth with a goodly store of hope and courage.

'Oh, father!' cried Mercy, eagerly, 'let us go home. The good ship yonder will take us, and I could have all things in readiness on the morrow.'

As we have seen, Master Goldthwaite had already almost made up his mind on the subject, and it needed but little encouragement from his children to decide that they would take their homeward voyage as soon as the *Sea Venture* was ready to sail.

(To be continued.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Concluded from page 87.)



THEN and not till then this devoted young gentleman was seized, in company with the other conspirators, men of high standing in the kingdom, but enthusiastic like their leader in the cause of this oppressed queen; and all, after trial, were convicted of treason and brought to the scaffold.

There is no doubt that the state of religion in England at this time, the struggle going on between the followers of the Roman Catholic faith and those of the new Reformed religion, greatly increased the danger of Mary's position, since it was natural for the Roman Catholic gentry of England to take her part, and therefore to excite the alarm of a Protestant Queen.

This alarm was by no means unfounded either, since young Babington's project included the assassination of Elizabeth and the invasion of England by a Spanish army.

It had long been clear to the English cabinet that there would be no rest for their country while the Queen of Scots survived. To restore her to liberty, not to speak of a throne, would involve the most hazardous consequences, and was not now, after the wrongs inflicted on her, to be thought of; while on the other hand, to prolong her captivity was to retain a centre round which the disaffected could rally.

So the last scene of the tragedy drew near. Mary

had been removed under harsher gaolers to the castle of Fotheringhay, and there the nineteen years' captivity of the unfortunate lady were to come to a terrible close.

At last the unhappy queen was put on her trial in the great court of the castle. At first she refused to plead, saying that a queen could not be tried but by her peers; but being assured, that to allow a trial was the best means of proving her innocence, she gave way. So in the presence-chamber of the castle the poor lady sat for two whole days. 'She had no assistant, no papers, no witnesses,' says one writer; 'yet, with her wonderful self-possession and address, she kept at bay the hunters of her life.'

The two main subjects of accusation were Mary's alleged scheme to lead foreign powers to invade England, and the support she was said to have given to attempts at the assassination of Elizabeth. This last she denied most strenuously; she would never, she said, make shipwreck of her soul by such a bloody crime: and there is no reason to disbelieve her.

She was in due course found guilty, and in the following month Parliament implored Elizabeth to consent to her death. There is no doubt that the Queen of England desired no other than this; but the difficulty was, how to bring it about with a due show of reluctance. Even in those days, for one woman to condemn another, and that a relative, to death, for crimes hardly proved, was a matter to be done delicately.

That Elizabeth had really no scruple in desiring the death of her cousin, was amply evident in the fact that she had striven to get Mary's keepers to bring it about in some secret and apparently accidental manner in captivity; but rough as these men were, they were either too honest or too cautious to lend themselves to such measures.

The warrant, therefore, had to be signed by the royal hand; and when that was done Elizabeth was either seized with compunction or feigned to be in that condition, for she burst into loud lamentation, affected to have changed her mind, and requested that the deed might be brought back to her to be undone. But this she was informed was impossible, since it had passed into the hands of an official who could not give it up.

On the 7th February, 1587, the warrant for execution was read to the royal prisoner, and she was desired to prepare for death next morning. Her maids wept and fainted, but Mary preserved the most perfect composure. Her long captivity, the hope delayed from day to day and year to year, had doubtless tried and refined her spirit in the furnace of affliction, and given it strength to bear on to the end.

She spoke at last, to say that she had expected this end to her sufferings, and then again she denied her ever having intended or plotted for Elizabeth's death; 'but,' she added, 'the soul is not worthy of the joys of heaven which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner.'

Mary now wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, asking that her servants might witness her death, and then be suffered quietly to leave the kingdom, and also that her body might be sent to France for burial. This she begged in the name of Christ and in memory of their common ancestor, Henry VII. of England.

The French king, through an ambassador, made

an attempt to arrest the execution, and Mary's own son James sent also to Elizabeth with that intention; but both attempts failed, though the ambassadors of Scotland declared that the chief nobility would give themselves up as hostages to secure her against any plot on Mary's account aimed against the throne. Possibly, Mary knew of none of these interventions on her behalf, since her mind does not seem to have been agitated by any hopes of deliverance after the warrant had been read to her.

She bade the attendants hasten supper, as she 'had much on her hands;' and at that meal drank to her weeping maids, they pledging her in return upon their knees, asking her forgiveness for any ill done to her.

Mary, in her turn, asked forgiveness of them, and then retiring to her chamber wrote her will and three letters. Till four o'clock she alternately prayed and read, when she slept till daybreak. Then rising she distributed her clothes, excepting what she had on, to her attendants, and betook herself to prayer till the last summons came.

Then, arrayed in black satin, wearing a long veil, and with a pleasant countenance, she came forth to meet the sheriff, the lords and her keepers awaiting her in an antechamber.

Her most sorrowful parting was with an old steward, Sir Andrew Melville, whom she found there; he wept and bewailed her fate sorely, while she, kissing him, said,—

'Good Melville, cease to weep! Thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for now thou shalt see Mary Stuart relieved from all her sorrows. Farewell, good Melville! once again, farewell! and pray for thy mistress and queen!'

The inhuman Earl of Kent now objected to her maids accompanying her to the scaffold, an indignity the queen gently remonstrated against; and finally she was permitted to take with her two, named Kennedy and Turle, besides her apothecary and surgeon and the faithful Melville.

The scaffold stood in the great hall, covered with black cloth, and contained, besides the block, a stool for the queen to rest upon.

There she calmly seated herself during the reading of the warrant, calmly gazing on the headsman from the Tower, clad all in black velvet, and the two hundred spectators below the railings assembled to see her die.

She once again disclaimed the seeking of Elizabeth's death, and declared her forgiveness of her enemies.

After this she fervently repeated the Penitential Psalms, praying also in English for her son, the Church, and Queen Elizabeth. Then kissing the crucifix she had brought with her, she cried, 'As Thy arms, O Jesus, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me, O God, into the arms of mercy!'

'Madam,' said the Earl of Kent (who certainly seems to have been a very unfavourable specimen of the followers of that purer form of religion which was struggling into life), 'you had better put such popish trumpery out of your hand and carry Christ in your heart!'

Mary answered,—

'I can hardly bear this emblem in my hand without at the same time bearing Him in my heart.'

Her women, amid their tears and agony, were slow in removing part of her apparel, and the executioners endeavoured, rudely, to assist.

Mary, brave-hearted to the last, observed to the lords that she was not used to be undressed by such attendants, nor in such company.

The servants now broke forth with new and bitter lamentations; but the queen checked them with her finger on her lips, and kissed them again, bidding them pray for her.

Then the maid, Kennedy, bound her eyes with a gold-edged handkerchief, and, being led to the block, the queen exclaimed in a clear, unquailing voice,—

'Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!'

Unfortunate to the last, it took three strokes to sever her head from the body.

So perished the beautiful and hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, still young and still beautiful, though worn and white-haired with the troubles of more than half a lifetime.

That she made many mistakes and committed many grave errors none can doubt, but that her death was compassed by wrong and injustice is also certain, and leaves her fairly an object of compassion to all readers of history. Compassion! yes, and of admiration too, for her heroic bearing in the hour of trial and execution.

H. A. F.

A CATASTROPHE.



TIMID young hunter, Grimalkin by name,
One morning set out in pursuit of some game,
And, looking about with a critical eye,
A nest full of sparrows he chanced to espy.

It made his mouth water, I haven't a doubt,
To see the brown birdies go flying about;
And he said to himself, 'Claws are excellent things,
But I wouldn't mind having a stout pair of wings.'

The sparrows looked down on their bloodthirsty foe,
And twittered, 'You never can reach us we know.
We fear not your claws, for our nest is too high,
And we're none of us ready to make you a pie.'

The kitten went off in the greatest distress,
His troubles and trials alike to confess,
And like a great spinning-wheel loudly he purred,
'Oh! do, if you please, go and catch me a bird.'

'Indeed and I won't, you ridiculous elf!
If you want any birds you must catch them yourself.'
'Twas the answer he got to each anxious appeal,
And his desperate hunger he could not conceal.

He curled himself up at the foot of the tree—
No sportsman was ever more patient than he;
So deep and so guileless his slumbers appear,
The sparrows forget that their enemy's near.

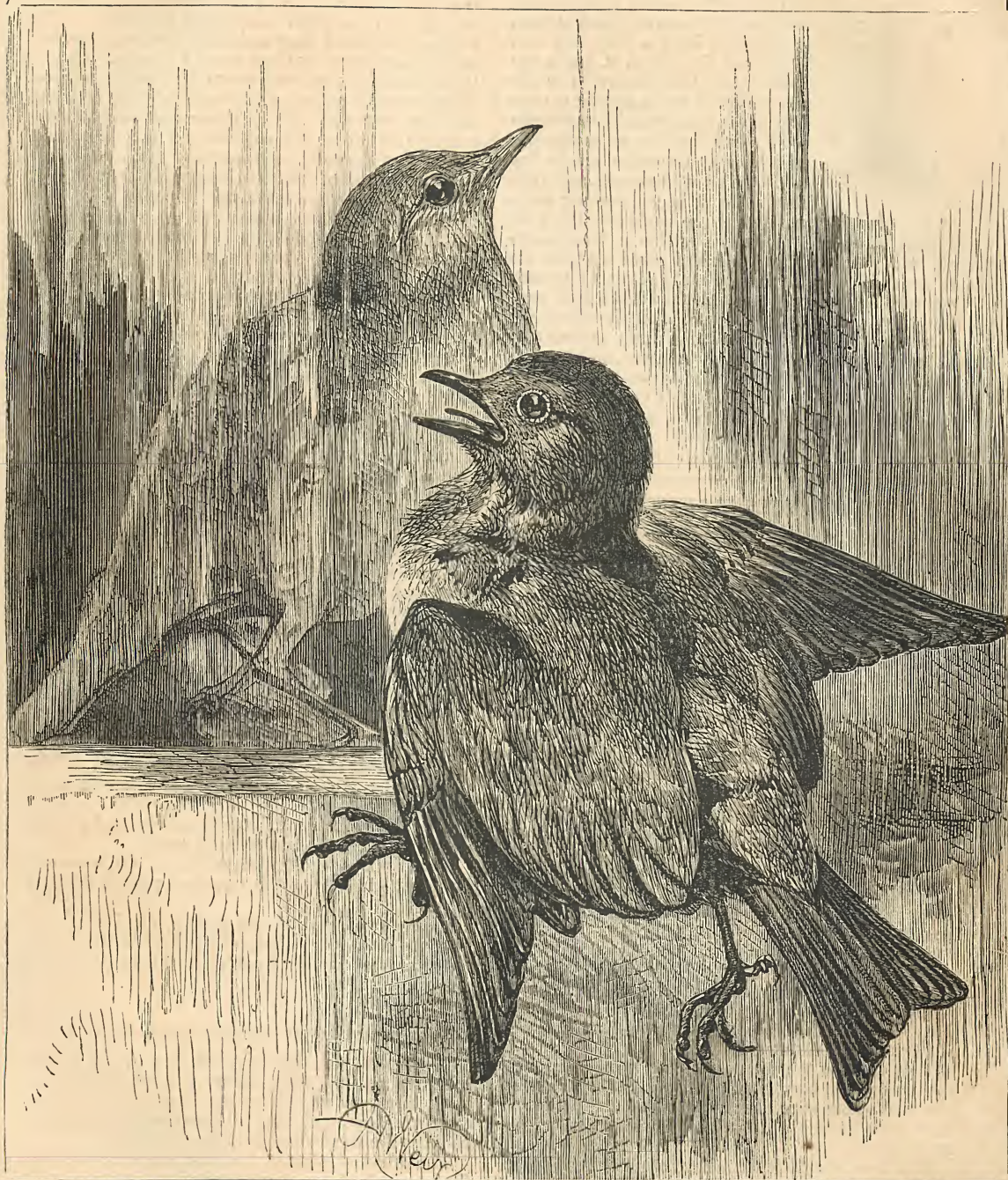
They get up a quarrel—those dear little birds—
And make their home noisy with passionate words,
Till over the door-sill a little one drops,
And the cat the next minute is licking his chops.

Oh! need I put down any moral in words,
My dear little darlings, my beautiful birds?
To keep from an enemy's snare it is best
There should never be any disputes in the nest.

The Independent.

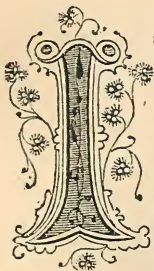


Grimalkin.



The Robin. By HARRISON WEIR.

THE ROBIN.



THOUGHT I would try the robin with one of its own species stuffed, of which I have a very fine one. I, first of all, placed it inside the window, so that the robin in the garden could see it, and he at once flew to the window and began pecking at the glass; but not succeeding in getting at the stuffed one he flew away for about a minute, and then returned and began pecking again at the glass, through which he could see the bird. I then placed the stuffed robin outside on the window-sill, and hid myself, but so that I could see what the robin would do now that he could get at it; he soon returned and began to peck at the stuffed bird most furiously. At last he knocked it off the sill of the window; he followed it as it fell down, and seemed to be quite pleased at being victorious, and went on pecking at and pulling feathers out of it while it was lying on the ground. I then came out of my hiding-place and frightened him away, or else he would soon have spoiled my bird.'

From 'The Naturalist.'

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 94.)

GREAT was the surprise of the little colony at Salem when this decision was made known, and many were the reproaches which Obadiah received from his fellow-Puritans for what they termed his backsliding. But he remained firm, and before the ship sailed several others, from various causes, were about to follow his example.

Amongst these was their neighbour, Roger Whitaker, who had received news that by the death of an uncle he had come into property in the City of London, and whose wife had strongly urged upon him the necessity of going to England to take possession. It was a comfort to Obadiah to think that his Meroy would have the care and society of kindly Mistress Whitaker during the hardships of the long sea voyage before them.

It was towards the end of January when the eventful day arrived, and the *Sea Venture*, with her cargo of furs, and her more precious freight of passengers, sailed forth from Salem Harbour.

Cyril and Meroy stood together on the deck, watching, with silent emotion, the land which so long had been their home fading away from their sight. What happy days they had spent in that forest homestead! How full of freedom, and interest, and delight, their childhood had been!

And then, as the memory of their one great sorrow came upon them with a sharp pain, they felt that the land where their dear mother had lived and died must ever be to them a place of sacred, tender remembrance.

But there was little time for thoughts like these in all the bustle and excitement of their first sea-voyage.

Cyril felt that he could not be idle, with work of any kind going on around him, and he soon became a great favourite with the sailors, who let him share

their labours. There was one of the seamen—a fine young fellow, named Tom Stedman—who soon became a constant friend and companion of Cyril, and of him we shall hear more hereafter. The weather continued clear and bright for two days, but on the third morning there came a change. One of those dense fogs, so common on the American coast, drifted over them, and soon completely hid both sea and sky from their view. There was anxious consultation between the captain and the pilot; and considering the dangerous nature of that rock-bound coast, it was thought safer to leave their direct course, and make for a more southerly direction.

This was the more important, too, as before the fog came on they had dimly discerned in the distance towards the north, great floating masses, which the seamen declared to be icebergs.

For three days the fog continued, and all that time the ship was drifting southwards. Then a fresh gale arose, and dispersed the mist; but the sea was so rough and stormy that the waves broke over the deck and dashed into the hold. All hands were called to the fore to pump and bale out the water, at which they laboured for many hours; but the water seemed but little diminished, and the captain began to suspect a leak somewhere. The ship's carpenter was carefully examining the matter, and all hands were occupied in baling, when Tom Stedman, whose post was at the look-out, suddenly startled them by the cry,—

'Sail ahead!'

There was a general rush towards the quarter-deck, and, surely enough, there, looming in the distance, could be seen a fine vessel, with all sail up, and seeming to be making in the direction of the *Sea Venture*.

'Heaven grant she be a friend!' cried the master; 'for I like not the look of this great rising of water, and I doubt we be in a perilous case.'

'Aye, sir,' said the mate, an experienced sailor, who had been watching the strange sail in anxious silence. 'But what think you of the build of that craft? What if she be a pirate! I have known many such on these seas.'

There was a pause of intense anxiety, and all eyes were fixed upon the approaching vessel.

There was a short time of breathless suspense, for great indeed was the terror of pirates in those days.

'There's no doubt of one matter,' cried Stedman, from the look-out: 'whatever she may be, she's hove round and bearing down our way. We shall have her alongside in a twinkling.'

CHAPTER XII.—HOMEWARD-BOUND.

MEANTIME the condition of the ill-fated *Sea Venture* became each moment more critical, for there could be no longer any doubt that she had sprung a leak, and that all the desperate efforts to bale out the water must soon be unavailing.

The dread of pirates, however, was so strong that the approach of the strange vessel was watched with intense anxiety.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the mate.

'Thank Heaven!' he cried, in thrilling tones, 'we are saved! She is a British man-of-war!'

It was indeed true. Help had come to the voyagers in the moment of their need.

Their signals of distress were noticed and responded to, and before long they were received on board the British vessel with the greatest kindness and hospitality. The captain of the *Neptune* had at once attracted the notice of the new-comers by his dress and appearance. He was quite a young man for such an important position, which however, in those days, was frequently given through court interest to any young sprig of the nobility who had a taste for a seafaring life.

He wore the long curls of the Cavalier of the period, a velvet doublet with lace ruffles, silk hose, buckled shoes—in short, a costume more fitted for a young court dandy than for a captain in command of one of his Majesty's ships of the line.

It seemed that the *Neptune* had been cruising about on the look-out for pirates, but Captain Raymond had just received orders from the king to return at once to England. To the last, King Charles strove to keep his hold on the navy.

It was, indeed, a great satisfaction to the poor wanderers to find that they could thus continue their homeward journey, and had the prospect of so soon reaching the shores of Old England.

There was a feeling, too, of safety and security about the fine, well-manned vessel, which Obadiah Goldthwaite at least had never felt on board the *Sea Venture*. These were happy days for Cyril, who always had such a keen delight in any fresh scenes of adventure. He soon became a general favourite among the seamen, and was always ready to take his share of any work or watching.

Captain Raymond took a great liking to the fine, high-spirited lad, with his handsome face and pleasant ways, and was glad to have him often in his company. One day he said to him—

'I shall be loth to part with thee when we go ashore, Cyril. Thinkest thou that thy grave father will spare thee for a time to go with me to Raymond's Court, where I can promise thee a hearty welcome, and thou shalt have a taste of what sport is like in the old country?'

The boy's eyes brightened at the thought, but he felt doubtful in his own mind as to whether Obadiah, with his strong Puritan views, would allow him to be an inmate of a Cavalier's household.

When, however, he doubtfully mentioned the subject, to his surprise Master Goldthwaite made no difficulty, he simply replied,—

'Thou art now of an age, Cyril, to know good from evil, and the choice must be left to thyself. Raymond's Court is at no great distance from the city of Bristol; and though Sir Geoffrey Raymond is a squire of Erastian views, and a lover of worldly pursuits, yet report ever speaketh of him as an upright and honourable man.'

After this permission, Cyril began to look forward eagerly to this visit to Raymond's Court. His only regret was that Mercy was not going also, and he talked to her so much about it that she began to feel almost jealous beforehand of the new friends he would make.

'Thou wilt soon forget us all,' said the girl, 'in the midst of gallant knights and courtly ladies. I would we were back again in our old home in the forest, where we were all together.'

But the lad only smiled at her fears, and merrily assured her that he could never forget his own people.

'His own people!' The words had scarcely left his lips, when he remembered that he knew of neither kith nor kin who were truly his own, and he wondered whether in the strange unknown future before him he should ever find any to claim him.

The voyage to England was accomplished without further adventure. The *Neptune* put in at the port of Bristol, and having seen Obadiah Goldthwaite and Mercy safely at their old home, Cyril joined Captain Raymond without more delay than was needful to provide himself suitably for going among strangers. Old John Goldthwaite had welcomed him with as much kindness as though he had been in reality his grandson. He gave him a horse of his own, and on parting with him filled his pocket with gold pieces.

'Remember, lad, if thy fine friends soon weary of thee,' said the old merchant, 'there is ever a home and a hearty welcome for thee here. Ah, me! it seems but the other day that my son brought thee hither, a helpless babe, to his sainted wife, and now she is gone, and thou art a tall stripling.'

There were sad hearts among those left behind. Obadiah felt doubtful as to whether he had acted wisely in thus suffering Cyril to go into the midst of temptation in a worldly household, and he gave him many warnings as to his conduct. Mercy only said a brief 'Farewell,' but her eyes filled with tears at the thought of losing her playfellow, as she watched him ride away up the narrow street. But the brave little maiden was not one to waste her time in idle regrets; she turned back out of the sunshine into the dark panelled chamber, resolved to try and fill her mother's place in that bereaved household.

Meantime Cyril rode quickly onwards to the place where he had promised to meet Captain Raymond. He had felt a passing regret at leaving his friends, but this was soon forgotten in the novelty and excitement of the journey. It was not long before he reached the wayside inn where he found his companion awaiting him.

To his dismay the boy was greeted with a merry laugh.

'I declare,' cried the gay captain, 'they have rigged thee out a perfect picture of a sour Puritan! In thy rough, weather-beaten garb of yesterday there was an air of adventure and wildness which did well become thee; but now —' and again he laughed, till Cyril reddened and felt inclined to resent the ridicule which stung him so sharply.

'Nay, nay, lad,' added his friend, good-humouredly, 'never take it to heart. A jest will break no bones. But to see a fine spirited fellow clad in that straight, square-caped, sad-coloured cloak, and a hat fit for a New England saint—I tell thee it was more than my gravity would stand.'

'I should feel flattered at causing you such good sport, sir,' replied Cyril, with a touch of bitterness; 'yet I do regret you should have mistook me for a

fine gentleman. I am but clad in the garb that befits my station.'

'Hoot, man! Talk not of thy station, but of thy cloak and doublet! and we may soon mend that. My man, Roger, will go back in all haste to the city, and bring thee more fitting apparel.'

Cyril had listened in silence and doubt for a moment, but at this suggestion all his spirit rose.

'I will no longer trespass upon your patience, noble sir! If my apparel be not to your mind, methinks it were more seemly for me to bid you farewell, and not thrust myself into a company where such respect is had to the outer garb.'

Upon hearing the lad's answer, Captain Raymond felt that he had made a grievous mistake, and lost no time in trying to atone for it.

'Forgive me, Cyril,' said he, earnestly. 'Rest assured I care not one straw for the matter myself; it was but the thought of others, and my wish to see thee do justice to thy good looks. But shake hands on it, to show thou dost not bear malice; and believe me, with that spirit of thine thou mayst wear what thou wilt.'

Nothing more was said on the subject, and the two rode on in friendly talk together, but Cyril could not forget Captain Raymond's words, and a new feeling of awkwardness and discomfort rankled in his mind. In the little world of Salem, where he had hitherto dwelt, there had been nothing to distinguish him from his neighbours, nothing to arouse that sensitiveness of youth to the opinion of others which had now been so suddenly and so painfully called to life.

As he thought how easy it would be to array himself like any gay Cavalier, the gold pieces in his pocket seemed to be burning a hole in it; but at the same time there was a noble, chivalrous feeling in the youth which held him back from thus owning himself to be ashamed of his Puritan friends.

As they journeyed on side by side, Captain Raymond told Cyril about the family at Raymond's Court. First there was the master, Sir Geoffrey, who had taken a most active part, so his brother said, on the King's side, as colonel of a troop of horse, in the war.

'I did learn on landing at Bristol,' said Captain Raymond, 'that his Majesty doth hold his court at Oxford now. I know not if my brother be with him, for the last news that reached me ere I set sail in the autumn was that the royal army was making good way in Cornwall, where they had beaten the Roundheads. But thou wilt hear enough of war and battles, I fear me. If Sir Geoffrey be away or not, thou shalt not want a welcome from the Lady Constance, and my nephew Walter will be joyful to have thy company, if he can tear himself from his books.'

'Is he then so great a scholar?' asked Cyril, with some awe.

'Yea, truly,' replied the captain, sadly; 'and more's the pity of it. To think that the heir of all the Raymonds should be a delicate boy, who loveth better to spend his hours in the library than in the chase or the company of soldiers, it is past belief! We must work a change in that, Cyril; thou must

lure him away from his books. At length, see, here we are, at the entrance of the park, and when we reach the summit of yonder hill where the deer lie, we shall see before us Raymond's Court, my dear old home.'

(To be continued.)



THE ADVENTURES OF IBU BATUTA.

MORE than five hundred years ago there lived in the Moorish city of Tangiers, in Africa, a learned man, called Ibu Mohammed, but better known by his surname of Ibu Batuta. Having a desire to visit all the saints and holy men he could hear of, he set out on a pilgrimage. Arriving at Alexandria, he found there a learned and pious Imam—Borhan, as we will call him, dropping for convenience all his other names.

Now when Ibu Batuta went to pay his respects to him the Imam said, 'I see you are fond of visiting distant countries. You must visit my brother Farid Oddin in India, and my brother Rokn Oddin in Sindia, and my brother Borhan Oddin in China, and present my compliments to them.'

Ibu Batuta was rather startled at receiving this extensive commission, especially as he had not at that time the slightest intention of visiting distant countries; but he at once determined on doing so, and delivering the Imam's compliments to his three brothers.

So Ibu Batuta set out on his travels, and passing through various countries, and seeing many strange and wonderful sights, he found two of the brothers, and delivered the Imam's compliments to them.

And now behold him at Delhi, the capital of the Indian Empire, received with great honour by the Emperor as a distinguished traveller. After he had paid his homage the Vizier said to him, 'The lord of the world appoints you to the office of judge in Delhi; gives you a dress of honour, a saddled horse, twelve thousand dinars for your present support, and a yearly income of twelve thousand dinars, and lands in the villages.'

Our traveller now lived in splendour, till one day a sheikh, with whom he was on friendly terms, incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, and Ibu Batuta, with several other friends of the sheikh, were involved in his disgrace.

Now the Emperor, though an extremely generous man, had an unpleasant habit of ordering people that he disliked to be shot from his military engines, or trampled to death by elephants. So Ibu Batuta, though he was a judge, was in a dreadful fright, said his prayers night and day, and fasted continually. However, after four days of suspense, he was released, but all his companions in disgrace were put to death. This narrow escape gave him such a shock that he changed his course of life, resigned his judgeship, gave all his property to a kind



The good Black Man carrying Ibu Batuta.

of religious mendicants called faquirs, and, putting on their habit, joined their order.

He was not suffered to remain in obscurity. The Emperor sent for him; and when Ibu Batuta presented himself, clad in his coarse faquir's dress, the Emperor was more gracious than ever, saying to him, 'I wish to send you as an Ambassador to the Emperor of China, for I know you love travelling in foreign countries.'

Ibu Batuta was delighted; at once accepted the appointment; and, laying aside his coarse garments, he set out on his mission with great magnificence, with dresses of honour, horses, plenty of money, and a body-guard of a thousand cavalry.

On their way they were attacked by the Hindoos, who, though routed at first by the soldiers, contrived to cut off Ibu Batuta and five of his companions from their escort. Flying from his enemies as fast as his horse could carry him, he got entangled in a valley thickly covered with trees, and seeing there was no escape, he dismounted and surrendered himself a prisoner. The robbers, stripping him of everything, bound him and carried him with them for two days, intending to kill him. However, they let him go, and as he was in constant fear lest they might change their minds and return to seek for him, he hid himself in a thick wood. He was afraid to venture into the roads, for they all seemed to lead to the Hindoo villages or to dreary ruins. Thus he passed seven days of misery, living on the leaves and fruit of the mountain trees.

At length, when he was quite worn out, he saw approaching him a black man, who had with him a small water-vessel, and carried in his hand a staff shod with iron. After saluting one another, the black man asked the unhappy traveller's name; and Ibu Batuta telling who he was, asked his black friend for his name also.

'I am called,' said he, "'El Kalb El Karih'" (that is, 'The Wounded Heart').

He then gave Ibu Batuta some pulse to eat and some water to drink, and asked him to go with him on his journey, but the wretched man could not move. He lay exhausted on the ground, and so the good black man, lifting him up and setting him on his shoulders, carried him along till Ibu Batuta fell asleep from fatigue, and when he awoke he found himself once more at the palace-gate at Delhi.

The Emperor, having heard of what had befallen the traveller, received him kindly, and fitted him out again as splendidly as before. But this time he got shipwrecked, and, being afraid to return to his rather dangerous patron, he stayed at one of the Maldiv Islands, where he was treated with great distinction, raised to the rank of judge, and once more lived sumptuously.

But his restless disposition, or the remembrance that he had not yet called on the Imam's third brother, impelled him to travel to China; where, after finding out that worthy and delivering the 'compliments,' he stayed some time, astonished at the wonders of the Celestial Empire.

At length, after twenty-eight years of absence, he returned home, having delivered Imam Borhan's 'compliments' to his three brothers in India, Persia, and China. And though, perhaps, he was rather

long about it, it gave him great satisfaction, and he devoted himself to writing an account of his travels. But it does not appear that he ever again saw the poor black man who saved his life. A. R.

THE STORY OF CHARLEY.



POOR cobbler and his wife sailed for Quebec as emigrants in the year 1834, and with them went Charley. Their little boy, of course you will think he must be; but though he had two legs and a cheery voice, he was no child at all, but a skylark, handed up to his new master from a small boat by a friend,

a noted birdcatcher, as the emigrant ship slowly made its way down the Thames.

'A real good one,' the bird was said to be, and it was at once named after the giver—Charley.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence that vessel was wrecked, nothing being saved beyond the lives of crew and passengers; so when poor Henry Patterson, the bird's owner, landed in Canada, his sole possession consisted of a wife hanging on his arm, and Charley lying a soft warm ball in the foot of an old stocking.

Patterson was a shoemaker by trade, and after some trouble he set up shop in the new country, in the town of Toronto. The window of his working-room looked on to the street and to the south, and here, on a nail in full blaze of the sun, hung Charley's cage, with its sod of turf to remind him of happy English fields.

Charley, like a good bird, was satisfied with the poor substitute, and busy all day hopping on and off his grass-plot, varying the monotony by a dip in his seed-tin and water-dish. These were his occupations; his pleasures were all in song, shrill and joyous as any lark at home. All sorts of men, walking and riding, busy and idle, stopped before Patterson's door to hear the triumphant lay.

The English skylark is not known in those climes, so the song, transplanted straight from the mother country, woke echoes of past times in the breast of many a settler. Charley's master worked away meanwhile in the background, with a glance now and then at his treasure, forced at times from his silence by the efforts of some of the bird's admirers to become his purchasers. Three people separately offered him a hundred dollars for the lark; an old farmer suggested a hundred acres of land as a suitable exchange for him; and a poor Sussex carter was so overcome by his song, and the frantic desire to possess the singer, that he walked into the shop and begged Patterson to take his horse and cart, his all in the world, and give him Charley.

But to no one would Patterson sell the gift of his friend—his one remembrance of Old England.

Would Charley, then, sing out his life in the

humble window of the emigrant cobbler? Alas, no! Changes were in store for him; poor Patterson was one day shot in a street conflict, his goods were sold for the benefit of the distressed widow, and Charley went amongst them. Who bought him, do you think? One of his great admirers; a personage no less than the Governor of Canada, Sir Francis Head!

From the cottage to the palace went Charley. His quarters were now the beautiful conservatory of Government House. Surely there he would float upwards on his recovered wings, singing more sweetly than ever? But no! to the disappointment of his kind, new master, Charley moped and was utterly silent. Perhaps he missed the busy movement of the cobbler; perhaps he missed the moving throng in the street; anyhow he was dumb, and remained so to the last moment of his stay in the gorgeous greenhouse.

When Sir Francis left Canada he gave the bird to a poor man of about the same standing as Patterson. This Daniel Orris took him to his cottage, and hung him in the old fashion in a small cage in the window.

The old home seemed to have returned to the loyal-hearted Charley, and once again he opened his mouth and sang; sang happily, melodiously, till his death, which took place in due course of time.

Then Orris sent his remains to Sir Francis Head in England, and the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum, devoting all his powers to the work, presented him once more to the world singing in his cage, with unruffled plumage, open mouth, and shining eyes. Only, as before, when in Sir Francis' service, the bird's song was silence.

Charley was now placed under a glass case, with this inscription written thereon:—

'This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th March, 1843, universally regretted. "Home! home! sweet home!"'
H. A. F.

MARSHAL NEY.



MICHAEL NEY was born in Lorraine, in 1769. As a boy of thirteen he was put in a notary's office, but he was too full of high spirit and courage, and too fond of adventure, to brook so dull a life; and in 1787 he enlisted in a regiment of hussars, and in seven years he rose to a captaincy.

He did many famous exploits in the various wars in which France was engaged in those stirring times. While serving with the army of the Rhine he took two thousand prisoners and the town of Würzburg, though he had only a handful of cavalry under his command. For this achievement he was made a general of brigade.

The victory of Hohenlinden was due in great measure to his unyielding bravery, and when Ney returned to Paris after the peace of Luneville Napoleon warmly received him, and to attach him to his cause he brought about a marriage between Ney and Mademoiselle Augnié, a friend of Hortense Beau-

harnais. He continued to distinguish himself in the Prussian, Russian, and Spanish campaigns. When the grand army of France set out for Russia in 1812, Ney was placed in command of the third corps. In that disastrous expedition he urged Napoleon to winter at Smolensko, but though his counsel was unheeded by the Emperor he did not bear his part less bravely, and he won for himself from Napoleon the title of 'The bravest of the brave.' During the terrible retreat Ney did marvels of valour. General Dumas tells that one morning a man, in dark cloak, long beard, and weather-beaten face, entered his tent. 'I am here at last, General,' said the stranger. 'Don't you know me?' General Dumas answered that he did not, and the other went on to say, 'I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno. I have thrown the last of our armies into the Niemen, and have come here through the woods. I am Marshal Ney.'

During the two following years the brave general fought for his country, and did much to win victories for the French standard. In 1814 he retired to his country-seat, till he was summoned to Paris to take a fresh command; but when he found that he was to oppose his old chief, who had returned from Elba, he went over to Napoleon instead of capturing him, and his example was followed almost by his whole army.

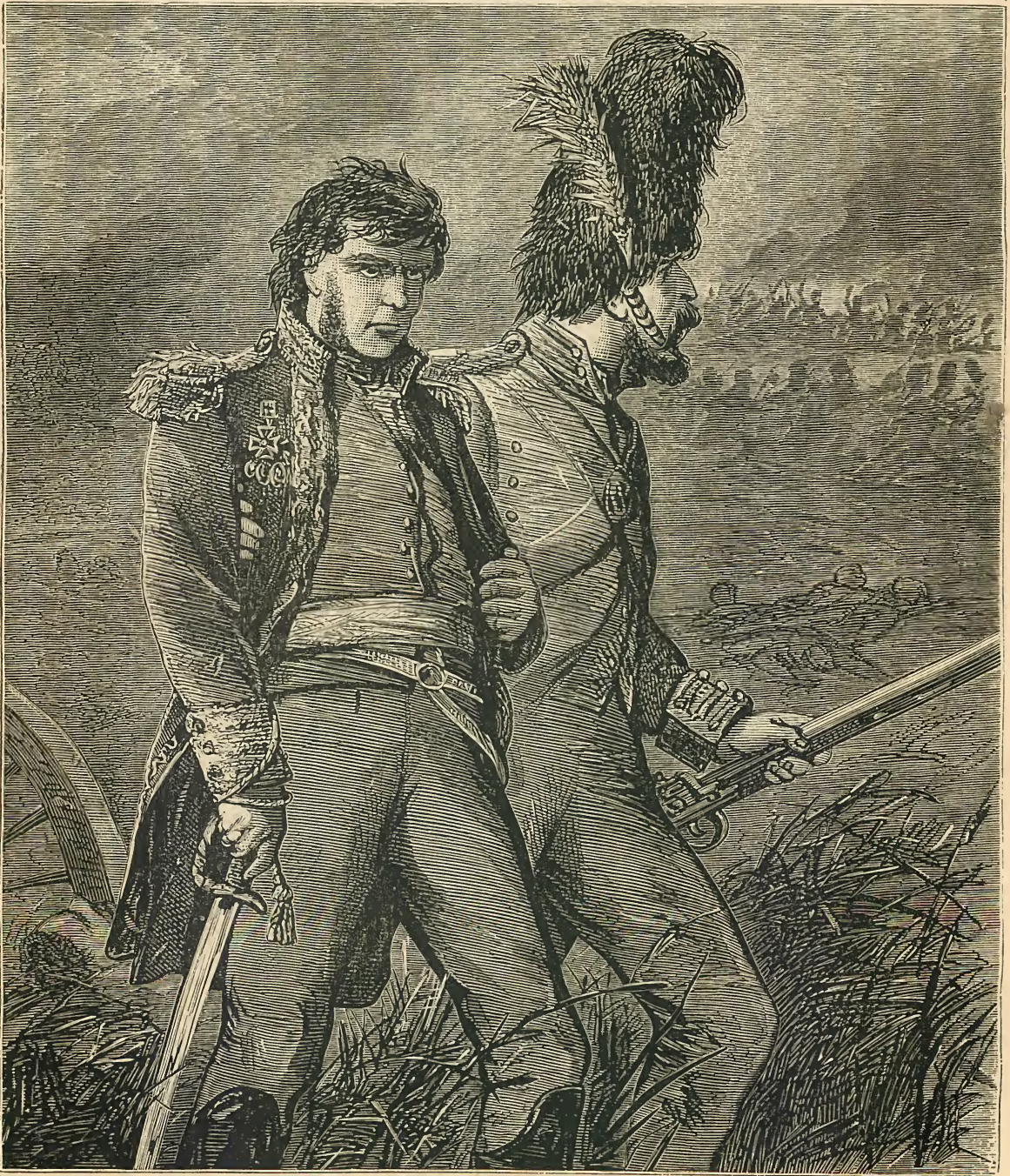
At Waterloo Marshal Ney acted with wonderful bravery. On foot he headed the column of the Guard, and urged them to the charge, when they were being pressed by overwhelming numbers. All was vain, however, and he was among the last to quit the field.

In a letter to the Duc d'Otrante after the battle the Marshal describes the cause of the defeat, and adds,—

'General Friant had been struck by a ball by my side, and I myself had my horse killed, and fell under it. The brave men who will return from this terrible battle will, I hope, do me the justice to say that they saw me on foot with sword in hand during the whole evening, and that I only quitted the scene of carnage among the last—at the moment when retreat could no longer be prevented. At the same time the Prussians continued their onward movement, and our right retired before them. The English, too, advanced, and there remained to us four squares of the old Guard to protect the retreat. The brave grenadiers, the choice of the army, were forced to yield ground foot by foot, till, overwhelmed by numbers, they were almost entirely destroyed. As for myself, constantly in the rear-guard, which I followed on foot, having had all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, and having no longer strength to march, I owe my life to a corporal who supported me on the road, and did not abandon me during the retreat.'

After the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, Marshal Ney returned to Paris, where he was accused of treason, and was brought to trial and condemned to death. The garden of the Luxembourg was chosen for the place of execution, and there the brave soldier calmly met his doom; there, in 1815, at the age of forty-six, he who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor.





Marshal Ney supported by the Corporal.



Our Old General.

OUR OLD GENERAL.

THERE'S our old Duke,' said Smith to Steel one day,

'I fought beneath his banner at Assaye.'
'But I,' said Steel, 'was with him in his fights,
When he set poor distracted Spain to rights.'
'Well, Steel,' said Smith, 'while on his bust we gaze,
Pray tell us something of those glorious days.'
'Gladly I will:—'Twas in Mondego Bay
Ten thousand landed—well I mind the day.
It was not long ere on Rorica's height
We first smelt fire, and knew how soldiers fight.
An August morn it was, of stainless blue,
And round our camp ten thousand wild flowers grew,
Soaked ere the noon with many a hero's gore,
While birds fled frightened at the cannon's roar.

'Next, Marshal Junot played our Arthur chess
On Vimiera's field, without success;
We beat him well, but did not reap, alas!
The fruits we won—a blunder, let it pass.
To England Arthur went, dissatisfied,
And Nap. through Spainland poured a martial tide;
Moore at Corunna fell, and fighting bravely died.
Arthur to Spain once more Britannia orders:
"I've no one else can pacify her borders."
So Arthur landed on an April day,
With troops and guns in apple-pie array.'
'Where did he land?' said Smith. 'In Lisbon, boy,
And wasn't Lisbon almost drunk with joy!
"Wellesley" had such a magic ring about it,
They thought 'twas happiness enough to shout it;
But quick! across the Douro we must go,
To reach old Soult, a very foxy foe;
Yet how? we ask; the floating bridge was gone,
And as for boats, my lad, we saw not one.
There Soult stood laughing at us from his inn.
"But," said Sir Arthur, "let those laugh who win."
Spite of Sir Soult, and without "if you please,"
Our "reds" were ferried o'er by twos and threes;
And, to be short, our Captain ate that day
Soult's beef and pudding, while he fled away
To join his brother-captain, Marshal Ney.

'We followed, and on Talavera's plain
Our rival armies met, and met again;
One day was not enough, you see, to test
Sir Arthur and his rivals, which was best.
They left him master of the bloody spot;
But then the Spaniards, an ungrateful lot,
And blind as moles, Sir Arthur's words decried,
And o'er Castille were scattered far and wide,
So helped us not—our leader, all alone,
Must hurl proud Joseph from his Spanish throne.

'Next, Torres Vedras showed its ramparts three,
Drawn from the Tagus to the heaving sea;
There we could hide, and thence our fighting men
Could sally forth, like lions from a den.
And it was well, for, through the Pyrenees,
The Frenchmen buzzed like swarms of angry bees;
And had no lines of Torres Vedras frowned,
We had been swept clean off our vantage ground.
Behind our strongholds long *perdu* we lay,
Then, at the signal, hastened to the fray,
And but two fights, Fuentes and Busaco,
Cleared Portugal from every Frenchman's shako.

'Sir Arthur, now Lord Viscount Wellington,
To fields of fame still led his soldiers on;
I need but just our proud old flag unfurl
To read the names which made my Lord an Earl.
But, Salamanca, what a fight was thine!
To win thy wreath what virtues did combine!
Uphill we pressed—five thousand muskets poured
Their death-fire on us—furious cannon roared—
Glittered the bayonets—the grape-shot ploughed
Its hideous furrows through the shrieking crowd—
The ground shook at the heavy horsemen's tread,
As they rode over dying men and dead;
And Victory seemed to waver long, until
We clutched her garland on the blood-stained hill.

'Now Joseph finds his capital too hot,
Too warm for comfort, so he flies the spot,
Whilst our brave Earl (a Marquis he is now)
Enters Madrid with triumph on his brow.

'Then comes Vittoria, when the routed host
Flies like a whirlwind from the Spanish coast,—
Beggared of all, the beaten army runs,
Leaving behind him baggage, stores, and guns;
Upon his track of flight one could behold
Gems, pictures, costly garments, plate of gold,
In wild confusion! On the Marquis prest:
He was not one to give the flying rest;
Through the wild Pyrenees he led his men,
And British bugles woke their echoes then.

'Soult to the rescue of French honour came—
A better soldier is not known to fame;
And now the hill-sides heard the sounds of strife,
Their streams ran crimson with the loss of life;
Their vultures knew, and knew it with delight,
Suppers are plentiful when heroes fight.
Vainly did Soult, by hook or crook, essay
To drive us back—Lord Arthur had his way.
To every blow we gave a harder whack,
And into France pushed her brave legions back;
And triumphed so—but Victory is won
Too dear, my lad, thinks Hector Steel for one!

G. S. O.

AN AWFUL STORY.

THERE was once an awful little girl who had an 'awful' to everything. She lived in an awful house in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In the summer she found herself awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl will come to an awful state, and if she does not get rid of this vulgar way of saying 'awful' about everything, I am afraid she will, by-and-by, come to an awful end.



THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

THE rivers of America are among the greatest glories of that country; such wide, wonderful highways from lake to coast, and from province to province, are most valuable to the inhabitants.

There, on the bosom of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, may be seen crafts of all sorts, from the mere log-raft for bringing the forest-trees in old, simple fashion, to their market in great cities, to the newest build of giant steamer carrying thousands of men, women, and children within its throbbing frame. A city in itself!

I must tell you a story about one of these floating palaces, which, though it has been told before, is well worthy of being repeated.

One winter's night a great steamer was rushing at full speed on its course up the river St. Lawrence, when a cry of 'Fire!' struck terror into the hearts of the passengers. Fire is a terrible enemy at such times, and means certain death to the weak and helpless on board an over-crowded vessel. So there were cries, and shrieks, and frantic searchings of husbands for wives, parents for children, during that dark night.

The fire could not be subdued, and as a last hope the captain steered for the river bank, trusting that the many who could not escape by boat might either swim through the icy current to shore, or might even cling to the forest-trees, under whose overhanging branches he, in his despair, drove his huge, blazing steamer.

Amongst the passengers were a little party of children, who, with their father and young nurse, were journeying home to mother and happiness. At the first alarm, the nurse brought her three children on deck, where the father joined them; and there they clung together calm and patient, waiting to see what was best to be done. No boats; and tiny children of two, four, and six, could neither swim nor climb. But nurse was young and active, and very brave; so father, as a last hope, bade her follow him with the youngest child, while he carried the other two boys fastened closely to him. The great arms of the forest-trees could just be seen touching the ship's side, and even leaning over it.

A false step in such peril meant death; but the flames were nearing them, and father and nurse quitted the deck to scramble among the huge, forked branches, in search of a safe spot in which to wait for daybreak. The glare of the blazing steamer helped them, and presently the nurse and baby dared crouch down where the interlacing boughs made a natural cradle high above the ground. There the father left them with one of his boys, while he sought how to reach dry land and help for the other, the most delicate child of the three.

'Try to keep the children warm,' said the father; 'and be sure I shall return the moment I can.'

Oh! what hours those were for the poor little nurse! The baby wailed, and then the elder child wept, and both were cold and hungry, and only half

clothed. First, nurse's tippet went round baby, and then her hood was taken off for little Paul, and then the fretting grew more sad, and she stripped off her woollen skirt to wrap round both, till bit by bit she had parted with nearly all her garments. And then she hoped, and despaired, and prayed, and was comforted, and then began it all over again. When would the daylight come? when would the father return? And oh, the bitter cold! Should she be able to hold her children tight to her in their dangerous cots, with the winter wind stiffening her poor fingers, and chilling all the blood in her body?

She would try, God helping her, and she knew morning must come at last. And it did come, that grey winter dawn! The father, having saved his one child, now returned for the rest, hardly daring to hope they would be alive.

He had help with him, and a cry of joy was raised at sight of the elder babe stretching out eager arms to his father: he was alive, at all events. And the babe? The babe lay breathing softly on its nurse's knee, guarded as well as might be from the icy cold.

But the little nurse? She had her arm round the babe in motherly fashion, the other hand clutching the bigger boy's frock; but she neither moved nor spoke to those who came to rescue her. There was a smile on her pale face, but it was for no one there: the little nurse was dead! Her clothes wrapped round the living children told the story as no human lips could, that bravely and lovingly she had laid down her life for the babes.

That is all my little tale of the St. Lawrence river, but having heard it, I think you will say it was worth the telling. The story of such a noble deed stirs our hearts to the very core, and makes us feel that human nature, if sinking to sad depths of sin at times, has not wholly lost the likeness of God in which it was first made.

H. A. F.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 100.)

CHAPTER XIII.—RAYMOND'S COURT.



S Captain Raymond and Cyril reached the brow of the hill, they saw before them the old Gothic building, with its battlements and turrets, rising from amongst the trees on a sloping bank, at the foot of which there was a lake. Raymond's Court was an ancient castle, of which portions were said to date back to the reign of Stephen; but the greater part was of different ages, having been added by successive squires, until it seemed to reveal its history in the various styles of architecture, which would have made it a delight to an antiquary.

To the boy Cyril, however, it was simply the grandest castle he had ever seen; and as he looked at it with delighted eyes, and wondered at the solid massiveness of the grey towers, he seemed to realise



The River St. Lawrence.

the scene of those old tales of feudal chivalry which he had loved to hear from the lips of Dorothy Goldthwaite.

His companion, highly pleased at the lad's enthusiasm, pointed out to him some of the striking features of his ancestral home: the north-west turret, where tradition said that Queen Margaret had been hidden for a time in the Wars of the Roses; the Tudor wing, to the south, built by a loyal Raymond to

receive Queen Elizabeth on one of her stately progresses through the country; the gateway, still marked with the cannon of a bygone siege; and much else, which Cyril listened to with eager interest.

They had now reached the drawbridge, which was let down across the moat, but the great gate was closed: and it was only at the second call from Captain Raymond that the warden unlocked it, and



Sir Geoffrey meeting his Brother.

slowly pushed back the massive gate, which creaked on its hinges.

'Sirrah, you knave! make better speed, I prithee. Truly it is scant courtesy to keep your master's brother and his guest waiting without in this biting wind, while you fumble away there.'

'Pardon me, your honour,' said the old man, taking off his cap. 'I did but catch a glimpse of the young gentleman yonder, and in these troublous

times——. But it is a happy day brings you back to us, Master Harry, and just in time for the feast, too!'

'What mean you, old Roger?' asked the captain. 'What feast?'

'Why, see you, it is the young squire's birthday to-morrow, and now folk tell there be a fine hope of peace, we be going to have grand doings, and all the country-side bidden to it.'

'You are come in the nick of time, Cyril.'

At the sound of their horses' hoof-tramp in the court-yard, several grooms and serving-men had come out to see who the new-comers were, and the tidings of his brother's arrival soon reached Sir Geoffrey Raymond himself, who came to the hall-door to meet him. He was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life, dressed in full Cavalier fashion—a periwig of long flowing curls, a dark-coloured velvet doublet and cloak, shoulder-belt and sword-knot, silken hose, with Spanish leather shoes, and roses on the instep.

All this Cyril took in at a glance as he drew back somewhat from the cordial greeting with which the brothers met.

'Well, Harry, old fellow, so you are come back to us again, after all your adventures and sea-fights; crowned with laurel, too, I'll warrant!' cried the squire's genial voice.

'Nay, Geoffrey, I leave the laurels to you; they are not in my line. You will have much to tell of your gallant deeds, and that victory which rumour says you won down in Cornwall last autumn, with his Majesty, when you put the Roundhead knaves to the rout.'

'Ay, truly, we gave the prick-eared villains a taste of our mettle, and had well-nigh taken Essex himself prisoner; but, alas! brother,' he added, 'it was but a trifling matter weighed against all our defeats. We will talk no more on such sad business on thy home-coming: let us go to the tapestried chamber, where my good Constance waits to welcome thee. But whom have we here?' he continued, in a low voice, as he caught sight of Cyril. 'Some young Puritan, surely, who hath heard our free talk! Is he honest, think you?'

The lad heard the whispered words, though they were not meant for his ears, and blushed crimson. He did not understand that 'honest,' in the party language of the day, simply meant one of the same political opinions as the speaker, and he wished from his heart that he had never come.

Meantime Captain Raymond, with ready tact, took Cyril's hand and drew him forward; for by this time they had both dismounted from their horses, which were being led away by the grooms.

'Pardon me, my brother, that I have not already made thee acquainted with this my young friend, for whom I have made bold to claim thine hospitality. Talk of laurels, Geoffrey! why this is a hero, whose adventures will delight thee mightily.'

Upon this, the knight made a most courteous bow, and, with a pleasant smile, assured the youth of a hearty welcome if he would honour Raymond's Court with his presence.

They then all proceeded together across the great hall, with its stained-glass windows, and oaken wainscoted walls, hung with old armour and trophies of the chase. At one end was the minstrels' gallery, which was being decorated with gay hangings, in readiness for the morrow's entertainment. After ascending the broad oak staircase, and passing several galleries, they reached the tapestried chamber, the favourite sitting-room of the Lady Constance.

As Cyril looked at the lady who came forth to receive them with such stately yet winning courtesy, he thought that he had never seen any one so beautiful in his life.

Now came out a lad of about fifteen years of age from the deep recess of a window, where he had been reading. He was not so tall as Cyril, with a gentle, delicate face, and long brown curls: he wore a cloak and doublet of dark green, ruffles of lace and embroidery, and bow-knots of ribbon, and held in his hand a Spanish hat and feather.

This was the heir, young Walter Raymond, of whom his uncle had said with a sigh, that he was a scholar; and Cyril looked at him with no small interest and curiosity. Walter returned the glance, and began to enter into conversation with the stranger. Captain Raymond noticed it with pleasure.

'Ah, you will be good friends, you two lads, before long; for young Goldthwaite here cometh from New England, in America, and will tell thee much concerning foreign parts.'

'We must not suffer our guest to be wearied with questionings ere he hath taken due refreshment,' said the Lady Constance, with a smile. 'Walter, my son, wilt thou lead the way to the lesser banquetting-hall, where, doubtless, supper is provided for the travellers?'

'I will not say "Nay" to that,' exclaimed Captain Raymond; 'for our long ride hath been enough to whet our appetites. At the least I can speak for myself.'

Thus invited, Cyril followed the others through the vestibule to a fine chamber, whose walls were covered with hangings of Cordovan leather, stamped with gold, representing bull-fights and battles of the Moors. The chairs also were of stamped leather. There were some few pictures in the room, which seemed to be portraits of bygone members of the Raymond family; while over the chimney-place was one of the present Sir Geoffrey Raymond himself, by a certain painter named Vandyke.

Cyril did full justice to the repast, which was served in silver dishes by a number of attendants. His pride had many pricks that day, for he could not help noticing that even the serving-men looked at his apparel with a measure of contempt. The Lady Constance and young Walter were the only persons who had not seemed to notice it, and he felt most grateful to them for their courteous forbearance.

In the evening, when the family were again assembled in the tapestried chamber, Cyril was called upon to tell somewhat of his life in New England.

With his memory of it, perhaps softened by time and distance, Cyril gave a most glowing description of the land of his childhood: he spoke of the primeval forests, the boundless hunting-grounds; but he felt that in that splendid dwelling he could not speak of the simple home-life of Dorothy Goldthwaite and little Mercy.

'Didst thou ever see a wolf thyself, lad?' asked Sir Geoffrey, with a sportsman's keen interest.

'Many a time, sir,' replied Cyril; 'and once, indeed, they had well-nigh seen the last of me. I was travelling through the forest with our Indian servant, good Squanto, when a snow-storm came on, and we lost our way. It was needful to stay that night in the forest, and we did make a great fire to warm and protect us. In the night we were awoken by the howling of wolves, to find them close around,

glaring at us in the darkness, doubtless attracted by the scent of the venison we had killed.'

'A sad plight, truly!' exclaimed Walter. 'Tell us, how did you escape from the wild beasts?'

'They are timid creatures, are wolves. We did but stir up the embers of the fire, throw burning sticks at them, and fire a few shots, and they departed, leaving us in peace.'

'But if you had not woke up?' said Walter, in horror.

'Then, in sooth, sir, I had not this day partaken of your good cheer.'

'And now tell me of the Indians,' said Walter. But his uncle interrupted,—

'Another time would, methinks, be more suitable, for it groweth late; and we folk, who be not scholars like thee, Walter, are wont to seek our couches early. Moreover, on the subject of the Indians yonder lad will discourse excellently by the hour together. By your leave, madam,' added Captain Raymond, rising with a bow to the lady of the house.

'First, if he is so minded, I will bid them show our young guest to his chamber,' said the Lady Constance. 'He will rest this night in the little octangular room, nigh to thine, Harry.'

A serving-man, with a lantern, soon made his appearance, and Cyril, nothing loth, took leave of the company.

'A good night to thee,' exclaimed the captain; 'and dream not of wolves and Indians, I pray thee, Cyril!'

As soon as the door closed Lady Constance cried out,—

'What name was it thou didst speak, brother? Is the lad's name, in truth, Cyril? Ah, me!' she sighed, 'to think that if my Cyril, our first-born, had lived, he might have been such another as this bright-eyed, gallant youth!'

'Pardon me, Constance, for reviving thy sorrow. In truth, I had forgotten thy loss when I let the name slip,' said Harry Raymond, with a tone of sympathy.

'It is sixteen years ago,' continued the lady, as though she had not noticed the interruption; 'sixteen long years since that bitter day when they brought me the tidings that my beautiful babe was dead—drowned by mischance, they said. And she brought the news herself—Nancy, whom I had so trusted! But I would not see her; I could not bear to speak with her again; and she went away unforgiven. Oh, my sweet babe! my lost Cyril!'

And the Lady Constance hid her face in her hands, in silent anguish.

Captain Raymond would have spoken again to express his regret at having recalled such sad memories; but Sir Geoffrey made him a sign to retire to the far end of the room with him.

'It is best to say no more, and leave her awhile. She cannot forget the child. You remember the poor babe was puny and weak, and our chururgeon did advise the sending him away to some strong countrywoman's care. Then my lady bethought her of a favourite old servant, Nancy Bowles, who was married and settled nigh to Salisbury, and little Cyril was given into her charge. All went well for awhile. We had frequent tidings of him, and he was to return

to us at two years old. It was a bitter winter that year, and we marvelled not at some weeks' delay; but one night the woman Nancy arrived hither alone, like one demented, with some terrible story of a carrier's waggon upset, herself left unconscious on the ground, and our babe washed away in the floods and drowned.'

'Was the poor child found?' asked the captain, in a low tone.

Sir Geoffrey shook his head.

'Pardon me, Harry, but let us say no more. I cannot bear to think on it.'

(To be continued.)

A FUTURE MARK TAPLEY.

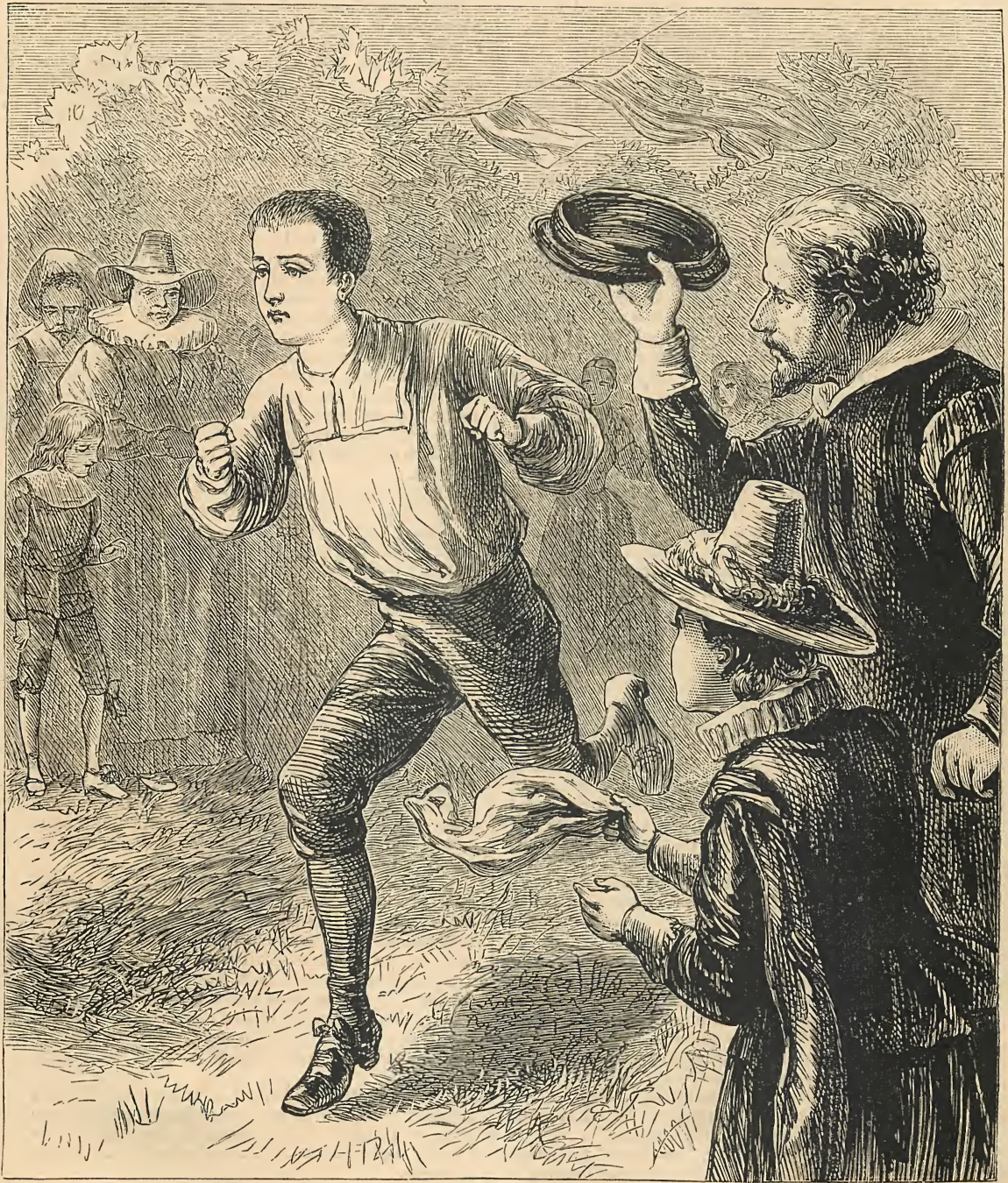
MOST people have heard of that pleasant character which the late Mr. Charles Dickens sketched, under the name of Mark Tapley, in his celebrated novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*. When Mark Tapley leaves his native town to go to America, in company with young Chuzzlewit, he receives and returns the friendly greeting not only of human beings, but all the dogs on the road. He has a pat for every horse to whose master he wishes 'Good-bye.' One day I saw in London, somewhere about Manchester Square, a most lovely pony. As I stood still to admire it, it suddenly arched its neck, collected itself together, and pranced in a very mild way without leaving the spot. I could not make out what all this meant, or what it was going to do, till I saw a little lad come near, and I found that all this fuss was pleasure at seeing him. Of course I was very much pleased, because, had the boy not been very kind to the animal, it would not have behaved as it did, and I should have known perfectly well if it had been the uneasiness of a horse that is teased or beaten. I asked the boy a few questions about his charge; he answered in a civil way. No doubt that boy will get on in life with these two qualities of kindness and civility.

I knew a man who began life as a workhouse-boy. I was sketching in a field belonging to him, when he came up and began to talk to me. He told me he had simply got on by trying to oblige wherever he could, and by doing what he had to do as well as he could.

Our picture is founded upon an incident which I watched in my own street. The boy picked up a few carrot-tops which some greengrocer had thrown away, and gave them to his pony, while the dog looked on quite delighted, and the trio seemed to understand each other perfectly. I wish all boys suggested to me the idea of growing up into future Mark Tapleys as these two lads did certainly. But, unfortunately, it is not so. One sees only too often good-natured or timid animals abused by them, overdriven, jerked in the mouth, beaten; and yet, as I said to a fellow in the City the other day, who was violently jerking his horse for going on as he got in the cart—a habit that perhaps the man himself had thrashed into him—that if he had a horse that resisted, as he was strong enough to do, he would be pale with fear, and be as mild as possible; for bullies are always cowards.



A Future Mark Tapley



“The Race was won almost as soon as begun.”

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

*(Continued from page 111.)*CHAPTER XIV.
THE BIRTHDAY FEAST.

WHEN Cyril first awoke and opened his eyes on the following morning, it was some time before he could remember where he was. The scene around was so strange and new to him that for the moment he thought he must be still dreaming.

He found himself in a curious-shaped turret-chamber, with little narrow windows on several sides, as there was just room for a cross-bow to be inserted in each. A piece of tapestry somewhat worn hung across the opposite wall, and in the dim morning light he could just make out the subject, for it represented Abraham with an upraised sword about to slay his son Isaac, who held a hat and feather in his hand.

Then Cyril remembered how ghostly and shadowy the figures had looked on the previous night in the fitful glimmer of his lantern; and little by little, all the events of the day before came back to his mind.

Here was he, a Puritan lad, whose only home had been a log-built hut in a New England village—now received as a guest in the stately halls of Raymond's Court. He could scarcely realise the change, and was quite doubtful as to whether he liked it. However, he rose quickly from his trundle-bed, and was soon ready to thread his way through the maze of staircases by which he had been led to the octangular turret on the evening before. With difficulty he managed to find his way without a guide, and at last found himself in the great hall, where active preparations were going on for the entertainment of the day.

Outside in the courtyard, too, there was nothing but bustle and excitement, serving-men hurrying to and fro, cooks busy carrying provisions to the great kitchen across the yard, and many other sights and sounds which were strange to the young visitor. He wandered about on the sunny terrace for awhile, and admired the spring beauty of the park, when presently a great bell rang, and he was told it was the summons for breakfast.

He found all the party already assembled at the substantial meal of various meats and ale, while they were in warm discussion as to the sports of the day.

'Ah, here comes my young friend to speak for himself. I warrant thou art a good hand at fencing, and bowls, and all such pastimes?'

But Cyril modestly disclaimed any such knowledge. 'We had no time for sports at Salem,' he said; 'there was too much work that must needs be done.'

'What a life!' cried Sir Geoffrey. 'Thank Heaven, I was not born a New England Puritan!'

'Nay, father,' said Walter, 'you forget the chase. Think what a zest it would give to your hunting if we were all waiting at home with an empty larder. And if I be not much mistaken,' he added, turning courteously towards Cyril, 'you, sir, will take a fore-

most part in some of our trials of skill and strength this day.'

Before long there was a noise as of many footsteps, a tramping of horses' hoofs in the courtyard, and a rumbling of wheels.

'Our friends have come betimes,' said Lady Constance, who had taken her seat in the deep window, from whence she could command the approach.

'We must not cut short their pleasures by our delay.'

Sir Geoffrey had already risen, and accompanied by the others now went to receive his guests, who were of all classes, from the neighbouring squires to the poorest labourers on his broad acres.

Meantime some of the sports had already begun. On one side a long avenue had been set apart for that old English art, shooting with the long-bow, and it needed no small amount of skill and strength to send the ell-shaft direct to the target.

There were also places prepared for hurling stones from a sling at a mark, for throwing quoits, and for casting the bar. In other parts of the park, wrestling, single-stick playing, and casting the javelin, seemed to be popular amusements. As the day wore on there were other pastimes, of which Cyril had only heard as works of evil, such as mummers and moun-tbanks.

After a time Sir Geoffrey proposed a foot-race, for which he offered a silver tankard as a prize. When the young men were all arranged in order for starting, Captain Raymond exclaimed to Cyril, who was standing by his side, watching the preparations with great interest: 'Now, my good fellow, I pray thee go and join them, and let us see what thou canst do for the honour of New England.'

The youth needed no pressing, and at the word of command started off at a pace which soon left all his competitors far behind him. The race was won almost as soon as begun, and loud cheers arose for the easy victory of the young stranger.

'It passeth my understanding,' remarked Harry Raymond to his brother, 'how that lad can belong to a family of psalm-singing Puritans! Why, Geoffrey, thou hast never seen a more prim, sour-visaged old Roundhead than his father, one Obadiah Goldthwaite, and as different from Cyril yonder as darkness from light!'

'It is strange,' remarked the knight, 'yet I could give thee many such examples amongst mine own acquaintance. Here he cometh to receive the silver tankard, and full richly hath he deserved it; but we must try his mettle at other sports now.'

Flushed and excited with the applause which he received, Cyril was now ready for anything, and it was not long before he proved that his forest training had given him such full command of all his bodily powers that he was without a rival in all he attempted.

Walter, meantime, looked on at his young friend's triumph with the greatest satisfaction, and he promised to give him lessons in fencing, in which he was himself a proficient, as it required more skill than strength.

The time at length arrived for the most important event of the day, the banquet in the great hall. It would be too long to tell of all the substantial

and dainty dishes which the hospitality of the knight and his lady had provided: the boar's head, the peacock in full plumage, ducks and fowls in abundance, pasties of all kinds, decked with bays and rosemary, and more than one baron of beef, besides a variety of other dishes.

The host took his seat in the great oaken chair at the head of the table, and the chaplain in full canonicals pronounced a brief Latin benediction, which the hearers did not think the less of because none of them understood it. All the principal guests then took their places, and the feast began. Tables, meantime, had been set out in the courtyard for the retainers and village folk on the estate, for whom an ox had been roasted whole on the green, and they were also plentifully supplied with manchets of bread and with home-brewed beer.

But we must return to the more exalted company in the great banquetting-hall.

Sir Geoffrey called upon his guests to drink a brimming cup to his Majesty's health and success. In a moment all was bustle with the clang of wine-cups and of flagons, and the company rose to their feet with outstretched hands in a hush of expectation.

The voice of the host then gave the health in emphatic tones, adding to it the words, 'Confusion to all his enemies!' which were at once echoed back by all the assembly, or at least if there were any voices missing it was not noticed.

Then one of the most distinguished neighbours proposed the health of the young heir, Walter Raymond, whose birthday they were assembled to celebrate; and this also they all drank in bumpers of sack or claret, and then set themselves to the serious task of attacking the good cheer with which the tables were covered.

This was all a strange new scene to Cyril, who in his simple Puritan home of the West had never tasted anything but water. He scarcely touched the brimming wine goblet with his lips, and felt thankful that no one noticed his omission.

As the evening wore on, and the singing, jesting, and quaffing of healths became more noisy, Cyril began to feel grieved and ashamed. He looked round in distress, wondering how he could escape, when he saw that Walter had been watching him, and now made him a signal to follow him. The two lads quietly rose from their places and slipped out of the hall, not noticed amid the uproar and revelry. Young Raymond led the way to the library with an oil-lamp in his hand, which dimly showed the wainscoted room with carved oak bookcases, and rows of volumes in sombre binding, on which Cyril looked with awe. He had never seen so many books together in his life, and could not imagine what they could be all about.

'Have you read all that?' he asked Walter, pointing to the shelves.

'Alas! no,' replied his companion, 'many of those are works of divinity, and I am well content to take mine Sunday by Sunday from the lips of our good Dr. Fowler. Other of the books are in the Latin tongue, wherein I am still but a backward learner. But you must learn to love my favourites, those books that deal of matters of history or travel.'

Cyril was very willing to be a scholar, and the

two friends spent a pleasant hour together, and arranged to meet each day for a time in the library.

After awhile all the household of Raymond's Court had settled down to rest for the night, though it was a late hour before the last sounds of noisy revelry died away, to the great thankfulness of poor Lady Constance, who sat with an attendant listening in the tapestried chamber, fearing every moment that some brawl or quarrel would arise amongst the excited guests.

On the morrow there was to be a great hunt of foxes, which were so plentiful and so mischievous in those days that the peasantry thronged to the hunt with all the dogs they could muster; traps were set, nets were spread, and no quarter was given. Cyril had eagerly inquired about the wild animals of the neighbourhood, and had been promised the sight of the wild bull with his white mane, the red deer, the badger, the yellow-breasted marten, and many others.

It was now the month of April, and the days passed away so pleasantly at Raymond's Court that Cyril almost forgot his friends at Bristol. True it was that the peaceful life of sport and luxury had been disturbed by rude threatenings of renewed war, and Sir Geoffrey had his troop in readiness to join the King at the first summons.

Matters were in this state, when one evening Cyril had a letter given into his hand by one of the serving-men. He eagerly inquired who had brought it, and was told that 'it was a messenger on horseback, who had made the man promise to give it into Cyril's own hand, and had then hastily departed without even waiting for a tankard of October.'

The lad waited till he was in his own chamber, and then hastily broke the seal and opened the letter. He saw that it was from Obadiah Goldthwaite, and with some little difficulty he made it out.

It was an urgent summons to return at once to Bristol, and to join Obadiah, who was about to take part in the war under General Fairfax. The letter was brief and appeared to have been written in haste. It spoke of their being all well in health, but troubled in mind at not having received tidings of him, and ended thus:—

'Delay not then, dearly-beloved Cyril, to come to us once more, if only for a space, and to bid farewell to one who hath loved you so long and so truly.'

'Thine, in hopes of a speedy meeting,

'OBADIAH GOLDTHWAITE.

'At Bristol,

'Ye 20th day of April, 1645.'

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN.

WORK while you work, and play while you play,

That is the way to be cheerful and gay:

All that you do, do with your might,

Things done by halves are never done right.

One thing at once, and that one well,

Is a good rule, as wise men tell;

Moments are useless trifled away—

Work while you work, and play while you play!



THE GOOD RULER.

THERE was once upon a time an Eastern Ruler whose mind was greatly given to the improvement of the condition of his subjects. With this view he each day laid aside his gold and jewelled raiment, and putting on the clothes of a simple merchant he visited the alleys and lanes of the city.

Men knew him not as their ruler, but noting his kindness, they gave him the title of the 'Good.'

One day an aged man approached the 'Good,' and pressing into his hand a purse of copper coins, he prayed him, in the Prophet's name, to visit the prison, and get the gaoler to release his son for the sum of money therein contained, since the judge had pronounced him innocent.

The 'Good,' inwardly wrathful at the oppression of the gaoler, only waited to resume his lordly apparel



before he hastened to the prison, and seizing the turnkey by the throat, he demanded how he dared retain in his clutch an unfortunate whom the judge had pronounced innocent; and, further, demanded money for his release.

'Oh, most just and noble ruler of the world,' returned the terrified gaoler, 'a man must live; and for each prisoner I must pay a tax to the governor. Ask of him, I pray thee, that he remit this, and gladly will I release the prisoners.'

With this the ruler relaxed his grasp on the throat of the gaoler and repaired at once to the governor.

'Concerning this monstrous and iniquitous prison tax,' cried he to the terrified governor, 'speak! Hast thou aught to say in thy defence? for verily, by the beard of Mahomet, thou meritest death.'

'My gracious lord,' answered the trembling official, 'the tax is none of my making; yet how can I repeal it, since the chief magistrate of the city would deprive

me of my place were I not yearly to present him with a sum of money at least equal to my salary as governor?'

Then, much ruffled in spirit, the ruler repaired to the magistrate, demanding explanation of his avaricious conduct.

To whom the magistrate said, 'Supreme Ruler of thy dust-biting subjects, the thing is indeed grievous; but the blame is not with me, but with thy chief vizier, whose demands in money and stuffs can hardly be met save by rigorous measures.'

On these words the ruler returned to the palace, and required that the vizier should attend him, before whom he laid his complaint.

'Mightiest Ruler of the world,' returned the vizier, 'the gold sticks not to my palms; it is only too greatly needed for the requirements of the royal person, the furnishing of the jewels and treasure demanded by the dignity of the sovereign.'

Then the ruler's visage was greatly clouded. 'Am

I then, indeed, the oppressor of my subjects?' he cried aloud.

And from that day forth he abode more in his own palace, searching out the evil therein, and curtailing the expenses thereof, and less in the alleys and lanes of his city.

Nevertheless men called him still the 'Good,' for, said they, 'As is the palace so is the prison and the cottage, a merciful ruler makes rejoicing subjects.'

And from that day forth the ruler would have no new jewels and costly trappings, and the vizier dared exact no fresh taxes, the magistrate levied no fines, the governor of the prison demanded no head-money, and the gaoler no fees; the innocent prisoner was released, and all was peace and prosperity in that Eastern realm.

The 'Good' had begun his reforms at the right end at last.



SOMETHING ABOUT THE BLACK SEA.

VERY long, long time ago, the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the Sea of Aral, were all one—so they say. And many thousands of square miles which are now high and dry, in the neighbourhood of those seas, were once under water.

But the day came when this great pond was to be let off. Near Constantinople there is a passage called the Bosphorus, which was made either by an earthquake or by the pressure of the increasing waters on the mountain barrier which kept them pent up. The flood-gates were removed, somehow, and the waters poured out, foaming and roaring in such a volume that the isles of Greece were almost drowned. When this happened, who can tell? There was a deluge in Greece about the time of Ogyges, B.C. 1796. There was another deluge, called the deluge of Deucalion, about 1550 B.C.

It is said, the brave Greek sailors, who were the first to venture into the dreadful Black Sea, three or four hundred years after Deucalion's deluge, saw the fires still burning which caused the earthquake that opened the flood-gates of the mighty sea.

And the Black Sea still gets lower. Once, the Crimea was an island—now it is joined to the mainland by a narrow neck about five miles in width. The Sea of Azov will soon become a marsh, if this goes on. When strong winds blow in a certain direction over it the bottom is uncovered, and you may ride across.

It seems surprising that the Black Sea should not rather rise than fall, seeing it receives the water of so many fine rivers, and it has only one outlet. Some think there is an underground channel which carries off a portion of the water.

The Black Sea is not a pleasant place to sail in, for says one, who knew it well, 'The darkness which often covers it, particularly during winter, from the thick fogs and falling snow, is so great, that mariners are unable to discern a cable's length from their vessels.

There is no sea in which navigation is more dangerous.'

Admiral Priestman, an English officer in the Russian service, described the Black Sea as having tempests more horrible than anything he had ever encountered in the ocean.

On the other hand, it has been stated that the danger of navigating this sea arises from a want of proper charts and able sailors. To the Turks it is truly black, but so would it be to British sailors in such rotten vessels as the Turks frequently use.

The Black Sea has but one island, and very few rocks and shoals. Its island is called the Isle of Serpents—ships often pass within sight of it, but not a single sailor would venture to set foot on it. The Russians say that four seamen who were wrecked there were all devoured by serpents. This is no new thing, for Ammianus said, fifteen centuries ago, 'Not without danger to one's life may one pass a night on that island.'

It has had several names; one being 'the White Island,' for it is white with sea-fowl; another name being 'the Conspicuous Island;' a third 'the White Shore of Achilles,' for here that prince of warriors was buried.

An old author says, 'The birds alone have the care of the Temple of Achilles. They go to the sea, wet their wings, and sprinkle the temple; afterwards sweeping with their plumage its sacred pavement.' The ancients also believed that the souls of departed heroes there enjoyed perpetual repose and joy.

The White Island is, however, useful as a kind of lighthouse in its way. It lies near the mouths of the Danube, whose waters also give a whiteness to that part of the sea. The very dolphins here are also perfectly white, not dark as everywhere else. During mists and bad weather the Greek sailors can tell where they are by means of these white dolphins. Even when the water is thirty fathoms deep, and the ship is many leagues distant from the mouth of the river, the sailors can tell they are in the current of the great stream in this way.

Perhaps no better description of a Black Sea tempest can be given, certainly no truer one, than that which came from the pen of a celebrated traveller, who was on a voyage from Odessa to Constantinople in the *Moderato*, a Venetian brigantine. The voyage began on Friday, October 31, 1800, and ended on the 21st of November.

He says, 'On the 7th of November, at sunrise, the wind had gained considerable force, and the sails were reefed. At noon, the wind still increasing, we struck the topsail-yards. A tremendous sea rolled over the deck from one side to the other, and the water in the hold increasing fast, all hands were called to the pumps, which were kept working continually. Within half-an-hour after, the Black Sea offered a spectacle which can never be forgotten by those who saw it. We were steering with a hard gale and heavy sea from S.S.W., when there appeared in the opposite horizon clouds in the form of pillars, dark and terrible; these were whirled upon their bases, and advanced with astonishing rapidity along the horizon on either side against the wind. Our captain, being called up to notice this appearance, ordered all the yards to be struck, and we remained

under bare poles, while a deep silence prevailed on board.

'Suddenly such a hurricane came from the N.W. that we thought we should have foundered, in the mere attempt to let the ship drive before it. During one entire hour the ship was suffered to drive before the storm, at every plunge her bowsprit and fore-castle being carried under water; a few sailors at the helm were lashed to the steerage, but everything on deck was washed away. If it had continued half-an-hour longer, no one would have lived to tell the story.

'About five o'clock the storm somewhat abated, but at six o'clock it began to blow again from the S.W., so that with the swell from two opposite points of the compass a sea was raised which none of our crew had ever beheld before. All this time the leak was gaining fast upon us, and we passed a night that cannot be described.

'Two Turkish vessels towards sunset were seen under our lee, both of which foundered before morning, and every soul on board perished.

'All the next day, Saturday, Nov. 8, the tempest continued, but we were able to keep the pumps going, and so we gained on the leak. Three hours after midnight on Sunday, Nov. 9, we made the coast, but it was not until the 11th that we could come to anchor, which we did to our great joy, in the harbour of Ineada.'

On their journey from Ineada to Constantinople the ship was becalmed, then a gale sprung up which brought on a heavy morning's rain. At noon the darkness was so great that those in the poop could hardly see the fore-castle. At length it cleared, and the frowning coast could be seen like a stupendous wall, with a small crevice through which the ship would have to pass.

Whilst rejoicing that it was so clear a sudden fog came on, and the crew began to fear another storm in the terrible sea, which the ancients called *Avenus*, or *Inhospitable*, though afterwards, when they had established many colonies on its shores, they changed its name to *Euxenus*, or *Hospitable*.

By good chance two little Turkish boats were before the *Moderato*, and, encouraged by them, the captain carried plenty of sail; much more, indeed, than he would have otherwise dared to do. The captain verily believed the two little boats that flew before them were two angels, sent to guide his ship into the narrow channel which is the outlet of the Black Sea, and which separates the continents of Europe and Asia. It was here, as the old Greeks believed, that the two rocks called *Clashers* were situated. These remarkable rocks floated on the water, and came together so rapidly that not even a bird could fly through. When the good ship *Argo* approached the *Clashers* it was thought advisable to send a pigeon through first, and then to venture if the bird escaped. The pigeon lost the feathers of its tail, and the *Argo* following lost her rudder and some part of the stern works, but nothing more; and, happily for our generation, the *Clashers* clashed no more, for they were fixed like one rock with a bit of the *Argo* between them! What funny things our forefathers used to believe!

G. S. O.

SPANISH GIPSIES OF GRENADA.

GIPSIES thrive and flourish, perhaps, more in Spain than in any other European country.

The 'Gitanos,' as they are called, may be met with everywhere; but more of them dwell in the neighbourhood of Grenada than in any other Spanish city. Here we constantly meet them in the streets, or find them standing in picturesque groups in the market-places. They are generally blacksmiths, tinkers, mule-shearers, and, above all, horse-dealers. They have, says a French writer, a thousand recipes for putting mettle and strength into the most broken-winded and limping animals in the world. Their real trade, however, is stealing. The female gipsies tell fortunes, sell amulets, and follow many suspicious callings.

Our picture shows us a gipsy family such as may be seen any day in the streets of Grenada. Though all are dressed in ragged clothes, they are sure to be of the gayest colours: the woman's dress is probably bright yellow, her shawl red, while a handkerchief of the same colour is wrapped round the man's head. His jacket is probably green, his 'faja,' or scarf round his waist, of all possible colours, and his leg-gings gaily embroidered. Their complexions are extremely swarthy, and their eyes very bright.

The gipsies of Grenada live in a quarter all to themselves. When, after visiting the beautiful Alhambra, we went to the Generalife—a smaller old Moorish palace above it, the summit of which commands a splendid view of the whole city, the fertile plain in which it is built, and the snowy chain of the Sierra Nevada beyond—we perceived opposite to us a ravine, through which the river Darro flows; in the side of the hill fronting us, covered with huge Indian fig-trees and prickly pears, we perceived numerous holes—entrances to caverns dug in the rock. These entrances are mostly whitewashed; a light cord, on which hangs a piece of frayed-out tapestry, serves as a door. These are the dwellings of the gipsies. In these caves the wild race swarms and multiplies. Their children, whose skins are darker than Havannah cigars, play in a state of nudity before the door, without any distinction as to sex, and roll themselves in the dust, while uttering sharp and guttural cries. It is not safe for a stranger, unless well accompanied, to venture himself among these wild, lawless people.

Mr. George Borrow, however, the author of that interesting book, *The Bible in Spain*, was so well acquainted with their language and habits that he frequently lived among them, and translated the Gospels into the Romany or gipsy language. The result of his labours among this curious people may be read in his work on the *Gipsies in Spain*.

J. F. C.



Spanish Gipsies.



A Bird's Nest.



A BIRD'S NEST.

SOME time ago one of my servants laid on the grass to bleach the following articles: a pair of knitted garters, a lace cap, and three pieces of lace, one being a yard long, and the others a quarter of a yard each. On going to fetch them, all except one garter had vanished: and not finding them among the bushes, she thought some one had taken them for a joke. However, a few days since, in passing a plantation near the drying ground, the gardener saw something hanging from the branches of a Scotch fir-tree, which proved to be the missing garter, and on climbing the tree, he found a missel-thrush's nest in which the three pieces of lace were beautifully entwined. To my regret he took them out, as I should have liked the nest to be kept as a curiosity after the birds had done with it. The cap not having been discovered, was probably lost on the way, or may be adorning some other nest. S. C. SHARP.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER XV.—A RUDE AWAKENING.

CYRIL read his letter again and again, and bitterly he reproached himself for his neglect of his best friends. He had been frivolous, selfish, thinking only of his own pleasure and comfort!

But what could he do now? That was the question. He paced up and down his turret chamber, in anxious thought, feeling as if there were not another moment to be lost, and he must hasten off at once. He looked out through one of the narrow windows; there was no moon, and it was a dark, stormy night, in which he could certainly not find his way back to Bristol.

There was no help for it; he must wait till the morning, and then set off at daybreak. So far his course was clear, but there was another and far more difficult question. 'In the future which lay before him what must he do? which side shall he take?'

It must be remembered that Cyril was but a lad of seventeen, and had not enough knowledge or experience to be himself a judge on the great political questions of the day. Perhaps, too, the early training which he had received from Dorothy Goldthwaite had inclined him to take the side of the King. But, on the other hand, he had been taught to mistrust his feelings, and to consider that in any choice of conduct the least pleasant course would probably be the right one.

He knew himself to be bound by every tie of gratitude and duty to Obadiah Goldthwaite, who had been to him the kindest and best of fathers. He had no one to consult, nothing to guide him but his own conscience; unless, indeed, he took

a lesson from the Scriptural example in that grim tapestry before him, and copied the meek self-sacrifice of Isaac. It was long before the poor boy fell asleep that night, and not until he had written a few words of thanks and farewell to his friend Walter Raymond, whom he dared not see again, lest his purpose might be shaken by argument or persuasion.

The hours of the night soon passed away, and when the first rays of sunlight streamed in through the narrow turret windows, Cyril rose with a start, and hastily prepared, with a heavy heart, for his departure. It seemed to him as if he were about to leave behind all the joy and brightness of life.

When he reached the court-yard, he found that even at that early hour some of the grooms and serving-men were already stirring. To one of these he gave the note for Walter, and as soon as his horse was saddled he set off on his journey, without attracting any special notice, for he had often taken early rides.

He looked back many times at the old grey castle, with its towers and battlements, and sadly wondered whether he should ever behold it again. At length the brow of the hill hid it from his view, and he felt that he had taken the great decisive step of his life. But these serious thoughts did not last long; he was young and full of hope, and the freshness of the sweet spring morning entered into his heart as he rode on through the woods and across the open common.

His horse was strong and in excellent condition, and it was still afternoon when he drew near to Bristol, and saw the crowded city with its towers and steeples rising before him. Not many weeks had passed away since he had last seen it, and yet it seemed to him as though a lifetime had intervened since he rode along that narrow street, where stood the tall house of the merchant, John Goldthwaite.

Cyril had reached the old doorway, and looked out eagerly in the hope of being welcomed by his old play-fellow Mercy. But it was Tabitha, the ancient dame, who met him there, with a sad face, in answer to his summons.

'What ails it, Tabitha?' asked the lad, springing from his horse. 'Where is Master Goldthwaite? Where is Mistress Mercy? Is all well?'

'Alack-a-day!' replied the old woman, 'they be busy getting ready for the master to go to the war, worse luck be to those who let us not bide in peace, say I!'

Relieved to find there was nothing worse, Cyril hastened into the oaken parlour, where he found Obadiah busily engaged in polishing up his sword and holster-pistol, his cuirass, and matchlock. Mercy was on her knees near the wood-fire trying to warm and soften the stiff buff coat.

They welcomed the youth with so much pleasure that he felt that although they expected him, there must still have been a doubt as to his coming so promptly.

'Right glad am I to find thou couldst leave thy fine friends, my lad,' said old John Goldthwaite, from his easy chair by the chimney-corner.

'I came without tarrying, replied Cyril, 'for your letter did but reach me last night after dark, or I had set forth at once.'

'Tell us all thou hast seen and done,' said Mercy, who was now busily engaged in setting out the table for supper, as she had well judged that Cyril must be hungry after his long ride.

'That were a long story, Mercy,' said he with a smile.

'Yea, truly,' interrupted Obadiah, 'and urgent matters do now press upon us, that we have no leisure to hearken to the gay doings of the folk at Raymond's Court. Thou hast heard, no doubt, Cyril, that our troop is ordered off on the morrow at sunrise, to join General Fairfax and his Iron-sides?'

'I have heard nought but what thy letter told me. Is it in truth so soon?' and he looked up at Mercy, who had turned away to hide a tear.

'Cyril, thou art now seventeen years of age—almost a grown man,' continued Obadiah. 'It is time for thee to take to buff coat and broad-sword; for, if I mistake not greatly, thou art scarcely one to mope at home in the chimney-corner in time of war. Wilt thou be ready to start with me on the morrow? See, here are arms prepared for thee.'

For one moment the lad was silent, but he felt that there was no choice left to him. The slightest wish of his best friend had always hitherto been law to him, and certainly Cyril had no lack of courage that he should shrink from joining in active warfare.

When, not so many months before, he had been enrolled in the train band of Salem, it had been the proudest moment of his life.

'Can you doubt me?' he said, looking up at Obadiah. 'Surely I will be ready. I would go anywhere at your side.'

The rest of the evening was spent in active preparations, and there was but little sleep for any one that night. Long before dawn the household was stirring; old Tabitha and Mercy busily preparing a meal, which, however, neither Obadiah nor Cyril had much heart to sit down to. At the last moment, as he looked upon his little daughter, left in those troublous times only under the protection of two feeble old people, her father had sore misgivings as to what might happen. But so strong was his conviction that he was obeying the call of duty and religion, that the thought gave him comfort, and he felt that his sweet little Mercy was under the care of a far stronger protector than himself, and that he might safely leave her in His care.

He cut short the loving farewells, lest his own courage should break down; and he and Cyril mounted their horses and reached the market-place, where they were to meet their companions in good time.

As Cyril looked at the stern, grim company assembled there, he felt more strongly than he had ever done before what a gulf of separation there was between them and the gay, light-hearted Cavaliers whom he had left at Raymond's Court. The band of troopers wore buff coats, and steel cap and cuirasses; they were well armed with swords, suspended by a strap at the side, petronels or short guns, and pistols at their girdles.

These determined-looking fellows, with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips, were men of few words. After a brief greeting to the new-comers,

the Captain directed them to march in silence through the city, or, as he gave the orders,

'Even as Gideon marched in silence, when he went down against the camp of the Midianites.'

A single patrol, followed by a corporal and five of the most experienced soldiers, formed the advanced guard of the party; then followed the main body, in which were Obadiah Goldthwaite and Cyril. In this order they passed through the streets of Bristol. Few of the townsmen were abroad at that hour, and those who were so, on business of their own, were happy to escape the notice of a strong party of soldiers.

The night had been stormy, but the sun rose bright and clear, when the Bristol volunteers set forward on their march. At first Cyril moved on as in a dream, it was all so strange and new to him; but after awhile his spirits rose to some measure of enthusiasm for the cause in which he was embarked. As they pushed on briskly over the level ground, and met the fresh morning breeze, his heart was full of hope and eagerness.

The effect was different, however, on Obadiah. Whenever the troopers drew rein on ascending some rising ground, he could not help looking back towards the city, where he had left his little Mercy and her aged grandfather, and sad misgivings would again arise as to their safety. Who could tell whether they might ever meet again, or what might happen in the interval? He was roused by the voice of Cyril,—

'Where do we look to meet with the army of General Fairfax?'

Obadiah was about to answer, when a grave-looking man who rode by his side interposed:

'The express from the General, which did reach us yesterday, bid us join him at Salisbury by forced marches. He is bound for Taunton, which now standeth a siege from the malignants under Sir Richard Grenville.'

A sudden thought struck Goldthwaite at this moment, and, turning to the youth at his side, he said,—

'Tis passing strange, Cyril, but now wilt thou travel this road with me for the second time. More than fifteen years ago I bore thee, a helpless babe, on my horse by this very way.'

'Perchance, then, on this journey may I find out the secret of my birth,' said Cyril lightly.

Obadiah Goldthwaite shook his head, but he would not say anything to destroy the boy's hopes, though he fully believed they would never be realised.

After a hurried journey, the company of volunteers reached Salisbury, but, to their disappointment, they learned that General Fairfax had just departed from thence, having received further orders from the Parliament to march at once with his troops towards Oxford.

The men were worn out with fatigue, and would gladly have rested the night, and refreshed their tired horses; but the only chance of joining the General's army was to hasten on without delay. Cyril deeply regretted this haste, as he had hoped to visit the beautiful Cathedral, of which Walter Raymond had shown him some quaint old pictures in his father's library.



Roundheads passing through the streets of Bristol.

But the Captain's command was urgent; and after a brief half-hour they started again, and before evening came on they had overtaken the Parliamentary army. The soldiers were all drawn up in close order, and seemed to be engaged in some religious service, for as Cyril and his companions joined them a sound went up from the assembled host as of a solemn psalm.

(To be continued.)

THE STOLEN APPLES.

A True Story.

OUR family consisted of two boys and one girl, and our dwelling, which fronted to the village road, had on one side an extensive orchard, and on the other the farm-yard and out-buildings and a long kitchen-garden. At the end of the garden were some cottages, one of which was occupied by a worthy, though eccentric butcher, of the name of Wharton.



One day my elder brother was sent to Butcher Wharton's to order some meat. The butcher's was soon reached, and the meat ordered, but, unfortunately, there were lying on the counter a number of rosy-cheeked apples, and he was tempted to pocket two of them, without, as he supposed, the knowledge of the butcher. On reaching home our mother noticed the apples, and asked him where he had got them from.

'Please, mother,' said little John, 'I got them from Butcher Wharton's.'

'Did he give them to you, John?' said mother.

'No, mother.'

'Then, did you steal them?'

At this my brother hung down his head and replied, 'Please, mother, they were lying on the counter, and I took them.'

'Then you did steal them,' said mother; 'and you must take them back at once.'

Away went the little culprit to restore the stolen fruit. On reaching the door of the shop he noticed some other customers in, and a way of getting out of the difficulty at once occurred to him, and one which would not bring him into contact with the butcher, and this was to roll the apples into the shop from the door. So, taking one of them, he rolled it gently along the floor, and doing the same with the second, he set off home in high glee, feeling greatly relieved to have thus, as he thought, got out of the scrape.

On reaching home mother at once said to him:—

'Well, John, have you taken the apples back?'

'Yes, mother,' he replied.

'Well! and what did the butcher say to you?'

'Please, mother, he didn't say anything.'

'Didn't say anything! Why, I thought you said you took them back?'

'Yes, mother, I did.'

'Why, didn't you give them to him?'

'No, mother; please mother, there was some one in the shop, and I rolled them in.'

'Oh! you rolled them in, did you? Now go back at once to the butcher's, and tell him that you stole the apples, that I sent you back, and that you rolled them into the shop; and tell him from me that he is to give you a good whipping.'

This was a hard task for little John, but he started and went slowly back along the road. On the way to the butcher's, alongside of the kitchen-garden, there were two large holly-trees at some distance from each other. When he came to the first of these he halted and conned the matter over. He felt sure that if he went on he would be whipped, and he durst not go back for he knew that he would be punished at home if he failed to do as his mother had told him.

In this hesitation of mind he slowly made his way to the second holly-tree, when he thought the matter all over again. After a struggle with himself he started off at a sharp run, and away he went along the lane, up to the cottage, across the little garden, and right into the butcher's shop, and gasping for breath he said:—

'Please, Butcher Wharton, I stole two of your apples, and mother sent me back with them, and I rolled them in, and now she's sent me back again, and please—you're to whip me.'

There stood the brave little fellow, expecting his whipping. The butcher came round from the inside of his counter and caught him by his jacket collar, but instead of whipping him he said:—

'Yes, my little boy, I saw you take the apples, and I saw you come back and roll them into the shop; but I shall not whip you, for you brought them back again as your mother told you. Be thankful, my boy, that you have a mother who loves you and teaches you what is right. Now, here are three apples, one for you, one for your sister, and one for your brother.'

The apples were taken home, but little John was not allowed to have his, as he had been so wicked as to steal. How much better it is to be brave and at once confess our fault and seek for forgiveness, than to hide our sin!

SCRIBENDUS.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

ONE Dr. Rink has written a book on the manners and customs of the Eskimo, or Esquimaux, as we used to see the word spelled—those dwellers in *north* North America and on the Greenland coast. He tells us among other things that this simple people have the habit of living, several families in one house, peacefully and happily, and the reason for this he seems to explain a little later. Quarrelling and hard words are unknown among the tribe: he does not say that one man never offends another, for that would be impossible as long as they are inhabitants of this imperfect world; but when vexed or injured the Eskimo is silent, refraining not only from good words but bad ones. They have no word in their language that answers to our 'scold,' none to express a street-row or fight. Surely they are much ahead of more civilised nations in this simple way of meeting disagreeables!

One result of this silence is, that there is no going to law in Eskimo land; no lawyers, no judges.

The only way they have of punishing or shaming an offender is to sing the story of his misdeeds at their public entertainments; he may reply then, also in verse, and the assembly of hearers soon mark by their cheers or hisses what they think on the subject. So quiet and sober a people are not often at fault in their judgment, and though in our country we cannot hope to keep the peace by such simple means, we can at any rate try their rule of silence when vexed. It has higher warrant than the Eskimo can give. 'Slow to speak, slow to wrath,' says one who wrote by Divine authority.

II. A. F.

A BRAVE LITTLE RUSSIAN GIRL.



MUST honestly confess that little Sascha Yegorivitch was a very ugly little girl. She had a broad, flat face, light eyes, and hair plaited in a small pigtail, and bleached quite white from constant exposure to the sun.

'A very ugly little girl,' you will say; and so she was, but she had a spirit and presence of mind that many pretty children would do well to imitate.

Sascha began to feel the cares of life at an early age. She was the daughter of poor parents, who had to work hard and constantly to gain a scanty living. Yegor Yegorivitch was a charcoal-burner, and went out to work every day in the pine-forest which surrounded the little village of Viletna, in which he lived; his wife Maria spun fine white thread, and wove it into sheets and towels, which she bleached in the summer time on the strip of grass in the centre of the sandy village street.

The Yegorivitch's hut was built of rough logs, the crevices filled up with lichen and dry moss. At its side stood a long pole, having a small box on the top with a hole in the front for the birds to fly in and out in the cold winter-time, when, if the kind-hearted peasants did not provide this shelter for them, the

poor little things would be frozen to death. The inside of the house was roughly furnished, the chief object of beauty being the brass 'samivar,' which stood in the place of honour on the long shelf which ran from one end of the room to the other. On each side were arranged the brightly painted wooden bowls and spoons, and the two glass tumblers out of which Yegor and Maria took their favourite beverage—tea. There was a deal-table under the window, a few stools, the spinning-wheel, the large whitewashed stove, and the patron saint of the family—a gilt picture, which was suspended in one corner with a little glass lamp burning before it, which it was Sascha's duty to keep supplied with oil. Then under the table stood the great red wooden chest, which contained the holiday clothes of the family—the scarlet dress belonging to the house-mother, with its silver braid and white muslin 'serafim,' or garibaldi; the gay silk handkerchiefs which Sascha and Maria wore on their heads on Sundays; their best shoes, made of plaited bark; and Yegor's high boots with the red tops, which were the pride and joy of his heart; for though this little family were very poor, and Yegor was often heard singing (with a great deal of truth) a Russian song, in which a man informs himself that he has no money in his pocket,—yet they managed to be always cheerful and good-tempered, and ready for any small amusement which came in their way.

On a certain cold day in January, when Sascha was about nine years old, a day so cold that nobody would have even put their heads out-of-doors if they could have helped it, Maria put on her fur 'shuba' (long winter cloak), and tying a warm handkerchief over her head, she drew on a pair of leather gloves, and told her little daughter that she was obliged to go to a neighbour's to take some wool she had spun, and that she might probably return in the evening.

Sascha, who was well used to being left in charge of the house, went up to the double window as soon as her mother had shut the door, and began to wash off the delicate patterns which the frost had formed during the night; for Sascha wanted to peep out at the village street and see what was going on.

'There goes old Ivan,' thought the child to herself, 'in his great sheepskin coat. How warm he looks! I know he is going out with the other men to see after the wolves and bears; they get so savage, and have eaten three dogs. Why, only yesterday Ivan himself was out with his old "Tulipan;" he missed him at a turn of the road, and when he came back the same way soon afterwards he found nothing but the poor dog's bones at the side of the road!'

Sascha had not time to feel lonely on that cold winter's day, for had she not a great many things to do? There was the stove to be filled with logs, and the new linen curtains to be hung to the small window; then she had her own dinner to see after, though it only consisted of a lump of black bread and some salted cucumbers; but to Sascha this seemed a pleasant meal, for she was a contented little soul, and, unlike some young people, she tried to make the best of everything, including the sour 'kwass' (a sort of small beer), which is a favourite Russian beverage, and which Sascha partook of on this occasion with a face of calm contentment.

As soon as it began to grow dusk little Sascha lighted a pine-torch at the stove, and placed it on a high iron stand which stood near the window; she then took down the 'samivar,' or tea-urn, and heated the water to prepare a glass of tea as a pleasant surprise to her mother, when she came in cold and tired.

You would not have thought Sascha looked ugly then, as she moved briskly about the room, her flat face seeming all one smile of good humour and satisfaction; for she kept thinking to herself,—

'How glad father and mother will be to see a comfortable tea awaiting them, and the room so warm and tidy!'

Presently it occurred to her that she might as well see what kind of evening it was, so she went to the door and opened it. A great gust of icy wind rushed into the room, and, turning hastily round, Sascha saw something that made her heart stand still. The new linen curtains had blown right across the torch, and before the child could so far overcome her terror and astonishment as to do anything they were blazing away merrily.

How many thoughts flashed through little Sascha's brain in the one moment that she stood irresolute by the half-open door? She knew how quickly a fire spreads in a Russian village, and that the other huts would surely be burnt, too, if theirs caught fire. Then all the men were gone after the bears, so there would be none even to try to put it out, supposing she were to give the alarm.

'I must do it!' whispered the brave child; and quick as thought she seized a knife from the shelf, and jumping on a stool, she began to cut down the burning curtains.

How the flames rose—higher and higher!—but they had not caught the woodwork yet, as Sascha noticed with a feeling of intense thankfulness, while she worked away with all her little strength. One more cut, and she was able to tear down the drapery and rush with it—all in flames as it was—out of the open door into the snow beyond.

Little Sascha had never once thought of *self*, or of the great risk she had run; but now that her brave act was done, she saw that her dress was on fire, and with an agonizing cry for help she sank on a drift by the side of the hut and fainted.

The poor child was not left long in the snow, as the returning hunters had heard her piercing cry, and hurried forward to see what was the matter. She did not die, though she was fearfully burnt on the head, arms, and hands, and looked a miserable little spectacle for many months after.

When I saw Sascha she was a grown-up woman, with an intelligent, sensible face, disfigured (as I thought, till I heard the story) by two ugly scars on her forehead and cheek.

You may be sure there were many of the peasants ready to give me a description of her brave deed, for in Viletna she was looked up to as a perfect heroine; and I greatly delighted them by saying that perhaps some day I might be able to tell English children the story of this 'brave little Russian girl.'



"Jumping on a stool she began to cut down the curtains."



Dick.



DICK.

DICK was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim; and when she first saw him he was eating a crust from a gutter. She was only a poor old woman, who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough herself; but, as she said, he looked a little like what her Tom might have been if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him,—
 'Come here, sonny,' said she; and the boy came. Before she could speak, he said,—
 'I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything I didn't do it.'

'Didn't do what?' said the old woman.

'Break your window,' said the boy.

'Why, I broke that myself with my shutter last night,' said the old woman. 'I am not strong enough to lift them.'

'If I'm about here when you shut up, I'll come and do it for you,' said the boy. 'What was it that you wanted me for?'

'I wanted to know what you ate that dry crust out of the gutter for,' said she.

'Hungry,' said he; 'I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there after it gets too dark for the policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper.'

'I'll give you some that's cleaner,' said the old woman.

'That will be begging,' said he.

'No,' said she; 'you can sweep the shop and the pavement, and put up the shutters for it.'

'Very well,' said he. 'Thankee then. If I sweep up first I'll feel better.'

She brought him a broom, and he did his work well. Afterwards he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was twelve years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for killing his mother.

The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple,—
 'his living and a bed under the counter.'

When the neighbours heard of it they were shocked. A street boy—a boy whom no one knew! Did Mrs. Briggs really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old sugar-candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for nuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was shut up, the old body began to take him into her confidence.

The dream of her life was to buy herself into a Home for the aged. It would cost her a hundred pounds. She was saving for it. She had saved three years, and had fifteen of it. But it costs so much to live, with tea so dear and loaves so small; and she had been sick, and there was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones's Martha Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop. After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them as though he had brought a blessing.

One night in spring they took the bag from under her pillow, and counted what it held. It was thirty pounds.

'And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs,' said the boy, 'and you'll see the custom they will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all he has on them, and then coax his mother for more.'

'You're a clever boy yourself,' said the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it had picked the crust from the gutter, and he wore clean, whole garments, though they were very coarse.

'How wrong the neighbours were!' she said; 'that boy is the comfort of my life.'

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow, and slept. Far on in the night she awoke. The room was quite dark—there was not a ray of light—but she heard a step on the floor!

'Who is that?' she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that some one was leaning over her bed. Then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag of money, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from an open door, and of some strange noises.

She hurried into the shop.

'Dick! Dick!' she cried. 'Dick! Dick! Help! Wake up! I'm robbed!'

But there was no answer; the door into the street was wide open; and by the moonlight that poured through it she saw, as she peered under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone!

Gone! gone! Oh, that was worse to poor Granny Briggs than even the loss of the money; for she had trusted him, and he had deceived her. She had loved him, and he had abused her love. The neighbours were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he had robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise neighbours came into poor Granny's shop to find her crying and rocking to and fro; and they told her they had told her so, and she only shook her head. The shop took care of itself that day. Life had lost its interest for her. Her 'occupation was gone,' but not with her savings. Money was but money after all; he had come to be the only thing she loved, and Dick had robbed her!

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the empty hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones from upstairs was 'seeing to things,' and trying to cheer her, when, suddenly, there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

'Mrs. Briggs?' he said.

'Here she is,' said Mrs. Jones.

'Some one wants to see you at head-quarters,' said the policeman. 'There is a boy there and some money.'

'Dick!' cried Mrs. Briggs. 'Oh, I can't bear to look at him!'

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her by the arm and was hurrying her off.

'The wretch!' Mrs. Jones said. 'I'm glad he is caught. You'll get your money back.'

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and cared nothing for the money! And soon they were at the police-station, and then, and not before, the policeman said to the two women,—

'He's pretty bad,' he said. 'They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you're prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death, you know.'

'Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?' said Mrs. Briggs. 'I wouldn't have had that done for twice the money.'

'I beat him!' said the man. 'Well, women have the stupidest heads. Why, if I hadn't got up when I did, he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummelling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver—I tell you, I never saw the like! "You shan't take granny's money from her!" says he, and fought like a little tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know.'

Then old Mrs. Briggs clapped her hands and cried,—

'Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you!' And then she wrung her hands and cried, 'Oh, Dick! for just a paltry bit of money!'

And so she knelt beside the pale face upon the pillow, and kissed it, and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered,—

'I was afraid he'd get off with it if he killed me, granny, and you in such hopes last night.'

He did not know what she meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at last, and came back to the little shop; and though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the Home; for long before she died Dick was a prosperous merchant in the city, and his home was hers, and she was very happy in it.

ULLESWATER.

THE counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland are famous for their grand scenery. There the noble mountains rise, there the streams murmur, the waters foam, and the lakes lie bright and beautiful in the deep hollows. The lake in the picture, Ulfo's Lake, or Ulleswater, is one of the finest—perhaps we may safely call it the finest—of all. The head of the lake, called Patterdale, is surrounded by very bold scenery. Close by are three lofty peaks: Helvellyn 3070 feet high; Fairfield, 2950; High

Street (so called from the road made over it, the highest road in England), 2700 feet high. Between Fairfield and High Street is the Kirkstone Pass, by which the traveller can get from Ulleswater to another fine lake, named Windermere. The name of Kirkstone is given to the pass from a large block of stone, which looks like a church; in the North of England a church is called a 'kirk.'

Near the head of the Lake of Ulleswater are three islands, called Cherryholn, Wallholn, and Householn. They are rocky, and none of them, we hear, is inhabited—not even Householn. But where is the boy or girl who would not like to spend a summer day on Cherryholn?

The famous waterfall of Airey Force is in Gowbarrow Park. Here, too, is Lyulph's Tower. Lyulph was a bard, descended from the Druids. He pretended to foretell coming events from dreams and by watching the stars. Perhaps in the top of his tower he had a room from which he gazed upon the heavens when the nights were cloudless. In Sir Walter Scott's poem, called the *Bridal of Triermain*, Lyulph tells a strange story of other days; one of those old fairy tales which children love, and which linger long among the mountains.

Gowbarrow Park is a very sweet spot. 'Here,' says Wordsworth, 'are beds of fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles, and fallow-deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets.'

There was once a king of Cumberland. It was a kingdom to itself. The last king was called Dunmail, and he is buried under a great heap of stones on the south side of Helvellyn at a place called Dunmail-raise. There was also once a king of Patterdale; and who was he, do you suppose? Not a great warrior, like King Arthur, but a simple farmer named Mounsey. In those troublesome days when the English and Scots were not friendly, unhappy quarrels often arose in the north of England. On one of these occasions a number of Scottish '*moss troopers*,' as they were called, came to Patterdale to rob and slay; but Mounsey armed a number of youths, and fought the troopers so bravely that they made their way back again as quickly as they could. After this gallant deed Mounsey was called 'King of Patterdale.'

I must also tell you what a good dog did on Helvellyn seventy years ago. This dog, a terrier, was with his master, a young gentleman, travelling across the mountain. They reached a very dangerous place, and somehow the tourist fell over a lofty precipice, and was killed. The dog safely reached her master's body, and never left it for three months. She drove away the hill-fox and the raven. From spring to summer she guarded the dear remains of her master. At length a shepherd heard the sound of her bark, and found the human skeleton, from which the flesh had been wasted by the weather and the mountain winds.

This sad accident happened in the year 1805, and two of our greatest poets, Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth, have written each a fine poem upon this subject. As we read them we can fancy we are looking at the dead traveller; we can see the little faithful friend watching with a love that nothing



Ulleswater.

can chill. The solitary pond called the Red Tarn is not far off. A patch of December snow is there, though it is nearly June. On the right hand rises far above us the ridge of rock called Striding-edge; on our left is Swirrel-edge, crested by Catchedicam. It is a wild but beautiful spot. Those who visit it

will think of the good dog, and perhaps read from Wordsworth's poem,—

'How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!'

G. S. O.



SAVE THE SHIP.

CUT the cordage and free the ship
From the fallen spars that hamper her way :
Cast them adrift to the winds and the waves,
And let them carry them where they may.

It takes a heart that is bold and brave
While the storm is raging to leave the deck,
To sever the ropes in the angry sea :
But then it may save the ship from wreck.

Now have you ever a mast or spar,
That in the voyage o'er the sea of life
Will hamper the way to the Heavenly Shore,
As you press along through the stormy strife ?

Oh, cast it over : and if a rope
Or a cord yet hold it, go cut it free :
Bold heart, brave heart, if it save from wreck,
How glad will the sight of the Haven be !

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 124.)

CHAPTER XVI.—CYRIL'S FORTUNES ON THE FIELD
OF NASEBY.

ON the 14th day of June, 1645, the army of the
Parliament, commanded by General Fairfax and

Cromwell, left Gainsborough at three o'clock in the morning, and reached Naseby two hours later. Obadiah Goldthwaite and Cyril were present with the Bristol Company of Volunteers, and the youth looked forward with intense excitement to his first taste of actual war.

The Royalist forces were drawn up in order of battle at a little distance, in an excellent position; but Prince Rupert, with his usual impatience, advanced, with several squadrons, to reconnoitre the enemy, and on arriving in sight of them he at once sent word to the King to join him in haste, lest the rebels should escape them.

Towards ten o'clock the Royal army arrived, somewhat in confusion from their hasty march, and Prince Rupert charged with the cavalry up the hill on which Ireton's left wing was stationed.

The onset was made with such fury and gallantry that nothing could withstand it; the troops gave way; Ireton himself was wounded and taken prisoner; and Prince Rupert chased the flying regiment nearly to the village of Naseby.

The two armies were about equal in strength, but never were there two hosts speaking the same language more different in appearance. The Cavaliers are described by an eye-witness as 'glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-field like a pageant or a festival, their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets—prancing forth with all the grace of gentle blood, as if they would make a jest of death, whilst the spirit-rousing strains of trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears.'

The Roundheads, on the other hand, were a grim and sober company. These soldiers of the Covenant applied to themselves the words of the Hebrew psalm and prophecies; they looked upon their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves the elect and chosen people of God.

This fierce, fanatical spirit was their great strength. They were also more fortunate in their generals than were the Royalists, for on this occasion the rash impetuosity of Prince Rupert greatly injured his cause. While he was engaged in useless pursuit Cromwell had rushed down the hill with his cavalry, sweeping everything before him and dividing Langdale's troop from the main body, till at length they broke and fled.

In the meanwhile the King, seeing the enemy's centre left unsupported by their horse, furiously attacked Fairfax, who was forced to retreat for an instant. His helmet was broken by a sword-cut, and Charles Doyley, one of his captains, seeing his general bareheaded, hastened to offer him his own; but Fairfax refused it, and, pointing to a squadron of Royalists which was steadily advancing, he exclaimed,—

'Will nothing break their ranks? Have you charged them?'

'Twice already, general, and without success.'

'Well, then, attack them in front; I will take them in the rear; and we will meet in the midst.'

It was now, indeed, that Cyril, who was in the ranks of Fairfax, saw what battle really meant.

In the terrible crash and struggle of that fierce, hand-to-hand conflict he was unhorsed by a blow

from a pike, and in another moment he would have been trampled under the horses' hoofs; but in the shock his steel cap had fallen off, and his face was bare and uncovered.

It was, indeed, a fortunate chance for him, and he caught the sound of words in a familiar voice,—

'Upon my life! 'tis that young Cyril Goldthwaite, fighting on the side of the Roundhead villains, too!'

Cyril heard no more, for he had fainted from loss of blood.

When he came to himself, after a few minutes, he found that the tide of battle had somewhat passed onwards, and that it was Sir Geoffrey Raymond who was bending over him; and though he was too weak to speak, he could understand what was passing around him.

'Thank Heaven, he still lives!' said the knight. 'Never had I forgiven myself if my hand had laid him low. Roger,' he added, turning to the soldier who held his horse, 'the boy's life must be saved at any price. He is my prisoner now, and I charge thee, Roger, to take him safely by short stages to Raymond's Court, and give him into my lady's keeping. As thou lovest me, man, fail not. See, here is gold for the journey; let him want for nothing. Begone in haste; I may not tarry longer.'

Old Roger promised obedience to his master's command, and Sir Geoffrey rode off to join his regiment. He only arrived in time to find it dispersed and scattered; for Cromwell, with his victorious troops, had returned and charged it in the rear.

The Royalist reserves were now brought to the front, led by the King in person. His Majesty was just on the point of charging when Lord Carnwarth, who rode next to him, laid hold of the bridle of his horse, and said to him,—

'Will you go upon your death in an instant?'

and turned his horse abruptly to the right.

The Cavaliers who were nearest to the King did as he had done, without understanding the reason of the movement; others followed, until the whole regiment had turned away from the enemy. The flight soon became a panic, which the King strove in vain to check, until Prince Rupert, with his troops laden with plunder, returned to the field.

'One charge more, and we recover the day!' shouted the King in despair, but his cavalry could not be brought to make a second charge.

The day was lost. The Royalists took to flight, followed by Cromwell and his troops, and then ensued one of the most desperate and deadly pursuits recorded in history. Sir Geoffrey Raymond stood bravely by the King to the last, and took refuge with him that night within the gates of Leicester.

In this decisive battle of Naseby the Royalists lost all their artillery, baggage, the King's private cabinet, 8000 stand of arms, and the Royal Standard.

Meantime poor Cyril, sorely wounded and exhausted, had been left in charge of Sir Geoffrey's faithful servant. Old Roger had carefully lifted the youth to his saddle, and supported him, with great risk and danger, until they reached a place of safety.

Cyril's Puritan dress and armour stood him in good stead that day; for when they were met by detachments of the victorious army, they recognised

him as a wounded comrade, and suffered him to pass unmolested. It must be owned that, although Roger obeyed his master's orders, it was not without much inward murmuring.

'Poor boy, indeed!' quoth he. 'Why, the strippling is a stout fellow of five feet ten if he be an inch, and might have taken his chance with the best of us!'

Still he was kind in his rough way, and took care that Cyril should lack nothing during the many days' journey to Raymond's Court.

As the lad felt somewhat recovered, he was very urgent to return to his place in the army; but Roger grimly reminded him that he was the prisoner of Sir Geoffrey, who had saved his life at the risk of his own.

'Why hath he sent me to Raymond's Court?' asked Cyril. 'Would he make a prison of it?'

Roger shook his head.

'Tis not my place to ask the reason why,' he replied. 'Perchance he thinketh that if troublous times overtake us at home thou mayest be of service. Tidings have reached us that the rebels are carrying all before them, and that the King hath taken refuge at Leicester.'

'And Sir Geoffrey, is he in safety?' asked Cyril, in a low tone.

'There hath been no news of him since he left thee in my charge in the battle-field, and galloped off to his troop,' replied the old man, sadly. 'I know not if he be amongst those hundred and fifty officers of honour and repute who fell at Naseby, or if he hath been taken prisoner. But methinks thou art paler than wont, young master! Right glad shall I be to see the towers of Raymond's Court again, and to get thee better tending for thy wound than my rude care can afford.'

There was good cause for the old man's anxiety, for Cyril was now so exhausted and ill that he could scarce keep his saddle. Still, at the cost of great suffering, he managed to push on, until at length, late one evening, they reached the castle walls. They found it carefully guarded—the drawbridge up, the portcullis closed, and only after a long parley, when old Roger had at last made himself known, were they admitted within the courtyard.

At the first sound of approaching horsemen, Walter Raymond had eagerly hastened down, anxiously expecting news of his father. What was his surprise to meet Cyril, supported on his horse by the faithful Roger, and scarcely able to speak or stand! The Lady Constance was summoned at once, and under her directions the sick youth was carried to one of the guest-chambers, which was hastily prepared for his use.

Meantime she had anxiously questioned the old soldier.

'Tell thy news quick, Roger. Where is thy master? Is he well in health? Keep us not in suspense.'

'An't please you, my lady, Sir Geoffrey was in good health and spirits when I did part from him. Trust me, I had never left him but at his own most special command. "Roger," quoth he, "thou must take this young gallant prisoner, and straightway depart homewards with him;" in token whereof he

did give me his pouch full of gold pieces, for sundry costs on the way, of the which I have not expended the half, and do here return it to you, my lady.'

'No, no, Roger! keep the gold for thyself. But tell us what befell! How came yonder lad by his wound? Make a brief story of it, I prithee.'

'It was in this wise, my lady. Those rascally, prick-eared Roundheads were charging us like furies, and that young gentleman you wot of was in the midst of them.'

'But where did this befall?' interrupted Walter, impatiently. 'Hath there been a battle fought? We have had no tidings from the seat of war.'

'Gently, young master. My tongue can trip no quicker. Sure enough there was a battle, and loth was I to turn my back upon it, but Sir Geoffrey's orders must needs be obeyed. It was nigh to the village of Naseby, in a large fallow field; our battle-cry was to be "Queen Mary," and Master Cyril—poor lad—tells me the cry on their side was, "God our Strength;" though how he came to be on the wrong side with those psalm-singing rebels is more than I can tell.'

'Never mind thine opinions, Roger; thou art enough to wear out the patience of a Job,' cried Walter, angrily, but his mother interposed in a whisper,—

'Hush, Walter! let the old man tell it in his way; thou wilt gain nothing by flurrying him.'

'How went the day, Roger?' she asked, gently. 'Was the victory with the King, or did the rebels win?'

'We had but got to the end of our first stage, for the poor lad was weak from loss of blood, and could scarce sit his horse, when an express passed through the village where we were with the bad news that all our army was routed, our camp was plundered, and the King had fled for his life to Leicester; where, doubtless,' added the old man, looking down on the ground, 'Sir Geoffrey did safely arrive with his royal master.'

He could not meet the eye of Lady Constance as he spoke these words of hope, for in his own heart he sadly feared that his beloved master had met with a soldier's death on the field of battle.

In the meanwhile the good chaplain, Dr. Fowler, who was also somewhat of a chirurgeon, had been called to give his advice about Cyril. After careful questioning and examining the wound on his arm, he gave it as his opinion that the poor lad was in a state of high fever, brought on by loss of blood and the fatigue of a long journey on horseback under a scorching sun. He ordered him to be well wrapped up in blankets, to be supplied with hot drinks of various herb-teas: he had the brocaded hangings of the huge bedstead carefully drawn round to exclude the least breath of air; and having thus done all that his skill and knowledge could do, he turned to the Lady Constance, who was anxiously awaiting his verdict and gravely shook his head.

'The case is very serious, madam, and the result doubtful. If the fever be not diminished on the morrow, it will be needful for me to take out my lancet and draw blood, and so abate the heat.'

(To be continued.)



"This case is very serious, madam."



Peggy Charsley.



PEGGY CHARLSLEY.

PERHAPS many of my young readers have never seen a beech-wood. Well, then, all I have to say is, I am sorry for it; for nothing is more beautiful than a beech-wood in spring. A *real* wood, covering many hundreds of acres, through which the path winds through the smooth olive boles of the trees, ever and anon giving sweet glimpses down the shadowy glades. A wood where *only* beeches grow.

Above is a canopy of the tenderest green, through which the sunshine streams in golden shafts, here and there, falling in small round patches on the ground. By-the-by, *why* are these sunlit patches always round? In the hot summer weather no tree affords so much shade as the beech, and the 'twilight solitude' of these forests is most grateful.

In late autumn, when 'a sombre radiance covers each tree,' how beautiful are the beechen woods! Before their crisp leaves fall and redden the earth beneath, how glorious a show do they make! each tree becomes a burning bush of brilliant orange-red!

Even in winter, a beech-wood is beautiful.

'Walk now among the forest trees:
Saidst thou that they were stripped and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
Which winter regally doth wear.'

I have walked through these woods at Christmas-tide, on a moonlight night, when the earth was covered with her snowy warmth, and the intricate tracery of the boughs was repeated with the greatest truth and delicacy in the sparkling snow; and still the wood was lovely as ever. This brings me to my story of poor Peggy Charlsley.

Buckinghamshire is noted for its chalk hills, cherry orchards, and beech-woods; nowhere do the latter thrive more luxuriantly, the chalky soil seeming to suit their growth; and the inhabitants of many a cottage obtain their living from them.

As one of our older poets says,—

'Beech made their chests, their beds, their jointed stools;
Beech made the board, the platter, and the bowls.'

They also work them for other people.

Chairs, too, they make in great quantities, the wood being easily worked by the turner. These simple-hearted people, living away from the world, often a long distance from towns, would make their purchases from pedlars, who by supplying their wants turned an honest penny for themselves, and gained a scanty livelihood. One of these well-known itinerant traders was old Peggy Charlsley, who carried her basket of wares from hamlet to hamlet, over many a long mile, through all kinds of weather; but none were more welcome than she, and many were the bit and sup she got in her weary wanderings at wayside villages or lone farmhouses, the inmates of which were always glad to hear her budget of news, or to make some trifling purchase during her short stay.

In her wanderings she was always accompanied by a little black-and-white dog, a faithful companion for many years, grown old in her service, who trotted along by her side like the trusty little fellow that he was. Fido she called him, and he was true as steel.

It is now more than seventy years ago that I am speaking of, when one gloomy December day, after a long and wearisome walk, the old woman and her dog were tramping along the lanes and woods, over the snow-covered ground, on their way to Amersham. Peggy had just left Stockinge Farm, where she had been kindly treated with a cup of tea and some food. The children had come home from school, and were settling round the dog-fire which blazed brightly between the dog-irons on the hearth, to spend the evening in reading a little chap-book just purchased from Peggy, when the poor old woman started on her dreary way, which led her through one of the woods by which the farmhouse was almost encompassed.

'Bad night, Peggy! Good night, Fido!' were the last words the poor lone woman heard as she closed the latch of the door, which shut her out of the great warm house-place into the cold, dark, blustering night.

Darkness had indeed come on apace, and before Peggy entered the wood the snow began to fall thick and fast, the wind roared in the branches above and drifted the snowflakes into her old weather-beaten face as she pursued her way. So dark it was, she wandered from the path and soon got bewildered in her endeavours to regain it. In this uncertainty, surrounded by the thick gloom of the wood, and blinded by the snow, she at last fell down the steep side of an open and unguarded chalk-pit.

Poor old Peggy! never more didst thou gladden the eyes of expectant purchasers with thy approach. Never again did children clap their hands with glee at the sight of the old woman who brought them 'pallets' of toffy. And never again—oh! never again, shall Fido hear thy kind voice, or feel thy tender caresses! For a poor mangled corpse was all that remained at the bottom of the horrid chasm in that dark December night.

The next morning dawned calmly and brightly through the frosty air, and the snow sparkled and glistened in the sunshine like myriads of diamonds.

Little did Farmer Keene, as he was called, or any of his family, dream of the ill-fortune that had befallen their late visitor. Farmer Keene's household, besides himself and wife, consisted of three children, the serving-man, and a maid. The children were named Richard, Mary, and John—three as fair little blue-eyed beings as you would see in a day's march. 'Little Dicky'—he was rarely called by any other name—was the eldest, and had of late been sent to school at Amersham.

'Now, Dicky, be you ready?' his mother called out to him soon after their early breakfast, as she looked over the farmyard towards the black wooden sheds, from one of which Master Dick soon came out. He was a bright, active little urchin, who ran to his mother for his dinner-basket, which held a thick sandwich of bread and bacon, a turnover, and some bread and cheese; and was soon on his way to school after kissing his mother and receiving the caution not to loiter on the way: for, be it known, Master Dick was

very fond of bird-catching and squirrel-hunting in the woods, and had had some narrow escapes in his time. One day he got his arm fast in the hollow of an old apple-tree, where he had clambered in quest of birds' eggs; and old William the shepherd had to 'saw' him out! Another time he got into trouble in the woods with an owl, who caught him getting down the tree where her young owlet was snugly hidden away, and she buffeted him with her wings and pecked him severely on the neck as he ran away, stumbling along as best he could, with his arms over his face to avoid the assault. Dicky fought shy of that tree for a long time, I can tell you. This morning, however, as he trudged along crunching the snow with his thick-soled boots, and making tracks in the earth's winding-sheet—sometimes whistling to himself, and sometimes looking at his lesson-book—a greater shock awaited him; for, as he entered the wood, he heard the faint howling of a dog. It was not like any bark he had heard before; and hurrying in the direction of the sound he soon came to the chalk-pit, where, peeping cautiously over the edge, he saw Fido standing by the prostrate and snow-wreathed form of his dead mistress, now looking up and howling piteously, then stopping to lick her dead face. Terrified beyond measure, and yet scarcely understanding the fearful accident, Dicky ran quickly home again, and told with trembling lips what he had seen.

Soon the farmer and some of his men were on the spot, entering the pit by the lower edge of the slope. They raised the cold and senseless body and carried it to the farmhouse, followed by the faithful dog.

I have no more to say about old Peggy. She was buried by the parish. What became of Fido I never heard. The story is a true one. Little Dicky was my own father, who has often told me the sad tale.

R. K.

WISHING AND WORKING.

IF I were only a lady, now!" sighed Marie Holmes, 'how happy I should be playing the piano all day, with pretty things about me, and every one speaking softly, and no toilsome Miss Nash, with her nutmeg-grater voice, and her endless "young ladies!" Young ladies, indeed! As if Kitty Hogg or Arabella Carver could, by any possibility, be young ladies!'

'Now, Marie! where are you blundering to?' was the shout that disturbed Marie's reverie on this Bank Holiday. Exactly behind her were brother Sam and Aunt Hodges, bound for the river.

No, she would not go with them; she preferred being alone and thinking, either on the shore, or in some quiet corner in the 'Gardens,' as the prettily planted acre of ground was called that the public owned in Rockborough.

Alas! thinking meant too often murmuring with fifteen-year old Marie; but still she indulged herself in the hurtful pastime whenever she had time for it, and was not hampered by the presence of the other milliners' girls, with whom her days were passed.

This August day was a grand occasion; and dressed in her best, a nosegay of sweet flowers in her hand, she hurried away from the crowd of pleasure-seekers to enjoy her own reveries, Sam

grumbling to her aunt that Marie never would do like the rest.

'Let her be,' said Aunt Hodges, 'she's not a bad sort of a girl; and when the nonsense is out of her, there's good stuff behind.'

Aunt Hodges was an authority in the family, so Sam groaned and said no more. He was fond of Marie, and wished to be more with his favourite sister.

Rockborough was a large place, and at the same moment on that August morning Miss Dorning was taking a walk on the shore.

'Will you post this letter; please, Miss?' called the maid after her.

The young lady turned and took the note from the servant, glad to have an occasion to go anywhere.

The holiday people all around her seemed so happy in their unusual leisure, it made her envious.

'If I were only a poor girl—a shell girl,' said Miss Dorning to herself, 'how I should enjoy this lovely morning! But I am so unfortunate as to be born of that class that have nothing to do, and therefore never enjoy a holiday. Heigho! we poor ladies are much to be pitied!'

And on walked the girl, with her refined face and graceful dress, a prey to useless regrets as much as Marie Holmes.

There is seldom a Bank Holiday without an accident, especially in a seaport town; but this time it was no excursionist who had come to grief, but Miss Dorning, of Marina House, who, incautiously dreaming along the shady path by the river bank, had lost her footing and fallen in. In that swift tidal stream she would have fared badly, had not a boat been near, and Sam Holmes, the rower, a strong, self-possessed lad, come to the rescue.

Marie, sauntering home at mid-day, weary and dispirited, found her bed occupied, and her mother fussing and fuming round the pretty pale occupant.

That was an eventful afternoon. Such messages passing between the Marina and Rosamond Terrace, where the Holmes' lived!

Marie was quite happy, petting the fair young lady, and making her tea. She had only been terrified—not drowned—in her late escapade; and Miss Dorning, on her part, took a fancy to the dark-eyed damsel, who worshipped so prettily at her shrine.

While fresh garments were sent for from the Marina the two talked most contentedly, Miss Dorning questioning, Marie answering. In a gush of confidence Marie owned she wished to be a lady, and Violet Dorning puzzled over at her own counter-wishes.

'Is it naughty and discontented of me to think such things?' asked the little milliner.

Violet paused.

'Oh, Marie! I am so naughty myself I am no judge,' she said in reply. 'But I do not think you are wrong to wish to have leisure for your music. You have a good touch, and sing very sweetly.'

Marie had fingered the poor worn piano in the sitting-room at Miss Dorning's request, and sung a little ballad for her visitor.

Back at evening went Miss Dorning to her home, full of thought.



"Will you post this letter; please, Miss?"

Why had God spared her life that day—her useless life? Surely for some purpose. She was very thankful to Him, and she would try to find it out.

Was it little Marie pining to be 'a lady,' as she thought, but in reality wishing to be that something better than a milliner's girl she felt she could be?

If so, could Violet help her to it, and so make herself of a little use in this busy world? She would try, and as a first step she got her London music-master to sound the depths of her little *protégée's* musical powers.

The scheme was successful. Herr Spieler pushed his spectacles up in the air and pronounced the little milliner a true genius, only she must work—work many years at music—only music—and then—

Poor Mary! her dark eyes looked alternately delight and despair. What about Miss Nash? How was she to give those long days of pins, and seams, and chatter, to her dear music?

She went home half crying. She did not wish to be a lady now, she knew—only a musician.

Aunt Hodge now came forward; she would be responsible for Mary's 'keep,' if kind Miss Dorning would get her into the great London music school they talked of. Marie was all amazed gratitude. The family had hitherto only laughed at her music, and her flowers, and her fancies. 'And I owe it all to you,' she said, gratefully, to Miss Dorning. 'How kind ladies can be! That is all I envy them now!'

Poor Violet! she crimsoned with shame. In all her twenty-one years of life, this had been her first effort to benefit a fellow-creature. Only this one girl in all Rockborough had reason to bless her. And she was rich, young, and healthy; surely she could have made more people happy if she had tried.

Little Marie Holmes fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a great musician, a great singer,



aye, even a lady, as the world calls it. But such a lady as could love well and deeply the homeless mother and aunt, and the somewhat rough brother in Rosamond Terrace. And Violet Dorning had done it. Aye, and done many other such good works before that day of Marie's greatness arrived.

Perhaps the best work done, however, was the acquirement of that spirit of contentment that owns one's place in the world to be the right one, and strives to do one's duty in it.

H. A. F.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 135.)

CHAPTER XVII.—THE SIEGE OF RAYMOND'S COURT.

WHILE poor Cyril was tossing about in the delirium of fever, and struggling between life and death under the tender mercies of good Dr. Fowler, at Raymond's Court, there was one who suffered the bitterest anguish and remorse on his account.

On the field of Naseby, when Fairfax made that

furious charge which the Royalists, with all their gallantry, could not withstand, Obadiah Goldthwaite had striven to keep young Cyril by his side. But in the turmoil of battle the two had been separated just before the incident occurred which was related in the last chapter.

When the King's squadron had been broken and dispersed, Obadiah looked round anxiously for the youth, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then one of his companions remembered that he had seen a fair-haired stripling struck down from his horse by the pike of a Cavalier, but in the hurry and excitement of the moment he had seen nothing more. At this news, which confirmed his own worst fears, the poor man was in despair; and as soon as the field was won, and the King's army had been driven to flight, he set himself to the painful and terrible task of seeking for his boy amongst the wounded and the dead upon that ghastly field. Through the long hours of the summer afternoon and evening did he continue that weary search, and not until darkness was closing in was he at length drawn away to the camp by his comrades. Stern men as they were, they yet sympathised with him in his overwhelming grief.

Poor Obadiah! How bitterly he reproached himself for having used his influence to persuade Cyril to accompany him on that fatal expedition! The bright-eyed lad, who had been the pride and joy of his life, was gone; and in his self-reproach he felt as if it were by his own act and deed. In the bitterness of his sorrow he thanked Heaven that Dorothy had not lived to share it. There was but little leisure, however, in those troublous times, to indulge in any private grief; men had to be up and doing, whether they wept or whether they rejoiced.

After the victory gained at Naseby, the army of the Parliament lost no time in hastening to the south-west of England, the only district in which the King now possessed any power and influence. The troops under Fairfax directed their march towards Taunton, which was then besieged by the Royalists, and Obadiah Goldthwaite found himself rapidly advancing towards the neighbourhood of his home at Bristol.

Meantime we must return to follow the fortunes of the inmates of Raymond's Court.

During some weeks Cyril was dangerously ill, and several times his life was despaired of by his devoted nurse, the Lady Constance. At length, however, his vigorous constitution enabled him to assist the well-meant treatment of Dr. Fowler, and he began to show signs of mending.

One day Walter was sitting by his bedside, reading to him from one of the old Chronicles to while away the weary hours, when they were disturbed by a hasty call for the young master.

'What is it, Abigail?' he called out impatiently. 'Is it the armourer or the cutler that has chosen this ill time to seek me? What aileth thee, woman, to stand there making signs to me?'

'Eh, Master Walter, but 'tis news come to make us all tremble! Giles the hedger hath brought word—and see you he ran for his life to tell it—that there be troops of soldiers in sight, far away on the Downs road, and even by the distant look of them he doth swear they be Roundhead rebels.'

'News, indeed, truly, Abigail, if Giles hath spoken truth.'

'Cyril,' he added, turning to his friend, 'thou art the only soldier here: tell us what we must do.'

'Make fast the gate; send forth in all directions to your neighbours; call in all the farm-people,' cried Cyril, starting up in bed; and, resisting all Walter's persuasions, he had quickly thrown on his clothes.

'What will my mother say, rash youth?' exclaimed Walter.

But at this moment Lady Constance herself entered. She had heard the news, and was far from blaming Cyril's impetuous zeal.

'We shall need the help of every friend,' said she; 'even of our poor prisoner here. If it do come to a siege—which Heaven forbid!—our castle is strong, and we are well supplied with food. But where is the garrison, Walter?'

Her son shook his head, and replied,—

'Half-a-dozen old retainers; for my father hath taken all the able-bodied men in his troop. 'Tis true, we have a good stock of old armour, and a pile of matchlocks, swords, and pikes. I will go forth and see how many men from the fields we can muster to wear them. They be all busy now in the Home Meadows haymaking. I will send Giles forth at once to rouse Sir Miles Fernleigh and the countryside, and bid them haste to our rescue. Maybe, after all, 'tis but a false alarm.'

'I will make all speed to have the corn and bacon brought in from the Home Farm,' exclaimed Lady Constance, 'and have the King's flag hoisted on the great tower, and the signal-gun fired to warn the neighbours. Right thankful am I that your father so well employed those months of peace last winter in making good the castle walls.'

With these words, the lady hastened away to see to all the needful preparations, while Cyril and Walter looked doubtfully at each other.

'Is it possible, think you, Cyril, to hold the castle?' asked Walter. 'My poor mother is full of courage, but methinks 'tis poor work trusting to stone walls without a garrison behind them.'

'We will take care that the enemy discover not our weakness,' exclaimed Cyril, who was now full of zeal and enthusiasm. 'First let us muster all the men we can, and arm them as best we may.'

Never was there such a scene of hurrying to and fro, of busy tumult and eager haste, as followed. The news of the enemy's approach flew like wildfire, and, guided by the direction of the signal-gun, men came in by tens and twenties, headed by some of the neighbouring gentlemen, until the garrison numbered over a hundred.

By common consent the command of these and the defence of the castle were intrusted to Sir Miles Fernleigh, a veteran soldier, whose sons were in the King's army, and who had been scarcely persuaded to remain at home by the strongest persuasions of his family. At the first tidings of the danger which threatened Raymond's Court, the brave old man was in the saddle without a moment's delay, and galloped across country with as many armed servants as he could collect at that short notice.

Lady Constance welcomed him with delight, and his bluff, genial manner soon inspired all the house-

hold with confidence. He set everybody to work at once; the frightened women-servants were told to collect all the bags, pillows, and blankets, to protect the musketeers who were placed in the bastions of the south gate, and behind the battlements.

He tried to persuade Lady Constance to retire to the central tower, which was the most protected position in case of the storming of the castle, but she declared her intention of taking her share of all toil and danger.

'Ah, my lady!' said the old soldier, 'if we only had your gallant father, brave Lord Morton of Ayr-burn here, we would give the Roundhead villains a taste of our mettle. Methinks I see him now charging like a lion at the head of those wild Scots of his!'

But the veteran was interrupted by a shout from Cyril, who had been set to watch in the Octangular Turret, which commanded the best view of the approach through the park.

'They come! they come, Sir Miles! A body of troopers, six abreast, a regiment of infantry, and field-pieces with the rear-guard, if I mistake not.'

The old soldier looked grave for a moment.

'Artillery, sayest thou? In sooth, that accounts for the slow movements of the rebels.'

He moved to the great window of the banqueting-hall, from which could be seen, in a few minutes, the advanced guard of the enemy. The tramp of approaching troops could now be heard, and all the garrison were in a state of intense excitement.

'What say you, Sir Miles?' cried Richard Hamlyn of Ashmore, one of the neighbouring squires. 'We shall never hold out with this handful of men, for surely yonder cometh a strong detachment of trained soldiers, perchance supported by the main army of Fairfax. Is it well, think you, to incur the penalty inflicted by martial law, which condemns to the edge of the sword all persons who attempt to defend an untenable post?'

'What have you to say on that matter, my lady? and you, young Master Walter?' asked Sir Miles Fernleigh. 'I am but an old man, and will gladly sacrifice my few remaining years of life for the King's sake—but you?'

'If it come to the worst we can die, my friend; but it shall never be said that Raymond's Court surrendered without a blow,' replied Lady Constance firmly.

'Well said! and now to our posts,' was the brief rejoinder of the veteran soldier.

As Richard Hamlyn had expected, the first act of the besiegers was loudly to summon the garrison to surrender. As the strength of the castle was well known, and it appeared to be thoroughly manned and defended, the most honourable conditions and quarter were offered in the name of the Parliament.

'We are enough of us to make good the castle, and will hold it for his Majesty,' was the reply of Sir Miles.

The attack thereupon began at once, though it was late in the day, the assailants having dragged a piece of heavy artillery as near the walls as they could and opened fire without delay. However the massive stone-work resisted the first shock, and night came on without any breach having been made.

Anxious watch was kept by the besieged through all the dark hours; they dared not show a light at any of the windows, lest by so doing they should give the enemy a point to aim at. The long night of weary suspense came to an end at last, and at the first approach of dawn hostilities began again.

The defenders of the castle were well supplied with ammunition, and as the men kept up a brisk fire upon the gunners in charge of the two field-pieces, their muskets were loaded afresh and returned to them by the women of the household, of whom there were now a large number, for many families of the farmers and labourers had taken refuge at Raymond's Court.

The drawbridge had been raised by the garrison, but on the second day the besiegers provided themselves with planks and beams of wood from the forsaken outbuildings and soon made a temporary bridge across the moat. As soon as this was finished they brought a quantity of tar, some bundles of dry hemp, and a heap of fagots, and began to pile them up in front of the great gate, to destroy it with fire.

At the sight of this proceeding there were shrieks of alarm from some of the women, but they were quickly silenced by Lady Constance, who pointed out to them that by making a noise they showed the enemy where to send shot with greater effect.

The bridge thus thrown across the moat was only wide enough for a few men to advance at a time, and a galling fire was opened upon them, not only from the battlements, but also from the garden inside the moat, where some of the best marksmen had been hidden behind the old willow-trees, planks having been placed there that they might not sink in the boggy land. This had been the device of Walter, who was very proud of its success.

At the same time heavy stones were thrown down upon the enemy from the bastion. The assailants, being thus taken by surprise, fell back in confusion, leaving many of their number slain. Three times, however, did they return with steady courage to the attack, and three times were they repulsed with great loss.

The little garrison was greatly encouraged by this success, and old Sir Miles exclaimed,—

'If we could but silence that artillery of theirs there might be a chance for us; but if once they make a breach in our walls we are lost!'

'And why not?' exclaimed Cyril. 'I feel certain that I could climb the battlements at night, and cross the moat; then it would be no hard task to spike the guns.'

'A brave thought, but too reckless and daring!' said the captain of the garrison. 'We could make a sally in the darkness from the south postern, but there are sentinels placed at every entrance.'

Cyril, however, was so eager and determined, and the scheme was so tempting, that at length it was agreed upon. Two picked men, one of them being Yates, the blacksmith, readily agreed to accompany Cyril on his dangerous errand; and it was arranged that a midnight sortie should be made at the same moment from the south postern to draw away attention from the field-pieces.

All the preparations were quickly made, and they anxiously waited for the darkness of the night.

(To be continued.)



Defending the Castle.



A Grateful Pig. By HARRISON WEIR.



A GRATEFUL PIG.

Written by two children, who say it was
'strictly true.'

WE were once staying at the seaside, and called to see a lady who was very fond of animals. Amongst her pets the drollest of all was a pig, who followed his mistress everywhere she went. We were much surprised to hear the history of this pig, and I will give you the following account.

He was born with some other little pigs, which the cruel old mother devoured, but this one happily escaped her, though not without the loss of his tail, which she unmercifully bit off. One morning his mistress went to see them, and found the others were dead and this one dying. She took pity on the poor little thing, and took him with her into the house and fed him with bread and milk. For a long time he was so weak he could hardly eat at all; but after a time he got quite fat and strong, and became a handsome little pig.

I have not told you his name yet. I dare say you will think it a very strange name, and he was a very strange little pig. When he was quite a little thing he had a hump on his back, from which he derived the name of 'Punch.' One day his mistress was weeding in the garden (of course Punch was with her), and some ladies called to see her. She went through the glass doors that led into the drawing-room to speak to them. Poor Punch did not see her go, but after a time he missed her; but nowhere could he find his dearly-loved mistress; he hunted everywhere he could think of, but no mistress could he find. At last he traced her footsteps through the garden up to the glass door, and what was his joy to see his mistress sitting there talking to her visitors! He gave no thought to the glass, but with one bound he jumped right through, and laid his poor bleeding head on his mistress's lap. Such was the love of the Pig.

BARON ANDERSON'S ADVICE.

I HAVE sent you to Eton that you may be taught your duties as an English young gentleman,' said Baron Anderson to his son on leaving home. 'The first duty of such a person is to be a good and religious Christian; the next is to be a good scholar; and the third is to be accomplished in all manly exercises and games, such as rowing, jumping, cricket, and the like. Most boys, I fear, begin at the wrong end, and take the last first; and, what is still worse, never arrive at either of the other two at all. I hope, however, better things of you; and to hear first that you are a good, truthful, honest boy; and then that you are one of the hardest workers in your class; and after that, I confess I shall be by no means sorry to hear that you can show the idle boys that an industrious one can be a good cricketer, and jump as wide a ditch, or clear as high a hedge, as any of them.'

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

KARL MARSH is sold into slavery!' said a man to me the other day.

'Sold into slavery!' I cried: 'is there anything like that now-a-days?'

'Indeed there is,' was the answer.

'Who bought him, pray?'

'Oh, it's a firm, and they own a good many slaves, and make shocking bad masters.'

'Can it be in these days? Who are they?' I asked.

'Well, they have agents everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folk; but the names of the firm are Whisky and Wine.'

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation, and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town has not felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are sold, and that is the end of it; sold to ruin sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, do make their escape; but the greater part are caught and go back to their chains.

THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.



ONE bitter winter's day, a pinched, half-starved-looking boy, was standing at a small baker's shop in the village of Northshean. He stood for some time staring with longing eyes at the loaves of bread displayed in the window, until the owner of the shop, thinking he meant to beg or steal, hurried out into the road, exclaiming,—

'Get along, you good-for-nothing! I'll have no beggars' brats prowling about here, I can tell you!'

The boy made no reply, but, with a weary sigh, turned away from the shop.

'Are you hungry, lad?'

The boy looked round quickly to see who had said this to him, and found that the words came from the lips of an elderly gentleman, who, standing behind him, had heard the shopkeeper's scolding.

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy faintly.

'Well, then, come and eat;' and buying a loaf of bread he gave it to the boy.

For a moment the lad looked greedily at the bread, and the next hurried off with it in his hand.

'Stop, boy!' said the gentleman: 'you told me you were hungry; why don't you eat?'

'I'll take it home first, please, sir,' he answered.

The gentleman for a moment fixed his kind but searching eyes upon the boy's face, and then said,—

'I'll come with you. Show me the way; and as we go along tell me your name and all about yourself.'

Matthew Stone—for such was his name—in his turn took a good stare at the stranger, and, satisfied with the inspection he made of his countenance, he began his sad but not uncommon tale.

In a few simple words he told his companion that he lived with his mother and a brother, who was a few years younger than himself. Until the last few months his mother had been able to support herself and her children, but at the beginning of the winter she had been seized with a severe illness, from which she had never entirely recovered. Matthew had also contributed to the support of his family by earning a few shillings a-week as a gardener's boy. But now that the hard frost had set in all the gardeners were out of work. Having, therefore, no employment, like many others, the Stones were nearly starving.

By the time Matthew had finished his story they had arrived at the small cottage where he lived. For an instant he waited hesitating at the door, for he scarcely liked to ask the stranger to enter their wretched abode. The tears stood in his eyes as he began,—

'This is my home, sir. But mother—she—'

'I know what you would say, lad; but never mind, I'll come in and see your mother for all that.'

Matthew made no further remark, but, leading the way, asked the gentleman to follow him into the room occupied by Mrs. Stone.

A pitiful sight there met the stranger's eye. No fire burnt in the grate that bitter day. The room had scarcely any furniture except the bed, on which was laid a poor, emaciated woman, evidently in the last stage of illness. A little, fair-haired, sickly-looking boy of nine years of age, was lying asleep by her side, where he had nestled himself for warmth.

The poor woman seemed too feeble to express any surprise at the entrance of the stranger, but a faint colour rose in her cheeks as her eyes fell on the loaf of bread her son held in his hand.

'This kind gentleman gave it to me, mother,' said Matthew, interpreting her look.

The younger boy, who was startled by the sound of voices, sat up in the bed and began to cry.

'What's the matter, my little man?' said the gentleman, going up to the bedside.

'He is hungry, sir,' said his brother, and taking him off the bed he at once gave him some of the bread.

A faint smile crossed the mother's face, for the action of the elder boy had not passed unnoticed by her. Neither had it escaped the stranger's observation, and it increased the liking he had already taken to the boy's open, honest countenance, and intelligent manner.

'That's a good lad of yours, I am sure,' he said; by which remark Mr. Nash proved that he knew the key that would open the mother's heart.

Whilst he is endeavouring to cheer the inmates of that comfortless room by a few kind words, we will tell the reader what little was known of the history of Mrs. Stone and her children by the inhabitants of Northsean.

Ellen Stone had taken up her abode in the village six years before the commencement of this story. Matthew was then eight years of age, and Harry some five years younger. No one knew whence Ellen Stone had come. No one showed much curiosity about her. Her own sweet, sad face, seemed to have been introduction enough to the honest villagers, for they had at once given her their sympathy.

On her arrival she engaged a small room in a cottage, and furnished it with the few things she possessed. In that room she had resided ever since, supporting herself and her children by hard work, until Matthew was old enough to help her in the task.

When Mrs. Stone had first come amongst them, the elders of the village, who were much struck by her delicate look, had whispered to each other that, 'Poor thing, she was not long for this world!' For some years it almost seemed that the good people had been mistaken in their prophecy; for though, year by year, she became paler, and looked more and more fragile, still she did not seem to lose any of her strength. But one day Ellen Stone had said she was ill, and then all knew that the whisper was coming true, and that she was doomed not to be long in this world. Since that day misfortunes had followed quickly one upon another. Distress was so rife in the village that little aid could be given to the dying woman, and Matthew had spoken truly when he had said they were nearly starving.

A little ray of hope seemed to have dawned on that poor cottage with the entrance of Robert Nash. He spoke so kindly and soothingly to the poor mother that she opened her whole heart to him; and he saw that the great burden which lay upon it was the thought that she would have to leave her two children friendless and destitute in the world.

Before he left the cottage Mr. Nash promised to endeavour to obtain some employment for Matthew, and, giving them a little money for their present necessities, he said he would come and see them another day.

It would have been difficult for Robert Nash to have conferred greater benefits on any fellow-creatures than he had done that day by the timely succour he had given to Ellen Stone and her children. But, alas! his benefits had come too late to be of any earthly good to the poor mother, and only too well she knew the terrible truth.

'Matthew, come here to me,' she said to him that same evening. She made him sit by her on the bed, and then, taking his hand and drawing him close to her, she said, 'Matthew, my own boy—my own brave boy! for I know you will be brave and try to bear the trials the Almighty thinks fit to send us—listen to me.'

In a few gentle words she told him what she had to say, and then it seemed to Matthew that all his former troubles sank to nothing, for now he knew that soon he would be motherless.

'Mother! mother! you cannot mean what you say! You cannot mean that you are going to leave Harry and me alone!' was the piteous appeal he made as soon as he understood the meaning of her words; and clasping his arms round his mother's neck he sobbed as if his heart would break.

By gentle degrees, in the tender way in which only a mother knows how to soothe her child, she endeavoured to reconcile him to the trial that was before him. She told him that she had known for a very long time that she could not live many years, but that she had prayed to be spared until her boy was old enough to take care of his younger brother. And though he was still very young to undertake



Taking him off the bed, he at once gave him some of the bread.

such a charge, she said she should die happy, for she knew he would fulfil her last and dearest wish to the utmost of his power, and for her sake always look after and protect his brother.

The mother's words sank deeply into her child's heart, leaving him a child no longer. Manfully he arose, and with earnestness in his look, and strength in his voice, he promised his dying mother that, as long as he lived, Harry should never feel he was an orphan. For some days after the conversation she

had held with her son, Ellen Stone seemed to be rather better; and Matthew's heart began to throb with a hope that perhaps she might yet be spared.

But one night she called her sons to her, and kissing them both very tenderly, wished them good night, and composed herself to sleep. The boys also slept peacefully, for they little knew that they never again should hear their mother's voice—little knew that in that night the soul of Ellen Stone was to pass to its long rest.



She made him sit by her on the bed.

Early the next morning Mr. Nash came to inquire after Ellen Stone.

'I think she must be better,' said Matthew, 'for she is sleeping so quietly.'

With a careful step Mr. Nash approached the bed, but one glance showed him that Ellen Stone slept the sleep of death, and, as gently as he could, he told the orphaned children she never would wake in this world.

The elder boy, by the look of mute agony which passed over his face, seemed to understand the meaning of his words, but he uttered not a sound. Though accustomed to scenes of misery, Robert Nash had seldom seen so much despair expressed on so young a face, and the suffering it betokened appealed at once to his kind heart. He looked anxiously at the boy, wishing he would cry or speak, but still he sat like a statue, with his eyes fixed on his brother. At length Mr. Nash went up and spoke to him, but he seemed deaf to his voice. Without resisting, Matthew let himself be taken by the hand, and then Mr. Nash led him up to the bedside.

'See, Matthew, my good lad, how peaceful and happy she looks!'

The boy gave one look at his mother's lifeless form, and throwing himself by the side of her he sobbed out,—

'Mother, rest happy, for never will I break my promise to you. Harry shall be my first thought in all my life.'

(To be continued.)

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY CONSTANCE MUST SURRENDER.



It was fortunate for Cyril's adventure that the night was dark and stormy. Just as the clock struck twelve, he and his two companions set forward and crept along the inside of the battlements until they reached the place where a projecting buttress had made a convenient angle for a rope to be fastened. Cyril was the first to climb, and he quietly ascended the battlement and gently

let himself down on the other side. Yates, the blacksmith, who was a heavy man, had more difficulty in following; however, with great exertion he too reached the ground in safety.

His tools, which had been carefully wrapped up in canvas, were then let down to him by means of a rope; but in so doing their companion, Giles Arden, lost his footing and fell back on the other side of the wall, a distance of some feet. For a moment they paused and listened, but could hear only the steady tread of a sentinel stationed on the opposite bank. It would have been fatal to their enterprise to wait for poor Giles, so they crept down unobserved in the darkness to the very edge of the water, which was only a few feet deep in the moat. Here they waited

for the signal which had been agreed upon with Sir Miles Fernleigh—the opening of the southern postern and the midnight sally of the besieged.

They were not kept long in suspense, and as soon as they heard the door creaking on its rusty hinges and the tramp of armed men, they waded through the moat, and hastened to climb the opposite bank. This, however, was a work of labour and difficulty, for at every step their feet sank deep in the swampy ground. When Cyril reached the top, the alarm had already been given; but, fortunately for his purpose, all attention was turned towards the postern, and in the confusion of the moment the piece of artillery was left unguarded.

There was not an instant to lose. Yates quickly inserted the iron spike, and a few blows of his massive hammer had wedged it in the hole and then broken it off. The noise, however, had attracted attention, and through the darkness Cyril heard the click of the trigger as a sentinel cocked his musket.

'Haste for thy life, Yates,' he whispered, 'to the southern postern; knock three times; the watchword is "Lady Constance."'

Meanwhile the sentinel was calling to his comrades for aid, and Cyril had quickly made his escape in the direction where sounds of fighting were now heard. To his dismay he found that the little band of brave men who had joined in the sortie were surrounded by the besiegers, and their retreat to the southern postern had been cut off.

A sudden thought occurred to him; he rushed forward shouting loudly:—

'The guns are spiked! See to your field-pieces!'

These words produced exactly the effect Cyril had hoped for; in the confusion and darkness the besiegers, fearful of another attack, were divided in purpose, while Cyril's friends, recognising his voice, gained fresh confidence, and succeeded in fighting their way back to the postern gate, which was instantly opened to receive them.

A little group of eager watchers was waiting to welcome them; torches were brought, the wounded were at once carefully tended, and then it was discovered that there were several missing.

The night sally had been led by Richard Hamlyn of Ashmore, who, although cautious in counsel, was ever ready in action. Sir Miles himself had only been prevented from taking part in it by the entreaties of Lady Constance, and the responsibility of being in command of the defence. But none of these arguments had weighed with young Walter Raymond, who felt that he must do something to show himself worthy of his ancestors, and had secretly obtained leave from Sir Miles Fernleigh to join the party.

Well might the old man show such intense anxiety in scanning the faces of those who had returned in safety from that perilous adventure, for alas! Walter was not amongst them, and who would dare to tell his mother?

No one but Sir Miles knew of or suspected his absence, and the old soldier spent the remainder of the night in terrible suspense and self-reproach.

'Time enough for bad news,' he muttered, as he thought of poor Lady Constance: 'let her sleep in peace.'

At daybreak he sent off a messenger with a white flag of truce and a letter to the tent of Colonel Bracebridge, who was in command of the besiegers.

The answer so anxiously waited for was not long in returning: it was simply these words:—

'Alive and a prisoner. To-day we undermine.'

'Thank Heaven!' cried Sir Miles aloud, with a sigh of intense relief. 'Now I can tell her. And as we are all to be blown up, the lad will be best out of it!'

Lady Constance bore the news with heroism; her anxiety for her son's welfare being tempered by admiration of his gallant conduct.

It was not so, however, with the other members of the household, amongst whom the tidings had soon spread of their young master being a prisoner, and also of the threatened undermining of the castle.

This was probably what Colonel Bracebridge had expected when he sent the curt verbal message. Loud murmurs began to be heard on all sides within the walls, and soon—as the bad news lost nothing by repetition—there was the utmost alarm and confusion. The report gained ground that the mine was ready, the petards fixed, and an explosion might be expected at any moment. Women and children hurried out into the open courtyard with loud shrieks and cries for help; men went about with pale, sullen faces, telling each other that they would gladly face an open foe—but to be blown up by gunpowder!

On that day the firing was fast and furious on the part of the besiegers, who had now ventured to approach so near that every unprotected window had been shattered by the discharge of musketry. Towards evening a soldier was seen approaching with a white flag, and the greatest excitement prevailed amongst the garrison to know the cause of his coming.

He was the bearer of a last offer of terms of capitulation from Colonel Bracebridge.

If the castle were surrendered within twelve hours, he promised on behalf of the Parliament to set free his prisoners, to suffer all the besieged Royalists to depart with the honours of war, to protect all private property from sack and pillage, and, lastly, to give a safe-conduct to their homes to all the women and children.

Should these most favourable terms be refused, he swore that before another sun had set Raymond's Court should be stormed and burnt to the ground, all his prisoners should be shot, and no quarter given to man, woman, or child.

It was indeed a terrible alternative, and Lady Constance turned as pale as death when the message was read to her.

'What shall we do, Sir Miles?' she asked with trembling anxiety.

'I dare not advise you to hold out,' replied her old friend, sadly. 'There is little doubt but these Roundhead rebels can keep their word. They have gained ground to-day, while our people seem to have lost all heart. There has been quite a panic about the undermining; and you see, my lady, with all these women and children—'

'Poor things!' interrupted she. 'Truly, 'tis a pity they should make cowards of the men. Only twelve hours to decide!'

'Tis now seven of the clock. At daybreak I will come to you again for your answer.'

'But what meaneth this tumult in the courtyard?' he added, turning hastily towards the window.

At this moment Cyril entered with rapid steps.

'Madam!' he exclaimed, 'the people are all mad with excitement, and do so far forget the respect due to you that they demand to know what message hath come from the enemy, and they will not rest till they have seen you.'

'I will go to them,' was her calm reply; and followed by her two companions she descended the great oak staircase, and reached the door which opened into the courtyard.

Before her was a confused crowd of all the families who had taken refuge in the castle, with their baggage, their horses, and their cattle.

At the sight of Lady Constance they pressed forwards, and with loud cries prayed her to have pity upon them, and let them depart in peace, as the enemy had offered, before the walls fell upon them and crushed them.

For a moment the lady stood amazed and indignant at their timid selfishness. What mattered the well-being of a thousand such as they compared to the fortunes of the house of Raymond?

However, wiser thoughts prevailed, and after consulting with Sir Miles Fernleigh she promised to consider the matter well, and to announce her decision on the following morning, if meantime they would all retire peaceably to rest.

There was but little sleep that night for any of the household, and the first grey light of dawn found Lady Constance still busily engaged in the library, turning out the oaken cabinets, destroying old letters, collecting valued heirlooms of the family, and preparing for the worst.

She was roused by a tap at the door. It was Cyril who entered.

'I scarce dare trust mine eyes, madam, but methinks from my watch in the tower I can distinguish a troop of horsemen coming hither.'

'A troop of cavalry! A rescue, do you mean?'

she exclaimed, starting up with the lamp in her hand, and quickly following him along the winding passages to the Octangular tower.

'If it might be Sir Geoffrey returning from battle to save us in our utmost need!'

It was quite light enough to discern dimly in the distance a moving mass, which they watched for a few minutes with intense eagerness. Then Lady Constance, with a deep sigh, buried her face in her hands.

'They are rebels, boy!' she murmured. 'A reinforcement to the enemy. There is no more hope, and we are undone!'

It was but too true, and the case of the besieged was indeed hopeless. The advice of all was now to surrender and accept the proffered terms, which were so much more favourable than could have been expected.

During the night Sir Miles had carefully examined the points of attack, and found that the tower at the eastern end had been undermined, and a petard had been fixed against the south postern,

by which the door could be blown up in ten minutes. In short, the position of the besieged was untenable, and to spare the horrors and bloodshed of storming the castle the poor mistress had no choice but to consent to the surrender.

A messenger was therefore sent with a flag of truce to announce that the keys of Raymond's Court would be delivered into the hands of Colonel Bracebridge at noon.

The few hours that remained were spent in sad preparations for departure. By the courtesy of the Parliamentary officer the prisoners had been at once set at liberty, and Walter was thus enabled to support his mother, and share her labour in that bitter uprooting from her loved home.

When the hour of farewell had arrived, the Lady Constance warmly thanked those friends and neighbours who had so gallantly come to her help, and she took leave of them with hopes that they might meet again in happier days.

It was a sad time for all. The poor people who had taken refuge at Raymond's Court moved out in slow procession, with heavy hearts at the thought of the ravaged homes to which they were returning; for it was well known that the country round had been scoured for fuel and provisions for the besieging troops.

Then followed the departure of the officers and soldiers, who all marched out in battle array, and having laid down their arms at a certain place, took their swords and any other personal property they had with them. Last of all, were the members of the household, and a baggage-waggon laden with wearing apparel, and all the charters and archives of the Raymond family in a great oaken chest.

When all was over and the surrender was complete, Lady Constance herself departed in the great chariot drawn by four grey Flemish mares. Walter and Cyril were with her, and they had persuaded her to drive to Bristol, which was then occupied by the Royalists under Prince Rupert.

Here she hoped to have news of Sir Geoffrey, and had promised Cyril that during her stay in the city she would seek the shelter of the Goldthwaites' roof, where he felt sure of a hearty welcome for any friends of his. He had so often talked to her of his dear little friend Mercy—his sister, as he still called her—that Lady Constance scarcely felt as if she were going amongst strangers.

She was worn out and exhausted in mind and body after the watching and terrible anxiety of the last week. Her strength and courage had borne up so long as they were needed; but now that the siege was over, and the mournful end had come, she was only conscious of a weary longing for rest.

Walter had at first tried to rouse his mother to some interest in future plans; but finding that all his efforts were in vain, and that she scarcely heard his words, he and Cyril could only watch her in silent anxiety, and long for the tedious drive to come to an end.

(Concluded in our next.)



For a moment the lady stood amazed and indignant at their timid selfishness.



A Sagacious Dog. By HARRISON WEIR.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.



REMARKABLE incident occurred during a heavy fall of snow at a farmhouse near Falkirk. A number of fowls were missed one evening at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and all conjectures were lost in trying to account for their disappearance. While sitting round the kitchen fire the attention of the family was aroused by the entrance of the house-dog, having in his mouth a hen apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire the cautious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately ran off. He soon entered again with another,

which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the birds were rescued. Wandering about the stackyard the fowls had become quite benumbed with the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance. They had not lain long before the glowing fire ere they started to their legs, and walked off to their *banks*, cackling the *hen's march*, with many new variations, in thanks to the kind dog who had saved them from being frozen to death.

CYRIL THE FOUNDLING.

(Concluded from page 151.)

CHAPTER XIX.—MERCY OPENS THE CASKET.

A MONTH had passed away since the siege of Raymond's Court, and it was now the beginning of September. During all this time Bristol had been occupied by Prince Rupert and his army of about five thousand men, who were billeted amongst the inhabitants, to their great expense and inconvenience.

There was constant alarm as to the approach of Cromwell's troops; and to delay their progress, Bedminster, Clifton, and other villages near the city, had been set on fire. Bridgwater, Bath, and all the surrounding country, were already in the power of the Parliament, and it was expected that Bristol might be attacked at any moment. It was a miserable, anxious time for the towns-people, who scarcely knew whether they most dreaded the horrors of a siege or a continuance of their present wretched condition. One who saw Bristol at that time described it as more resembling a prison than a city.

They were not kept, however, much longer in suspense. General Fairfax and Cromwell were rapidly advancing with their army; and early in the morning of Wednesday, September 10th, they made the first attempt to storm the forts. It was a vigorous and well-planned attack, and met with success on the side of Pryor's Hill Fort to the Avon; but in the opposite quarter, having attempted to scale the works, the besiegers found their ladders too short, and were repulsed with loss.

What followed may be told briefly in Cromwell's own words, from his letter to the Speaker of the Commons:—

'Being possessed of thus much as hath been

related, the town was fired in three places by the enemy, which we could not put out, which begat a great trouble in the general and us all: fearing to see so famous a city burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make further advantage of our success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the general to desire a treaty for the surrender of the town. . . . On Thursday, about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out, having a convoy of two regiments of horse from us, and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to.'

This sudden ending of the siege was contrary to all expectation, as only a month before Prince Rupert had sent word to the King that he could hold out for four months; and great was the indignation of King Charles when the news of the surrender reached him.

Meantime we must return to follow the fortunes of our friends in the High Street of Bristol, to whom these events, which we can calmly read about, were matters of intense and terrible interest.

It was certainly a hard lot for poor Lady Constance Raymond, who had so recently endured the misery of a siege in her own home, to find herself once more in a beleaguered place. She had but slowly recovered her health and strength under the tender care of Mercy Goldthwaite, to whom she became each day more warmly attached.

On that eventful Wednesday the two were sitting together in the oaken parlour, which was but little changed since the days of Mistress Dorothy.

Her spinning-wheel still stood in the familiar place near the window, for Mercy could not bear to move anything which reminded her of her mother; and the tall, straight-backed chairs were still arranged in order against the wainscoted wall, though they showed some signs of fading and wear.

The Lady Constance held in her hands a delicate piece of embroidery, but she scarcely deceived herself with the pretence of working at it; while as for the young girl, she had taken her place on a low stool by the window, and made no effort to hide her trouble and alarm.

The bombardment had been going on for hours, and the sound of firing was incessant. Suddenly the report of artillery seemed to become louder and nearer, when Mercy, clasping her hands, exclaimed,—

'Oh, madam! how terrible it is! I marvel that you can so calmly hearken to it. If the city be taken by violence, what will become of us all?'

'They will, doubtless, suffer us to depart in peace; and, Mercy, thou shalt go with me to Oxford, for this will be no longer a fit dwelling for thee. Right thankful am I that Prince Rupert's messenger arrived hither in safety before the siege began, and, in his own person, could give me such joyful tidings of Sir Geoffrey's well-being and present attendance on the King.'

'But how can I leave my grandfather, Lady Constance, aged and infirm as he is? Then, too, think of my father! What if he should return and find me gone? Alas! I have had no tidings of him since the day when Cyril was parted from him on the battle-field of Naseby.'

'Poor girl!' said Lady Constance, sadly. 'Would

he had chosen a better cause, and not taken part with the rebels.'

At this moment Mercy started up with a cry,—
'See yonder, there is a bright flame rising! Now it is almost as high as the houses, and the air is thick with smoke. Is it possible that the enemy have set fire to the city?'

It was, indeed, a new and fearful danger, and as they watched the flames increased.

'The wind doth blow it hitherward,' said Lady Constance, after a long silence of intense anxiety. 'Mercy, if thou hast any treasures, collect them with all speed, that we may be ready for flight at a moment's notice.'

'I have nothing of value that I could bear with me,' replied the girl. 'But stay—yes, there is Cyril's casket, which I would not leave behind for the world!'

She hurried from the room, and in a few minutes returned, muffled up in her travelling-cloak and hood, and bearing a curious little oak chest.

'Cyril is fortunate in having such a faithful sister,' said Lady Constance, with a smile. 'But how comes it that he has precious jewels, while my little maiden has none?'

'Surely, madam, you have learnt, ere this, that he is not in truth my brother? And these be no jewels: only the tiny garments which he wore when my father found him, a wailing babe, and for very pity brought him home.'

'Where was it? when was it? Show them to me, child!' exclaimed the lady, in eager, excited tones.

'It was in the flooded meadows nigh unto Salisbury; and Cyril, I have heard, was about two years old. It must, therefore, be fifteen years ago come Christmas-time,' replied Mercy, startled by the strange manner and pale face of her friend.

'Quick, girl! Open the casket! Keep me not longer in suspense, for I cannot endure it!'

At this entreaty the young girl took from her neck a ribbon, to which was fastened a little key.

'My dear mother kept it safely till she was nigh unto death, and then gave the charge to me,' said she, in a low, sad tone.

Meanwhile Lady Constance had impatiently seized the key and opened the casket. At the top was the little shirt, embroidered with the name 'Cyril' and a coat-of-arms, in fine needlework.

One glance was enough. She pressed it passionately to her lips, and, falling on her knees, she murmured,—

'Thank God for this! He is my long-lost son!'

Mercy, who had no clue to the mystery, stood aghast in silent alarm, for it seemed to her that trouble must have robbed the poor lady of her senses. Only by slow degrees was the whole story told; how the baby Cyril had been given into the charge of an old nurse who dwelt at Chilmark, near Salisbury; how, when she was on her journey back with the child, the Warminster waggon had been upset in the floods, she had been stunned by her fall, and the poor babe was believed to be drowned.

'Yet he was saved!' cried the mother; 'for here is his name, brodered by my hand, and the Raymond coat-of-arms in needlework.'

The news was so strange, so startling, that Mercy could only listen in silence. Her heart was heavy, though she scarce knew why; there seemed to be such a distance now between her and Cyril.

'Why was I so drawn towards the lad from the first moment I beheld him?' said Lady Constance speaking to herself, though aloud. 'And Sir Geoffrey, too, and Walter! Surely it was the tie of blood that did make itself felt?'

'Where is he now?' she added impatiently. 'Why does he tarry when his mother waits to make known to him the secret of his birth?'

This was a question which Mercy could not answer. It was now late at night, and Cyril and Walter had hurried forth at daybreak when the assault of the city had begun, but they had not yet returned. The long hours of darkness were spent in anxious watching by many households, and few eyes were closed in sleep that fearful night.

After ravaging whole streets of timber houses, the fire had been arrested before it reached the Goldthwaites'. The morning light only served to show a worse scene of confusion, for the rumour had spread from mouth to mouth that Prince Rupert had surrendered Bristol to the besiegers, who were about to take possession of it. Some were hurrying about in busy preparation, others in restless discomfort and terror; the streets were full of armed soldiers, and Lady Constance and Mercy could only wait and watch in silent and ever-increasing anxiety.

At length the end had come; early in the afternoon the conquering army had entered the city.

Suddenly Mercy started up, for she heard the heavy tramp of a footstep on the threshold. The door was hastily opened, and an armed soldier entered. He was clad in a buff suit, which had seen rough wear, and his huge calfskin boots were bespattered with mire. The young girl drew back in alarm, but in a moment she knew her father.

After the first warm greeting, she exclaimed, 'Where is Cyril, father? I pray thee, tell us.'

Obadiah shook his head sadly.

'My poor child!' said he, 'I had thought to break the news to thee. Grieve not overmuch, for he hath died a soldier's death.'

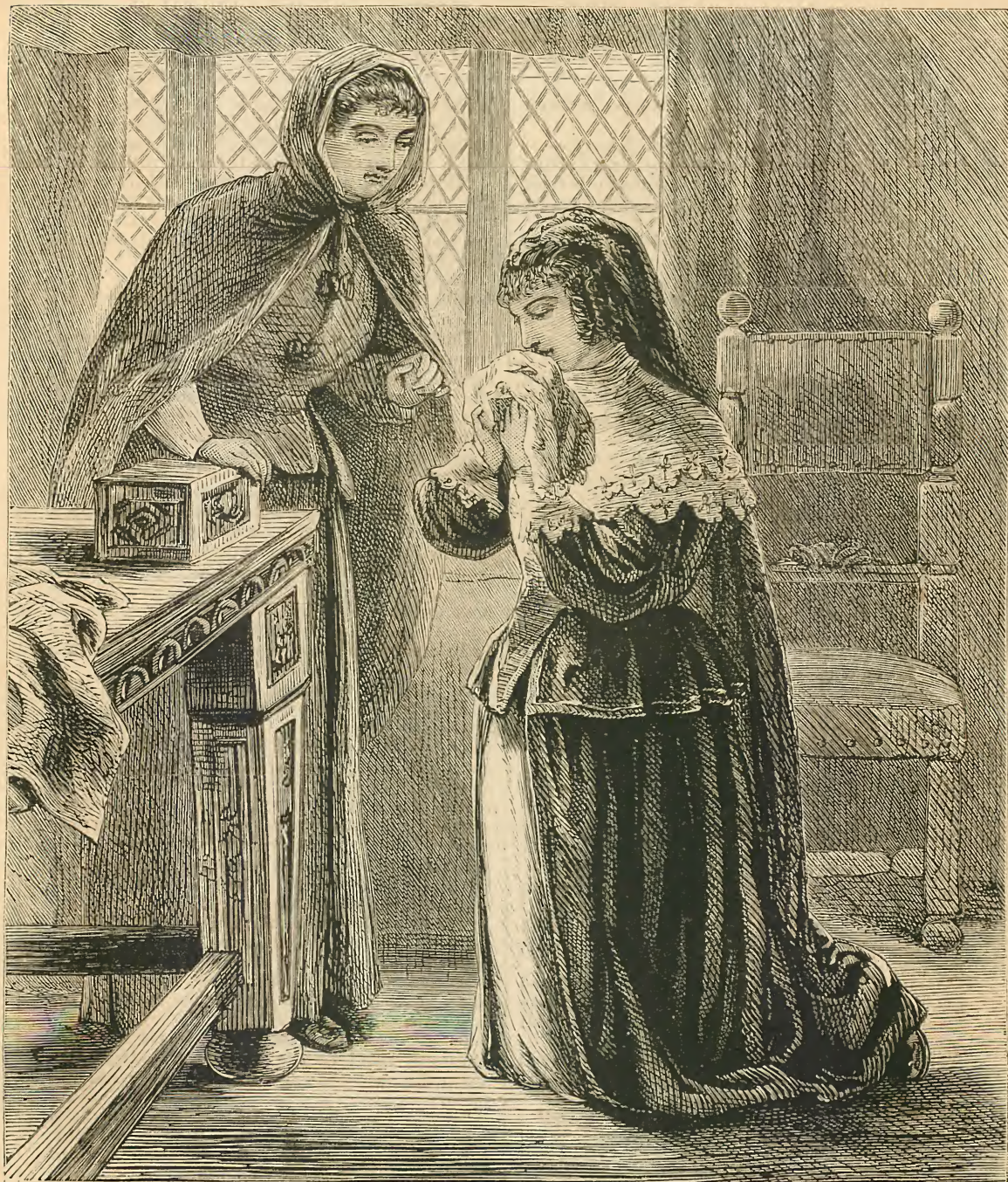
At these words Lady Constance, who had been partly hidden in the embrasure of the window, came forward with a low cry of pain.

Before she could speak, however, the sound of voices was heard without, hurried steps drew near, and with a merry laugh Cyril and Walter entered the oak parlour.

'We are famishing with hunger,' cried Cyril, 'and can get no dinner; for Caleb tells us that old Tabitha hath taken to her bed in fear of the besiegers, and vows that if she must die, she will at least die there like a Christian.'

At the sight of Cyril, whom he believed to have fallen on the field of Naseby, and whom he had mourned for so bitterly, Obadiah Goldthwaite drew back in speechless amazement. But the lad had seen him, and after greeting him with eager delight, soon told the story of his escape from death by Sir Geoffrey's care, and of all that had since befallen him.

Meanwhile Lady Constance had waited patiently till her time came; when Cyril had ended she spoke:



"Thank God for this! He is my long-lost son!"

'My friends, I too have a story to tell you, but I will be brief, and not overtax your patience.

'Many years ago a mother was persuaded to intrust the care of her infant to a faithful servant who dwelt in a distant village. After a while the nurse set off on a journey to take the child back to his home, but the waggon was overturned, the poor woman was stunned by her fall, and when she came to herself the babe was gone. Long and anxious

search was made for him, but the floods were out at the time, and there seemed to be no doubt that the poor little child was drowned.

'Long and bitterly did the bereaved parents mourn for the son whose loss had cast a shadow over their lives. Thus fifteen years had passed away, when there came to them a youth bearing the name of the lost child, and to whom they were drawn by some mysterious sympathy. A chain of unforeseen events



"Well, Harry, my boy," said Charles Fry, "in the dumps I see to-night."

did place in the hands of the mother certain proofs—needlework by her own hand—' As she spoke she opened the casket, but Obadiah had started forward and interrupted her.

'Madam, where learnt you this? Are you the Lady Constance Raymond of whom Cyril spoke?'

'I am,' she replied, with the calm of suppressed excitement. 'This name, "Cyril," and the coat-of-arms of our family, were embroidered by my hand nigh upon sixteen years ago.'

'Then are you my mother? Is Sir Geoffrey my father? It is not possible!' cried Cyril, who had been listening to the story with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. But further proof was not wanting, and soon all were convinced that the secret of his birth was revealed.

He was no longer a nameless foundling, that was his first thought, but he was one of a family who were all eager to welcome him. The greatest change would be for Walter, but the youth's joy at finding his long-lost brother was not dimmed by any selfish regret that he was no more the heir.

There was but one heavy heart amongst them, and that was Mercy Goldthwaite's. She tried to be glad for Cyril's sake; but the sad feeling oppressed her, that he who had been so near and dear to her would henceforth be moved away from her life.

The young Puritan maiden could not read the hidden book of the future, and knew not that in years to come her portrait would hang amongst the ancestral pictures of Raymond's Court, and be pointed out as—'Dame Mercy Raymond, Wife of the good Sir Cyril.'

THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 149.)

CHAPTER II.



EIGHT years had passed since Ellen Stone had been carried to her last home. Eight years had changed Matthew Stone, the boy, into a man. But eight years had not changed the good opinion Robert Nash had formed of his character on the day when he had seen him take the loaf of bread to his starving brother. After Ellen Stone's death Mr. Nash had made inquiries in the village about her. What he had learnt of her history during

the time she had resided at Northshean was so much to the credit, both of the poor mother and her sons, that he felt no hesitation in offering to take Matthew into his own employment.

Mr. Nash was the owner of a large manufactory in the town adjacent to the village of Northshean. He was much and deservedly respected by the many people he was enabled to employ, both as a good master and a kind friend.

When it became known in Northshean that Matthew Stone had been taken as a workman in Nash's manufactory, all who heard the news had said that his fortune was as good as made. Matthew's first act had been—before he left the village to undertake his duties in the town—to get lodgings for his brother with Mrs. Spence, one of the best and

kindest of women in Northshean. He paid her some few shillings a-week to take charge of him, and under her care Harry had found a comfortable home.

Thither Matthew went constantly to see his brother, carefully watching the development of his character, and endeavouring to instil the same principles into him that his mother had impressed upon his own mind. When Harry was old enough, Mr. Nash, prompted by the regard he felt for the elder brother, took the younger one also into his service, and since that time the two brothers had lived together in the town.

Matthew Stone, ever since his entrance into the manufactory, had worked almost night and day with unceasing perseverance.

During her lifetime his mother had striven to instil into him a love of learning, and as he grew older he never forgot the lessons of his youth. He devoted the whole of the time when he was not employed in the manufactory to improving himself in useful learning, and with the most successful result.

And now, after the lapse of eight years, Matthew Stone reaped the benefits of his praiseworthy efforts.

Mr. Nash, who during that time had watched his character keenly, found that the boy, who had first awakened his sympathy, as a man was worthy of his deepest regard. He saw that he was fitted for better things than to remain a workman all his life. He saw that he had educated himself sufficiently to undertake it, and he therefore offered him a post in his counting-house, at a salary of seventy pounds a-year. Thus Matthew, while still quite young in years, had by his own industry and good conduct attained a position of which many older men might have been proud.

Matthew Stone was now twenty-two, and Harry seventeen years of age. The former was strongly built in form, honest and intelligent, but not handsome in countenance. The latter was so slight and delicate in appearance that he was a strange contrast to his brother. In character as well as appearance there was also a great contrast. Matthew was strong and resolute. He sought for no earthly support to carry him through the difficulties of life. He looked for no guidance, except from above, to keep him in the straight path. And he found the strength he needed to resist temptation in his own high-principled mind—in his own God-loving, God-fearing heart. Harry was weak and yielding. He was easily led by any one who would think and act for him, ready to attach himself to any one who would relieve him of responsibility.

Whilst still very young the weakness of Harry's character had scarcely been regarded as a fault. It had rather been attributed to a gentleness of disposition, and he had been spared all rough words as being too sensitive to bear them. But as he grew older, his want of self-reliance became more apparent; and Matthew Stone daily discovered to his sorrow, that his brother's nature was of a kind which, if left to struggle through the world unaided, might not come scatheless through its trials.

It has been before mentioned that Mrs. Spence was the good woman to whose care Matthew Stone had intrusted his brother until he was old enough to work in Mr. Nash's manufactory. Mrs. Spence had

a niece, named Mabel Gray, who lived with her. To see that niece was Matthew's object one evening in paying a visit to the old woman's cottage at Northshean.

Mabel Gray was a rosy, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, and as gentle and lovable in disposition as she was pretty in appearance. Matthew had watched the growth of this little maiden with scarcely less interest than he had watched the growth of his brother, with whom for some years of her life she had been brought up. Thus he had seen a great deal of her, and as she grew to womanhood the love he had felt for his brother's little playmate ripened into a deeper affection. And the dream of Matthew Stone's life was to make Mabel Gray his wife. But she was still so young that he had never spoken of his love to her. And although he knew that she liked him, and looked upon him as an elder brother, he was still ignorant whether that liking had deepened into a stronger feeling.

She had now passed her eighteenth birthday, and as Matthew was in a position to maintain her, he had determined that he would go to Northshean and learn from her own lips what Mabel felt towards him.

As Matthew walked up the hill which separated the town from the village, he began to think over his past life. He thought of his mother lying in the distant churchyard, and as he thought of her he wondered whether she would have loved Mabel Gray as a daughter.

The remembrance of his mother brought another thought to his mind, and a deep sigh escaped him, for he had begun to think of his brother, whose conduct he was beginning bitterly to lament. He could not but see that latterly Harry had become discontented, that he would sit for a whole evening brooding over his thoughts, instead of trying to divert his mind by reading or occupation. Matthew saw that the dull routine of his life in the manufactory was irksome to him—that he longed for change—that he wished to lead a more exciting life.

But it was not in Matthew's nature to despond, and he thought that if he married Mabel Gray he should have a brighter, happier home for his brother; and he determined that, as soon as he was in a position to do so, he would place his brother in some occupation better suited to his taste.

'Ah, Matthew, my dear boy, just think of seeing you this evening!' exclaimed Mrs. Spence, as he entered her neat cottage. 'You are just the lad to cheer me up a bit, for I feel very lone this evening. Now sit ye down and make yourself comfortable.'

Matthew, having greeted the old woman, sat down as he was bid, at the same time looking about for Mabel, whom he did not see.

'You are looking for Mabel, I can see that. Eh, lad, well now, it is just because of her I feel so lone to-night! There was a letter came from her father yesterday to say that he was very ill and wanted to see her, and so she went off at once to Lyddon to stay with him. Poor Anthony Gray! I have not much cause to like him, for he made but a poor husband to my sister Mary; but for my little chick's sake I hope he won't die. It has made me quite down-hearted to see how sad her pretty face looked when she went off.'

And so the old dame chatted on, pouring out her troubles to Matthew, who felt nearly as down-hearted as she did herself at the thought that he would have to be in suspense for some time longer before he could know whether Mabel Gray returned his love or not.

Whilst Matthew Stone was thus occupied at Northshean, Harry Stone was seated at home listlessly musing by the fire. He looked so moody and discontented that his thoughts plainly were not pleasant ones; and, in truth, such was the case. He was thinking what a hard lot in life it was that had placed him in a position so distasteful to him. He felt he should have preferred any employment in the world to the one by which he earned his bread.

But Harry Stone did not know that his character was so much wanting in stability, that in a few months he would have become tired of whatever he undertook to do. He loved his brother, but the contrast of his strong character, of the healthy tone of his mind, to his own weak and discontented nature, was ever before him. He wished to be like his brother, he tried to imitate him; but he knew his efforts were of little avail; he knew how utterly he failed, and the knowledge of his failure kept him in a continued state of irritation. He thought that he should be better if he were separated from his brother—he thought he should be better if he were allowed to carve out a road to fortune for himself. Again, by his arguments, Harry Stone proved how little he knew himself; for if it had not been that the fear of his brother's anger kept him to a certain extent in order, Harry would have idled and frittered away the whole of his life, ever seeking for pleasure, and finding happiness nowhere.

Much of Harry Stone's reasoning was grounded on one notion which had of late possessed his mind, and that was an intense wish to go to London, and be settled in some business in that city. Since Matthew Stone's promotion to the counting-house he had not seen as much of his brother during the day, and Harry had, therefore, become more intimate with some of his other fellow-workmen.

Tom Richards was the one with whom he most frequently kept company: and, as a mark of their extreme friendship, Tom had introduced him to his great friend, Charles Fry.

Charles Fry was a native of Northshean, but he had been, when quite young, apprenticed to a tradesman in London; and now, after some years' absence, he had returned for a short time to his native village. He it was who had given Harry such a glowing description of a London life, that the inexperienced youth thought that if he, like Charles Fry, could live in London, his happiness would be complete.

'Well, Harry, my boy,' said Charles Fry, as he entered the room in which Harry was seated, 'in the dumps, I see, to-night?'

Harry forced a laugh, and said,—

'He was only thinking a bit whilst he waited for his brother's coming back from Northshean.'

'Waiting for your brother! why, you are always waiting for him! I wouldn't be tied as you are: it seems to me you are a perfect slave to him!'

Harry disliked that it should be thought that he was led by any one, and he answered,—

'He was no slave to anybody, but that he hated his life in the manufactory, and it was that which made him low-spirited.'

'Of course you hate it,' replied his friend; 'and no wonder. I should go mad in that old hole. Now suppose you were in London . . . However, it is of no use speaking about that, as you say you can't leave this place. But, my dear fellow, just tell me one thing; if, as you say, you are not tied to your brother, why don't you tell him about this fancy of yours to go to London? I'd take my oath upon it, that such a clever fellow as you are, if you were to start in London with fifty pounds in your pocket, your fortune would be as good as made!'

'No,' replied Harry, with a sigh, but with more firmness in his tone than he usually displayed, for his companion's covert sneers at his brother had slightly irritated him. 'No, I must bide my time. Matthew as good as promised the other day I should not stop in the manufactory all my life.'

'Well, well, Harry, of course you know best. But I have never told you all this time what I came for. Tom Richards and one or two others of us are going to spend the evening together, and I thought you would like to join us; so come along.'

Harry hesitated for an instant, but the proposal was too tempting to be refused, and he accompanied Charles Fry. When Harry Stone returned to his quiet home, the effect the evening's entertainment had had upon him was to convince him that his present life was even more hard to bear than he had thought it before.

—(To be continued.)—

MODERN CASABIANCAS.

SOME details have been furnished of the fearful typhoon which ravaged the town of Macao last September. It seems to have been of terrible violence, and the scene of destruction is described as perfectly astounding. The inhabitants were threatened by three forms of destruction, for they ran the risk of being swept away by the floods, of being crushed by the falling ruins, or of meeting a still worse doom in the burning houses. The conduct of the garrison of the fort was truly heroic. The governor had given orders that every man should remain at his post, and his command was strictly obeyed. The fort was encompassed by the waves, and the huge cannons were carried off to a great distance by the flood. In a short time not a stone remained in the fortress. The garrison died at their post, with the exception of one soldier, who was enabled to recount this extraordinary instance of obedience to orders. The reason which led the Commandant to give the order does not appear, but it does not affect the conduct of the men. They remained firm at their post, and displayed a courage which would reflect honour on the soldiers of any land.

'The strength whereby

The patriot girds himself to die;

The unconquerable power which fills

The freeman battling on his hills,'

have their source in the same spirit which animated the guardians of the wave-washed fort.



Matthew's Visit to the Old Woman's Cottage



Eustace Carroll's Sketch.

EUSTACE CARROLL'S SKETCH.



HAN'T go a step farther!

'Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting.'

'I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest;—they must wait, and I shall do as I choose.'

'But, father—'

'Now don't you talk to me about "buts," Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait,—not to

wait,' the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should wake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that sort of sleep.

Rather more than half an hour had passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering over the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work; had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautiful painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies, for it was now tea-time, and Charlie was growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage. So Charlie sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm. Indeed a kind of half-acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty. Busy with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face they were very pleasant ones—perhaps

dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the Academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eyes at once told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes and his collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made 'a little lower than the angels,' and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so,—

'You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the child, whilst a flush of shame spread over his face.

'Well, I should think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?'

'No, sir; he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come home by himself.'

'Oh!' said Eustace, as he glanced towards the sleeping man, and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he, with his refined tastes, and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashing across his mind, he determined to act upon it.

'Have you had your tea, boy?' he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in white paper.

'Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I go home, sir,' replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

'That's all right,' said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; 'meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to paint a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you.'

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the way in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off round the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

'Well, was it good?' asked Eustace, as he tied his portfolio.

'Yes; mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake, but then we have seeds in it.'

'And those are not so nice?'

'Oh no, sir! of course not!' answered Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

'Well, I am glad you like it. I am going back to London in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here, do you know what this is?'

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

'Why, it's me and father!'

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the wistful, tired look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild roses and blackberry flowers.

'Wait a moment,' said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:—

'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a trouble free us.'

'There,' he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. 'You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson.' And before the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, and worked, and painted, until people had begun to believe in him, and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all he often remembered his little sketch, and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he travelled down to Morston the memory of the scene came clearly before him, with the thought of the grand old words—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'

'Such a poor little crumb of good though it was,' said Eustace to himself; 'still, I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out, too.'

And as it happened Eustace did find it out more quickly than he expected, for that very evening as he was returning from a walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of about thirteen.

'My little friend and his father,' suddenly thought Eustace, whose quick, artist eye, seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road, and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright-coloured, old-fashioned flowers.

'That looks promising,' thought Eustace; 'no drunkard ever had a garden like that;' and, determined to ascertain the fact of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly-kept cottage kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the right turns had been described a bright smile

broke over the boy's face, and, half turning round, he exclaimed—

'Father, it's my painter!' and, to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household at least he was a hero, and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch, and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and—

'It was more than I could stand, sir,' he said, addressing Eustace. 'I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but though I wondered where it came from I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night, until it fairly worried me, so that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture framed and hung up there, that I might have no chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once.'

So the story ended, and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be though he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.

THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 159.)

CHAPTER III.



ONE day, some three weeks after Matthew had gone to North-shean, he was seated at his desk in Mr. Nash's counting-house. The other clerks had left their seats to go out, as was their custom at one o'clock, to have their dinner. Matthew alone had remained to finish an account, which he was anxious to complete

without interruption. One moment before the book-keeper had also been seated at his desk, but Mr. Nash had called him to his private room, and he had also left his post.

'Come in,' said Matthew, in answer to a knock at the door.

'Oh, Matthew,' began Harry, for he it was who had sought admission, 'may I come in for a minute? I just wanted to tell you—'

'Wait half a minute, my lad,' interrupted Matthew, who had just got to the end of a difficult calculation, 'and I will come out with you.'

Matthew little knew that in that half-minute the fate of his future life was determined; that in that half-minute temptation entered the soul of Harry Stone and gained the mastery over him.

Harry waited, with no appearance of impatience in his manner, until his brother was ready to listen to him; and the counting-house being empty he walked to the other end of it.

Suddenly he started, and almost turned pale, as his eyes fell upon a bundle of bank-notes, which were lying on the book-keeper's desk.



“He bent over the senseless form of his brother.”

‘Why should he not possess himself of one of them?’ was the rapid thought that passed through his mind.

He saw the sum, ‘One Hundred Pounds.’ Had not Charles Fry said half that sum would make his fortune? The thought was too overpowering for him; the temptation too strong. His back was turned towards his brother; he knew no one could see him commit the theft; he thought no one would

suspect him. In one moment more the deed was done. The hundred-pound note was in his pocket, and saying to his brother that he could wait no longer, he went hastily out of the counting-house.

The next moment John Pearce, the book-keeper, re-entered the room and sat down at his desk.

‘How very strange!’ he said, half aloud. I have added them up six times and still they come one hundred pounds short! Yes,’ he continued, as he ex-



Matthew praying at his brother's bedside.

amined the list he had made of the numbers of the notes, '10789 is missing—10789. What can have become of it?' the old man kept muttering, at the same time looking about for the missing note in every direction. At length he gave up his search, and taking the remainder of the notes up in his hand, he went with them into Mr. Nash's private room.

Matthew had paid little attention to the old man's remarks, as he thought that most probably he had mislaid one of the notes, and by the time he had left the counting-house he had forgotten all about it.

He had at the time been rather surprised at Harry's sudden departure, but he imagined he should find him at home, and so that gave him no concern either. Ignorant of what had happened, he walked home in a more cheerful frame of mind than he had been in for some time, for Mabel Gray was to return that night, and he intended, as the next day was Sunday, to go over to Northshean to see her.

When he arrived at home he did not, as he expected, find his brother there. Saturday was a half-holiday, and the brothers always spent it together. Therefore, as the day wore on and still he did not come, Matthew began to wonder at his non-appearance. Later in the day he went out into the town to try if he could hear anything of him. He had not gone far before he met Tom Richards, who told him he believed Harry had gone somewhere to spend the day with Charles Fry. Matthew now supposed that probably Harry's object in coming to the counting-house had been to tell him of his intention of spending the day with his friend, and he returned home to await his return.

As he sat hour after hour, until long past their usual time for retiring to rest, anxiously expecting him every moment, the cheerfulness he had felt in the morning left him, and he began to feel nervous and despondent. He thought that some accident must have befallen his brother to cause his absence. He started at every noise he heard. By-and-by, underneath the window, he heard the sound of boisterous laughter, and then in a few minutes a heavy, uncertain footstep, ascended the stairs.

'Surely,' he thought, 'that is not Harry's footstep?'

At the same moment the door was pushed roughly open, and Harry Stone walked, or rather reeled, into the room. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes were bloodshot, and giving a vacant stare at his brother he fell heavily to the ground.

A sickening sensation crept over Matthew Stone's heart as he saw his brother's condition. For one moment he breathed an inward prayer of thanksgiving that his mother had been spared the agony of witnessing that sight. He looked at that fair young face, scarcely yet arrived at manhood, and he shuddered as he thought that it was his brother who was lying there before him, debased by one of the lowest of human vices.

Was it possible that the boy for whom he had striven so hard all his life—for whom he would sacrifice life itself—could have sunk so low?

With a shudder that he could not control he bent over the senseless form of his brother, and gently raising the youth in his arms, he carried him into another room, and laid his burden on the bed. He

felt the case was urgent; he therefore returned to the sitting-room, and at once began to consider what line of conduct he had best pursue in order to strengthen his brother's character, and cure him of his many faults. Glaringly they stood out in Matthew Stone's mind that night, and he felt it would be his duty to place them as strongly as he could before his erring brother on the morrow.

When he had been for some time deep in thought, his eyes happened to fall on a piece of paper which was lying on the floor where his brother had fallen. Thinking it was most probably some letter which had dropped from Harry's pocket when he had raised him, he stooped and picked it up.

To his astonishment it was no letter, but a Bank-of-Eng'and note! Much surprised how his brother could have become possessed of it, he took it nearer to the light to examine its value.

As his eyes fell upon the sum of One Hundred Pounds, his face turned deadly pale, his frame shook like an aspen leaf, and sinking down into the nearest chair, large drops of perspiration burst out on his brow at the thought that had entered his mind when he discovered the amount of the note.

For a few moments he could do nothing but look vacantly on the piece of paper he held in his hand, repeating over and over again to himself the words, 'One hundred pounds.'

Suddenly his eyes wandered to the numbers of the note, and he became conscious that the sound of the figures, 10789, was familiar to his ears. He was certain he had seen or heard that combination of figures somewhere.

'Where could it have been?'

As he tried to recall the fact to his mind, he seemed to hear the droning voice of the old book-keeper saying,—

'10789: what can have become of it?'

In one moment the truth flashed across his mind. In one moment he remembered the scene of the morning. And he knew too well the deed his brother had done.

The next moment he dashed the thought from him, as a hideous phantom that had presented itself to his mind. How was it possible that Harry should have taken the money? His brother a thief? He would not, could not believe it. It could be nothing but the vividness of his own imagination that had suggested to him such a terrible idea.

But, as he tried to banish the thought that his brother was dishonest, he only too well remembered he had himself been witness of his drunken state. And he owned to himself, that if he had not had proof of it, he should not have believed that such could ever have been his brother's condition.

The miserable young man knew it was useless to try and deceive himself—useless for his heart to frame excuses for his brother, when his reason so clearly revealed the truth to him.

'My God!' he exclaimed in his agony; 'have mercy upon me! Teach me how to bear this trial—teach me how to act!'

He strove to think calmly, to make up his mind what he should do in this frightful emergency. What might be the consequence of his brother's crime he scarcely dared contemplate. He wondered

what could have tempted him to do the deed—what could have induced him to retain the evidence of it in his pocket.

A thought of comfort entered his mind as he asked himself that question. Perhaps repentance had already entered his brother's heart. Perhaps it might only have been the temptation of a moment, and he had resolved to confess his guilt and restore the money. But he felt that he knew nothing—he felt like a blind man groping in the dark, so ignorant was he of the motive which could have led his brother into such a sin.

And he who alone could have told him the whole truth was lying on his bed stupefied, dead to all that was going on around him—dead to the misery his brother was enduring; and so Matthew Stone was compelled to take his resolution unaided.

The whole of that night he paced up and down his room, revolving in his mind the best plan to pursue. When morning came, it found him looking pale and haggard, but he was calm and collected, and clearly he saw his course.

His first act that morning was to enter his brother's room. Harry was lying as he had placed him, but the fumes of the wine he had taken must have left his brain, for he was in a deep but calm sleep.

Matthew stooped down, and, with a look of tenderness in his face, gazed on his brother's countenance. As he stood thus, tears rolled down his cheeks, but soon he dashed them away, and kneeling for a moment by the bedside, a heartfelt prayer went up to Heaven that the Almighty and merciful God would have pity upon that erring, sinning soul.

(To be continued.)

THE SERPENT'S APPETITE.

IT is an old Eastern fable, that a certain king once suffered the Evil One to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found to his horror that they had become part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, alas! too soon he feels that the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his hand. The poet Burns said, that if a barrel of rum were placed in one corner of the room and a loaded cannon in another, pointing towards him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpents that sprang from it were just as deadly for all that.

O be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get hold of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake it off.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ABOUT ROBINSON CRUSOE.

NO book ever written has been more read than *Robinson Crusoe*. It first appeared in 1719, and was soon translated into French, German, and other languages. Yet at first the writer had much difficulty in persuading any bookseller to look at his story. At last a publisher, named Taylor, bought the work, and gained a thousand pounds by his bargain. The Rev. James Stanier Clarke, from whose pages our extracts are chiefly made, tells us he found *Robinson Crusoe* by the bedside of the Archduke of Austria.

It is generally supposed that Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and he was led to do so by reading the true story of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor who lived alone on the island of Juan Fernandez for four years and four months. The story of Alexander Selkirk was first made public by Captain Rogers in 1712, so that it appeared seven years before *Robinson Crusoe* first came out. Captain Rogers visited the island of Juan Fernandez in February, 1709, and there he found Selkirk, a strange, wild-looking man, clothed in goat-skins. This man said he was a Scotchman, Alexander Selkirk by name, and born at Largo, in the county of Fife. Whilst navigating the ocean in the ship *Cinque Ports*, he and the captain had a quarrel, which led to Selkirk going ashore on the island, and remaining there. He was provided with clothes and bedding; with a gun, powder, bullets; with a hatchet and knife; with a kettle and compass; with a Bible and a few other books.

He built two huts, and covered them with long grass and lined them with goat-skins. He managed to get fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together on his knee. In one hut he cooked his food, in the other he slept. He employed much of his time in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said, 'I was a better Christian on my lone island than I had ever been before.'

Selkirk could get plenty of fish, but none of it agreed with him except crawfish, which was about as big as a lobster, and very good. When his powder was all spent he caught the goats by speed of foot. Once he nearly lost his life in chasing a goat, for he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, and he and the goat fell over together. When he came to his senses he found the goat lying under him, and quite dead. He could not stir from the spot for twenty-four hours, but managed then to crawl to his hut. Very soon, with so much running, his shoes wore out, but he managed very well without them, his feet becoming quite hard, and swelling much when he first began to wear shoes again.

The cats and rats were very troublesome at first, for the rats used to gnaw his feet and the cats were thieves; but he tamed the cats by kindness, and they drove the rats away. When the cats got to know him they would lie about him in hundreds, and he would sometimes sing and dance with them. He also had tame kids playing near him. When his clothes were worn out he made others of goat-skins, his only needle being a nail. When his knife was worn out he made another out of an iron hoop, which he ground sharp on a stone.

When he was found by Captain Rogers he had

nearly forgotten his language, and seemed to speak by halves.

It was lucky for Alexander Selkirk that he inhabited an island where the weather was mild. The trees and grass were green all the year round. The winter, such as it was, lasted through June and July, when there were great rains, but not much frost. The summer was not extremely hot—there was very little thunder and lightning; and happily, also, the rats were the worst creatures on the island. No serpent hissed and stung, no wild beast glared at him with its eyes of fire. The goats had been put on the island by a Spaniard, who lived there with some families for a time, but who afterwards went to the mainland of Chili.

In October, 1711, Selkirk set foot again on his native shore, and he found he had reason to be thankful, for the *Cinque Ports* ran aground a few months after he had been left on the island, and the captain and crew fell into the hands of some Spaniards, who used them very cruelly. After his return, Selkirk often said the world and all its enjoyments could not restore to him the peace of his lonely life on the island.

'I am now,' said he, 'worth eight hundred pounds, but I shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.'

This true story of Alexander Selkirk is supposed to have given rise to that wonderful book, *Robinson Crusoe*. Some persons have said *Robinson Crusoe* was not all written by Defoe, but that the first and best part was composed by the Earl of Oxford, when confined in the Tower of London; and the Earl, it is said, gave the manuscript to Defoe, who often used to visit him; and Defoe, having afterwards written a second volume, published the whole. The second part is much less interesting than the first. Thousands read the first part, but very few read the second.

The island of Juan Fernandez is six leagues long and three across. It is all hills and valleys, appearing at a distance very mountainous, ragged, and irregular. 'As you get near,' says Commodore Anson, 'the broken, craggy precipices are found to be covered with woods, and between them are everywhere valleys, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous springs and cascades. Those only who have endured thirst can judge of the pleasure with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from a rock, near a hundred feet high, into the sea, at a small distance from our ship. Even the sick, who had long been confined to their hammocks, crawled on to the deck, and feasted their eyes with this prospect.'

At the time when this seasonable supply refreshed the scurvy-stricken sailors, Anson and his crew, in the *Centurion*, had just met with many misfortunes on the coast of South America. A hurricane had split the sails and broken the rigging, and a 'mountainous, overgrown sea,' had given the ship almost its death-blow. Thus, all but foundering, almost without water, men dying at the rate of four, five, and six a-day, and greatly dejected, how sweet was it to anchor in Cumberland Bay, within sight of those hills and valleys where Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe, lived so long alone, and though alone, so happily!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.



He nearly lost his life in chasing a goat.



The Monkey caught hold of Peter's hair.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

CHAPTER I.



THE children of the Bright family always considered that Fate had been very unkind to them in the matter of names. To begin with, their family name was one which suggested a joke to the very dullest mind. Even old Heavysides, the master of the class at King's College which Pat adorned, would look up over his spectacles from certain blotted

exercises and say, 'Well, sir, this is a Bright specimen, I must say.' And 'Grumpy,' the porter, would revenge himself for some of Paddy's persecutions by such irritating remarks as—'Bright by name don't seem to be bright by nature, anyhow;' or, 'Look sharp there, Master Rusty, or you'll want something to get up your polish, and there's nothing like leather for that.' And as for the boys, there was no end to their chaff, till Pat and Paddy were fain to wish that their name had been Smith, Brown, or Robinson, or anything but such a whetstone for other people's wit. Then they would go on to complain that they had not a decent Christian name among them, and that their godfathers and godmothers had given them outlandish and ridiculous names; and Aunt Bell had to reprove Molly severely one Saturday morning for the pettish way in which she received the second question in the Catechism, 'Who gave you this name?'

First of all there was Brian. His name was not quite so bad; but then his initials were 'B. B.,' and any one who knows anything about lead pencils knows that 'B. B.' stands for 'Very soft;' which is a nice quality in a pencil, and especially when you want to draw negroes or black cats, but not thought so highly of in a boy of sixteen.

Then came Honor; a fine old Irish name, of course, every one will allow, but in the mouths of London servants it soon became shorn of its $\frac{1}{2}$ aspirate, and 'Honor Bright,' was too tempting a nickname for the children to resist; and even little Peter would put his fat dimpled hand on her head, and say, 'Pon honour,' in supposed imitation of the pompons manner of a certain Captain Myrtle, who sometimes came to dine with Mr. Bright.

Then came Pat and Paddy, or rather Patrick and Philip. Pat felt that his own case was hopeless, and that it was his sponsors' fault if he turned out a worthless character; for what could be expected from a fellow with such a name? But Philip was born under a kinder star, and might have done better if he had not at an early age, and before he could speak plain or had arrived at years of discretion, always called himself 'Paddy.' So Paddy he became, and Paddy he seemed likely to remain to the end of his life, though he made some efforts to throw off his nickname and appear in the dignity of Philip. He even went so far as to threaten to punch Pat's head, and to pinch the girls, and to shut Peter up in

the knife-house, if they breathed the word 'Paddy;' and he even bribed Sarah, the housemaid, with a stick of liquorice and an apple, to call him 'Master Philip' when she brought in his supper at night. That honest girl, however, brought back the apple with only one large bite out of it, and the stick of liquorice minus half an inch, saying that she couldn't go for to do it, though she tried her very best, she did; and the liquorish weren't nice, neither!

Then there was Mary, who protested against her name, and still more at its change into Molly, 'which was only suitable,' she said, 'to a blowsy, red-faced milk-maid, or to a dirty old woman smoking a stumpy pipe.'

Next came Nora, whose name was perverted into Nolly: and then little Peter, whose name, they all agreed, was the very ugliest possible, and if there had been any younger children they must have had better names, for they could not have had worse.

Of course, it was constantly said that Pat and Paddy were as alike as two *p's*, on account of their initials; and Herr Kaspar, Molly's music-master, having come down into the schoolroom one day to see the dormice, and finding Pat, Paddy, and Peter playing at bears and lions, observed that in music three *p's* meant *pianissimo*, but in the Bright establishment it seemed to mean *fortissimo*.

Perhaps you will be surprised at my saying that Herr Kaspar went down into the schoolroom; but so it was. Mr. Bright lived in a house in an old-fashioned and rather dull square in London, and the reason that decided him upon taking this house in the first place was that, instead of a dingy court behind, or a so-called garden with a few smutty lilac-bushes, or a gaunt plane-tree, under whose shadow cats give brilliant musical parties at night, there was a large room with a skylight.

'The very place for the children!' said Mr. Bright.

It was on the basement, and was reached either by a flight of steps from the ground-floor, or by a stone passage from the kitchen premises; and neither steps nor passage were covered, so that in wet weather you must run to escape a wetting. But none of the Brights were afraid of a drop of rain, nor ate their bread-and-butter with any less appetite because it had been sprinkled during its transit from the kitchen.

Mr. Bright was certainly right when he said that it was just the place for the children: but he did not fully know all its advantages when he said so. It was very large, with cocoa-nut matting on the floor, and an ironing-board on two trestles to form the table, and a large press at one end, consisting of drawers, and open shelves, and lockers, and cupboards; but there was not much furniture besides, and there was nothing to break and nothing to spoil; and you could make the most hideous noises without any one being the worse or bothering—in short, it was the very place to play in. But this was not half the number of its advantages: there was room for all the many and various pets of the Bright family. In one corner there was a regular establishment of canaries; opposite to them a large salting-pan contained a melancholy tench, and close by, another full of efts and water-snails. On one of the shelves was a large and flourishing family of white mice;

and in the next Molly's dormice, who were not so thriving and had lost their tails, which gave them a Manx-cat appearance; now and then there were silkworms, and sometimes menageries of cock-roaches, who abounded in the schoolroom, but were at times elevated into short-lived honour as pets by the caprice of the children, and regaled with sugar and other dainties. There was also a dog, called 'Don,' black and white and curly, who held his own bravely as an equal among the children, and bore teasing with great patience up to a certain point, and then asserted his dignity with a growl and a nip of his sharp, white teeth, at the nearest leg or arm. Upon the flat roof of the schoolroom there was the hutch, where the guinea-pigs lived a rather feverish existence during the summer; and there was also an aged green parrot, who walked about at its own sweet will on the leads and railings, keeping a wicked and watchful eye on the children, and annoying the neighbours by quacking like a hoarse duck by the hour together.

Now, I put it to any intelligent reader whether this large establishment would have got on so well in an upstairs schoolroom, and whether Mr. Bright was not quite right in his opinion that it was the very place for the children and their belongings? Where else could chemical experiments have been allowed that generally ended in an explosion and a fearful smell? Where else could Catherine wheels, Roman candles, and Pharaoh's serpents have blazed, and hissed, and spluttered, with so little peril? Where could toffee, and other cookings, have been less annoying to older noses? Where else could carpentering, and varnishing, and glueing, and everything that came under nurse's general term of 'messing,' have given so little discomfort to other people?

Sometimes, indeed, nurse would declare that 'she never did see such a mess in all her born days, and that she would take and turn all them nasty creepy things out of the room: a regular pack of rubbish as ever was!' But the children knew, from long experience, that this was mere talk; and even Peter did not feel a spark of anxiety on behalf of the most precious eft or white mouse so far as nurse was concerned. Sometimes Aunt Bell would make a raid, and declare that some of the pets must be given up, and the schoolroom kept in better order, or she would have to appeal to father. But it always ended in a grand review of all the birds, beasts, and fishes, and in Aunt Bell agreeing with the children that not one of that attractive crew could be dispensed with.

Honor constantly protested that the place was a bear-garden, and unfit for human habitation; though she had no wish to be the Hercules to cleanse this Augean stable, but was quite content as long as she could get away to her drawing-board in the red room, and shut out the children's noise and everyday life, and dream of a golden future, the key to which might be the pencil in a girl's hand.

CHAPTER II.

'ACCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated families.' The young Brights knew this by experience; and nurse, too, to her cost. The white mice *will* sometimes gnaw their way out of their cage, and

into nurse's work-drawer; canaries *will* get drowned in the big, nursery basin; Don *will* snap and the parrot *will* peck when pea-shooting is in fashion: ten o'clock *will* sometimes strike before Molly and Nora have got out their lesson-books, which causes Aunt Bell to make large 'oughts' against 'punctuality' in the character books. But never did so serious an accident occur as the one which brought Mr. John Keith to the house, for it was John Keith who carried off Aunt Bell!

Aunt Bell—no one in the world was like Aunt Bell, father's only sister, who had looked after the children ever since Peter's birth, when mother died. She was well worthy of her name, if you like, for Miss Bell Bright was—well, in short, she was what the girl's call a 'duck,' and the boys a 'brick,' just what an aunt should be. She could sing jolly songs, and tell short stories, and dress dolls, and manage 'the dad,' and wheedle nurse, and twist cook round her little finger.

'It happened,' as Molly said, 'in the Zoo, you know. It was Nora's birthday, and Aunt Bell took us all there. We were ever so long in the monkey-house, and we were so busy giving buns and sweet-stuff to that dear, little, soft-grey monkey with blue eyes in the corner, that we never missed Peter till we heard him call out. And there he was caught by the big, cross old monkey with the blue nose and no tail, because he'd been teasing him with empty nutshells till he got in a regular rage. He had hold of Peter's hair, and what would have happened I don't know if a gentleman hadn't got him away somehow. Aunt Bell was so frightened, and Peter, too, that she said she must take him home, and Mr. Keith—that was the gentleman in the monkey-house, you know—got a cab for her. Then it turned out that he knew father, and so he came the next day to ask how Peter was. After that he came to dinner, and then he got to come very often. Peter used to call him "the monkey gentleman," and we couldn't make out why Aunt Bell didn't like it. Of course, we did not mean anything rude, for he was awfully jolly always, you know. Brian took quite a fancy to him. And then we always liked the nights he came to dine because he brought us presents, and drew pictures, and cut "Tom Hickses" out of firewood for Peter. Honor didn't like it, though, for she said it was awfully dull when we were gone to bed and father was asleep, because Mr. Keith and Aunt Bell would go on talk, talk, talk, in a sort of way all to themselves; and Aunt Bell always forgot to make tea, and put sugar into the wrong cups, when he was there.'

This was Molly's account of the affair given to nurse the evening after the blow fell; and she had another version from Honor as she brushed out the girl's long, straight, yellow locks before the important dinner, when John Keith was to appear for the first time in the character of 'Bogey,' come ready to ring the Bell and steal away the brightest Bright, 'which,' as nurse observed, 'it's a wonder as it weren't done long afore, bless her pretty face!'

(To be continued.)

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.



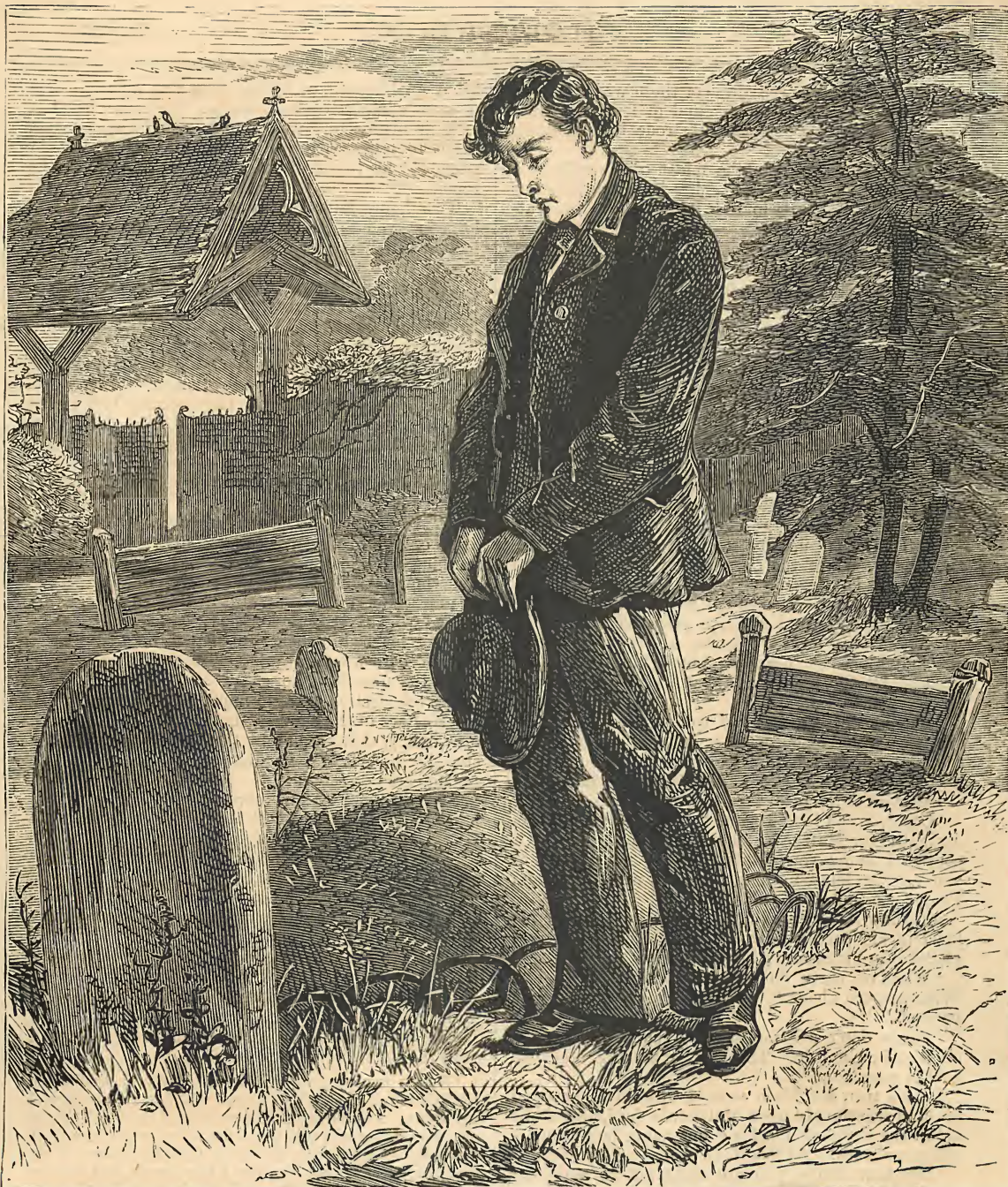
THE THAMES AT RICHMOND.

NONE can wonder that Richmond was at first named *Shene*, or 'Shining,' when they gaze on the glittering stream, winding so gracefully through grove and greenery. None can wonder that kings and queens, from far-back times, have owned their royal palace on its banks—Henry I., to wit, five Edwards, a Richard, a Charles, and an Elizabeth. Henry VII. loved it so well that he gave the little town of Shene his own name, *Richmond*—doubtless a great honour, though to our ears the one-syllable word has more meaning.

In the town stands a building, known as the Old

Palace, in which a room still exists called the *Essex* room, memorable for having been the bed-chamber of that unfortunate Countess of Nottingham, whom our Queen Elizabeth shook on her dying bed when she confessed to having kept back the ring which the unhappy Earl of Essex had trusted her to deliver to the Queen. 'God may forgive you, but I never can!' are the terrible words which still haunt that chamber.

But Richmond and its smiling river do not depend only on the stories of the Past for their charm. The silver Thames here has been a constant theme with



Matthew Stone at his mother's grave.

poets and prose writers, and have furnished the canvas of some of our best landscape-painters.

An American Bishop, of refined taste and large acquaintance with the loveliest scenes in at least two quarters of the world, used to say that this spot was one of the most entrancing he had ever visited—able to hold its place in his heart with the fairest reaches of those nobler streams of his native land, the Mississippi, the Hudson, or the Delaware.

THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 166.)

CHAPTER IV.

MR. NASH was seated that same Sunday morning in his private room. His usually pleasant countenance looked hard and stern, and every moment he kept muttering some words to himself to the effect that, 'John Pearse might say what he liked, but that he could not believe it.'

Still, however, the repetition of these words seemed to give him great uneasiness, and at length he rose from his chair and impatiently strode up and down the room.

He was interrupted in the midst of his walk by a knock at the door, and on opening it to see who was the intruder, he found himself face-to-face with Matthew Stone.

Mr. Nash started back, and almost uttered an exclamation of surprise, when he discovered who was his visitor. He sternly bade him, 'Come in,' but he did not, as was always his custom, either offer him his hand or ask him to sit down. The omission did not escape Matthew's observation, and a tremor seized him lest the alteration in his manner had arisen from the fact that Mr. Nash had discovered his brother's guilt.

'Now, Matthew Stone,' said Mr. Nash, the instant he had closed the door, 'as you know, I am a man of few words—Do you, or do you not know, what has become of a hundred-pound-note that John Pearse says must have been stolen from the counting-house yesterday? He says——' and there was a little hesitation in his usually straightforward manner—'he says you are the only person who is likely to know what has become of it.'

Matthew's face flushed as he heard Mr. Nash's words. Though he had come prepared at all risks to conceal his brother's guilt, a keen pang went through his heart when he found himself at once accused by the man who, next to his brother, he loved most.

It had not before occurred to him that, naturally, suspicion would at once fall upon him, as no one except himself had been witness of Harry's entrance into the counting-house, and he felt that under the circumstances the evidence against him was strong.

'Come, speak! can't you?' exclaimed Mr. Nash, excitedly, for Matthew stood silent before him. 'Of course, I know you didn't take the money, and if you say you know nothing about it, well then John Pearse is a fool, that's all.'

Matthew still uttered not a word, but putting his hand in his pocket he took out the bank-note, and placed it in his master's hand.

'What on earth do you mean, Matthew Stone? What are you about? Is this my money? Explain yourself.'

'Please don't ask me, sir, to explain my conduct, for that I cannot do. That is the missing note you hold in your hand.'

In his turn Mr. Nash seemed speechless, he fixed his eyes searchingly upon Matthew's face, and as he did so the expression of his countenance became more and more stern. At length he said,—

'Matthew Stone, you are right not to make me any explanation—not to make any excuses, for they would not serve you. I have been deceived in you, and I want to know no more. I forgive, but I cannot forget your conduct; therefore leave me, and never let me see your face again. One word more: your brother can, if he chooses, remain in the manufactory, but tell him to keep out of my sight.'

Matthew, whilst Mr. Nash had been speaking, had stood with his eyes fixed on the ground. When he thus sternly told him to leave his presence, Matthew

lifted up his face, in which there was an expression of misery impossible to describe. He gave one last look at his master's wrathful face, and then saying, 'God for ever bless you, my best and kindest of friends!' he turned from him and slowly left the room.

Two hours later Matthew Stone was bidding a long farewell to his mother's grave. The misery he had endured, the struggles he had gone through, during those two hours, no one would ever know. For a while the thought of his brother was lost in thinking over his love for Mabel Gray. 'Could he live without her?' had been the idea which had for a time driven all others from his mind.

But after a time the scene of his childhood floated before his mind's eye. He seemed to hear his mother's dying words, and they calmed him in his present misery, as they had calmed him eight years before. And Matthew Stone struggled no more, but passed out that day from Northshean, his good name in this world, as he felt, for ever lost, his happiness for ever sacrificed.

In the meanwhile, Harry Stone was still in ignorance of his brother's noble conduct. Late in the morning he woke up with a confused feeling that something terrible had happened to him. He looked in amazement at himself, still dressed in the clothes he had worn on the previous day. How came he to be lying on his bed in them? What made him feel so ill? Where was Matthew? These and many more were the questions he asked himself. By degrees entire recollection came to him. He remembered his frenzied act in the counting-house. He remembered how, nearly driven mad by the thought of the fatal step he had taken, he drank deeply, and then he remembered no more.

The wretched youth covered his face with his hands, and groaned in bitterness of spirit as his misery again stood out before him.

'What,' he thought, 'would happen to him if his guilt was discovered? What would Matthew say to him?' He felt he had not courage enough to bear the possible consequences of his crime. He felt he dare not face his brother's wrath.

He therefore determined to fly at once from the town, and not to leave one trace by which he could be found. Whilst he was collecting a few things together to take with him, a letter was brought to him in his brother's writing. He hastily opened it, and read the following words:—

'Before you receive this letter, Harry, I shall have left the town, and no one knows whither I have turned my steps. I need say no more than *I know all*. Your own conscience will tell you what those words mean. I write this, Harry, with the hope that the misery I am enduring—not for the sacrifice I have made, but because you have been led astray—will touch your heart. Oh, Harry, pray to the Almighty to lighten my woes, and if you turn to Him they will be lightened, for with your repentance my happiness will return! I beseech you, my own boy, to turn your heart to God. Pray to Him to have mercy upon your sinful soul. Pray to Him to lead you from temptation, and He will hear your prayer.'

'You will say that no one will now trust you, that you can never regain the name you have lost in the world's estimation. But that is not the case, for no one knows of your crime. I accidentally found the money you had

stolen, and I went to restore it to Mr. Nash. I found suspicion had fallen upon me, and I cared not to contradict the impression. It mattered not to me that I should be considered the guilty one. My misery would have been greater to have seen you punished, to have heard your name branded with infamy.

'And now, Harry, I will say no more; I make you no reproaches, for I know you will heap enough upon yourself. For the present I leave you, when the fitting time comes I will return or let you know where I am. But though absent I shall still watch over you, and remember my future misery or happiness is in your hands.'

'Farewell, my own, my beloved brother. May the God of all mercy guide and protect you will be the constant prayer of

MATTHEW STONE.'

Harry read on to the end. When he had finished he stood as if paralysed, and unable to understand the contents of the letter. But in one moment more a groan of bitter agony escaped his lips, and throwing himself on the bed, wild sobs burst from his heart.

CHAPTER V.

FOUR more years had gone by, bringing with them their full measure of toil and trouble, peace and happiness, to the inhabitants of Northshean.

A sadder, but a more contented expression, is to be seen on the face of Harry Stone as he walks one evening into Mr. Nash's private room.

'Well, Harry, my lad, and so Mrs. Spence tells me you and Mabel Gray are going to make a match of it. Give me your hand, boy; I wish you joy with all my heart. Now tell me your plans.'

'Have you heard anything of Matthew?' said Mr. Nash, as Harry rose to leave.

'No, nothing,' replied Harry, with a sigh.

'Ah, well,' said his employer, 'I feel he will come back some day. God grant I may grasp that honest hand again before I die.'

By those few words it will be seen that the brother's sacrifice had not been made in vain.

Harry rose from that bed, on which he had laid in his misery, a chastened and a repentant man.

No one suspected either himself or his brother of guilt, for Mr. Nash's kindness of heart led him to keep the secret, and the story was, that the missing note had been found by Mr. Nash himself.

But soon Harry felt the load of sin weighing upon his heart was too great for him to bear, and that he also must make some atonement. And one day he went to Mr. Nash, and poured out to him the tale of his own wickedness and of his brother's goodness.

'My lad,' his master had said, 'you have made me happy in confirming what my heart always told me, that Matthew Stone could not be a thief.'

For Matthew's sake Mr. Nash forgave Harry, and from that day had been to him the kindest of friends. Harry spent no more evenings with Charles Fry—no longer lived a life without purpose. Mrs. Spence's cottage became his favourite resort. He knew not of his brother's love for Mabel Gray, and so he tried to win her for himself, and Mr. Nash has told us how his love had sped.

It was a lovely, bright summer's day, when Harry Stone and Mabel Gray were married, and young and old had all said, God speed the youthful couple who had that day become man and wife!

But there had been one unseen amongst that little congregation who had witnessed Harry and Mabel's marriage with a heart wrung with anguish, but who had said, 'God speed them!' as heartily as the rest.

That one was Matthew Stone. Harry had not seen him since the day he left Northshean, four years before. But though he knew it not, Matthew had often come, and little had happened in Harry's life during those four years with which he was not acquainted. Closely he had watched him, and had been satisfied that Harry was becoming a brave, earnest man; and still he had left him alone, for the result proved his plan had been successful.

But one day, when Matthew was again rich enough to maintain her, he had come to ask Mabel Gray to be his wife, and to go with him and his brother to the new home he had made. From her own lips he learnt that she could not be his, and he left, beseeching her never to let his brother know the errand on which he had come that day. And on their wedding-day he had come again, and again none but Mabel knew who was that solitary figure kneeling by the grave of Ellen Stone.

'Mother,' Matthew was saying, 'I have suffered, but I have not suffered in vain, and my soul is at peace. Farewell to this hallowed spot for ever!'

And once more he turned away from Northshean. But Matthew Stone knew not his own strength—knew not that his nature would not allow him to lead a melancholy, solitary, repining life, for soon he returned to Northshean, never more to leave the spot blessed to him by so many happy, and so many painful remembrances.

His brother's home from henceforth he made his home, his brother's children became his children. And Mr. Nash's wish was granted, for before he died he had again many times grasped the honest hand of Matthew Stone.

THE CRANE AND THE TROUT.



CRANE, who, in her usual way, Was fishing in a stream one day, Had seized upon a little Trout,

Who straight began to whimper out:

'Oh, let me free! I am too small

To do you any good at all!

Let me but live a month, and then

You'll have me quite as big again.

Meanwhile you cannot fail to find

Here plenty greater of my kind.

Release me, and I'll show you where

You'll get sufficient and to spare.'

'Not I, indeed,' replied the Crane;

'So you implore and weep in vain.

You say a month, but in a day

You may be far enough away.

Then as for what you talk about

Your larger friends,—know, silly Trout,

That one fish in my bill I deem

Worth half a dozen in the stream.'

Some men, who lack the fisher's wit,

Will hazard certain benefit

To seek a greater doubtful one,

And finish by possessing none. W. R. E.



The Crane and the Trout. By HARRISON WEIR.



"Here's a charm to tame all the snakes." (Page 182.)

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 172.)



THE green eyes of Honor had seen what was coming for some time, being one of those gifted and far-sighted creatures who can see things in the distance, while they are singularly blind to what lies quite close around them. Honor was a genius, you must know, reader. She had a quaint little white face, like a dainty piece of old porcelain; and clear, bright eyes, that wanted looking into to discover their beauty; and a clever little head, coiled round with smooth, silken, tawny hair. She was certainly clever, and in some ways her talents were valuable. She could tell wonderful stories, and when the whim seized her she could keep the whole family amused, nurse included, by her romances, accompanying them by scenes drawn on the various slates, which were always gladly and anxiously washed with salt and water when Honor vouchsafed to draw (Aunt Bell, by the way, usually found them deep in grease when such inferior matters as rule-of-three or practice had to be thought of); and under her hand they became such scenes of queens and princes, fairies and ogres, witches and giants, 'as no one couldn't have believed where the child got them all from,' nurse said.

Honor was a great reader, too, and would remain for an hour together perched up on a stool or open drawer before the great nursery press, lost to the surging tumult of life below her, in some one of the queer old books stowed away in its upper shelves. But as to common pursuits, such as darning stockings, or helping nurse, or minding the children, Honor was just nowhere. Indeed Pat and Paddy used to say she must have been born on the 29th of February, for she was only a 'now-and-then' sort of girl, and didn't come in the natural course of things, somehow.

Drawing, however, was Honor's special gift, and though scribbling and dabbling often interfered sadly with graver pursuits, Aunt Bell could not find it in her heart to put a decided stop to it; for painting was a legacy left behind by the dear dead mother, whom she had loved like her own sister. One day Aunt Bell had picked up and shown to her brother a really pretty little sketch of Peter lying asleep, with his curly head on Don's fat back, and as Mr. Bright looked at the bold, free strokes and clear outlines, a vision rose up before him of a day, nearly seventeen years ago, when among the green hills of Erin he had come for the first time face-to-face with sweet Honor O'Brien, painting beside beautiful Killarney with a true artist's hand the lovely woods and rivers of her native land, and he declared the girl's talent ought to be cultivated.

Aunt Bell used sometimes to think that the mother had left something to each of the children: to Pat and Molly, the Irish blue eyes that laughed at you from under curled black lashes; to Nora, the wealth of rich, dark hair, and the sweet voice for singing; to nearly all the quick, happy, careless temper, which made the storm and sunshine of their lives.

Honor's peculiar gift was shared, or, as Aunt Bell sometimes suspected, surpassed by Brian; but steady, plodding old Brian, would spare little time from his Greek and Latin for such things, and it was only once when all the children had measles, and she had left him to amuse them for a whole afternoon, that she found it out.

'Why, it's Honor!' she said, picking up the sketch of a child's head drawn on a scrap of paper; 'Honor in one of her "studs." You must let me have it, Brian, to show to father.'

'Indeed you won't, Aunt Bell!' the boy exclaimed, trying to snatch it away.

'Why not? I think it is capital.'

'Why, I wouldn't for anything have the dad think I'm scribbling and scratching just now, and the exam. just on and all! It's all very well for girls who have not got to work. Look here, now, Aunt Bell; you can have it for yourself if you choose, but if you tell the dad I'll never forgive you.'

'Very well; but I shall keep it for myself.'

'You won't show it?'

'No, if you are so fierce about it.'

'Honour bright?'

'Yes, honour bright. You can write the name under it for me, and then I shall not forget.'

So Brian wrote 'Honour Bright' under the portrait, and Aunt Bell put it away, together with a number of other relics of the children—Honor's first little, soft, baby shoe, a glossy ring shorn from Pat's head when his curls were cropped, a laboriously-worked and much-fingered book-marker of Molly's, and various other things that made her laugh and cry as she turned them over.

'Honour Bright—that may be the artist's name as well,' Aunt Bell thought to herself as she shut the box.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT BELL'S wedding was so often put off from one cause or another that John Keith used to complain that it was such a very movable feast that he felt like poor Tantalus, doomed to constant hunger and thirst with sparkling water and rich clusters of grapes just out of reach. The children, too, after the anguish of the first days of the engagement, during which Peter would hardly let go of Aunt Bell's skirts even for a minute, and Molly and Nora clung round her waist with fierce affection, and Pat and Paddy scowled at Mr. Keith as if they would have liked to choke him, grew to regard the parting with Aunt Bell as merely a vague possibility in the future, like 'next never-come tide,' or 'when two Sundays come in a week,' or 'when my ship comes in,' as nurse used to say, or 'when I'm a man,' from Pat, or 'some day,' from Aunt Bell, or 'when I have time,' from father.

First of all the measles came to the rescue and put off the evil day; and then father had bronchitis; and then Mr. Keith had to go to America for two whole months, over which the children rejoiced honestly, and hoped that he would like America so much that he would stop there and never come back.

'What would Aunt Bell say to that?' asked nurse.

'I do believe,' says Paddy, who was a close observer

of human nature, 'that she would be very glad. She's far away fonder of us than of him.'

But one evening they were all sitting in the dusk in the drawing-room with Aunt Bell, and the wind was howling outside, and Pat was describing a shipwreck he had been reading of, and ended up cheerfully with the question, 'Oh, I say, Aunt Bell, wouldn't you dearly like to be shipwrecked? I would! It must be an awful lark!'

Aunt Bell was silent, but Norah added, 'Perhaps Mr. Keith may be shipwrecked as he comes home, and then he can tell us all about it.'

'I expect he will,' eagerly chimed in Paddy. 'What fun if he is on the sea now! Just listen to the wind! There must be jolly big waves at sea.'

And then they all joined in, even Honor taking her share in the description without a glance at Aunt Bell, who sat silent with little Peter on her lap, and every time the wind came with a rush against the window her arms tightened round the child, and she did not laugh or join in the children's nonsense.

'Waves mountains high,' said one.

'Wind blowing great guns,' went on another.

'Night as black as pitch.'

'Miles out of their course.'

'Breakers ahead.'

'Sprung a leak amidships.'

'Boats stove in.'

'All hands to the pumps.'

'Settling down fast.'

'Captain in calm despair.'

'Crew tipsy.'

'Passengers helpless.'

Suddenly, above the hurly-burly a voice was heard shouting,—

'Master Peter, please, it's your bedtime!'

A burst of laughter followed this unexpected end to the story, and the children thought no more of it; but when little Peter's curly red head was on the pillow he asked nurse a question,—

'Do grown-up people ever cry, nurse?'

'Cry? Ah! it's many a tear that grown folks shed. It's not this side of the grave that tears is wiped away, Peter ashore! God grant as them blue eyes of my darlint mayn't have more than their share when he's a man, for it's bitter they are, and it's myself as knows it.'

'I don't know if they were bitter,' said Peter, 'for I didn't taste them; but when I was sitting on Aunt Bell's lap I felt two hot drops on my forehead.'

'Maybe she was thinking of Mr. Keith, and him away across the sea. Sure and they're not the only two she have shed for him, bless her dear heart!'

It was only in the nursery that nurse let herself indulge in the brogue; among the other servants she kept a watch on her tongue, and was pretty successful in her imitation of their cockney talk, which she called 'the English,' for she knew by experience the contempt with which 'them Irish' are generally treated below-stairs.

But John Keith came back safely, without anything but sea-sickness to disturb his composure during the voyage, much to Pat and Paddy's disappointment. 'Not even a whale or an iceberg,' they said, contemptuously, 'or a pirate or a mutiny, or anything interesting; and who cares to hear of sunsets on the sea, and good dinners in the saloon, and dancing on

the poop? One might just as well stop on land!' And they were much inclined to set him down for good and all as a 'duffer,' for having come across no adventures on his way.

Neither had he brought back a wife with him, as the girls had hoped, and so solved the difficulty about Aunt Bell. Even Honor had entered into this idea, and had sketched a North American woman on Molly's slate with elaborate tattooings, beads, and feathers, and even war-paint and a tomahawk; and Nora had written 'Mrs. John Keith' underneath in careful round hand; and then, as ill luck would have it, Molly handed the slate up to Aunt Bell, with a practice sum done wrong on the other side, and Aunt Bell, turning it over, found herself face-to-face with her supposed successful rival.

The girls were covered with shame and repentance, and Honor, when she came in from the School of Art and found what had happened, rushed off and locked herself in the red room, and cried till her head ached and her eyes were just little dim slits, and would not hear a word more from Molly and Nora, though they spent nearly an hour kneeling at the red-room keyhole, assuring her that Aunt Bell only laughed and was not a bit vexed, but said she would keep it to show to Mr. Keith, who was coming back the very next day.

But when John Keith came home the wedding-day was finally settled for the 15th of July. Perhaps the tears that fell on Peter's head and the brother tears that nurse guessed at, had softened Aunt Bell's heart; or perhaps it was the joy of having him back, for joy is almost stronger than tears to soften a heart: but certain it is that she could not find any excuse for putting off the wedding-day again. And then, too, Mr. Bright added his persuasions to John Keith's, and said that two years were long enough for an engagement, thinking sadly of his own three weeks' wooing in old Ireland, and that he would not have Aunt Bell sacrifice her happiness any longer on account of him and the chicks. 'Honor is getting a big girl,' he added, 'and when she is not in the clouds she has plenty of sense; and as for Brian, I never knew such an old sobersides at sixteen in my life. He will take care of the whole lot of us. I told nurse to-day that Master Brian had taken her place, for I found him tying on the girls' pinafores. Then, with cook and nurse, I don't think we can come to grief: and though, of course, there is not another Aunt Bell all the world over, we can only be very grateful that we have had her so long, and very glad to see her happy—eh, Peter?'

It was not often that father said so much, for he was a man of few words, and many might have said far more; but I think Aunt Bell knew what he felt, and even little Peter, reporting this conversation in the schoolroom afterwards, finished up with 'And do you know, Molly, I think father is nearly as fond of Aunt Bell as we are, and as sorry to lose her. And I think Peter was not far wrong.'

The weeks that followed John Keith's return literally galloped away, the children said; and 'before you could say Jack Robinson,' according to Pat, the 13th of July had come, and they were all sitting at tea in the schoolroom, 'just as if,' Molly said, 'nothing were going to happen the day after to-morrow!'



Honor's Sketch.

Brian was pouring out tea, as usual, with Peter on one side of him and Nora on the other, and a watchful eye on Pat, Paddy, and Molly opposite, to see that they did not upset their tea or otherwise misconduct themselves. When Honor was twelve years old, now two years ago, Aunt Bell said she was quite old enough to pour out tea in the schoolroom; and Brian being fourteen, was advanced to the dignity of late

dinner. But tea-time became such a scene of wild confusion—what with Honor's fits of abstraction, during which she poured the milk into the teapot or flooded the tea-tray, and with the unchecked lawlessness of the boys, who emptied the sugar-basin over their bread and butter, and allowed Don to drink out of the milk-jug—that Honor gladly gave up her place to Brian; and when Brian began grinding for



See-Saw.

the examination he begged to be allowed to escape the late dinner, which he regarded as waste of time; and so he settled down regularly again to tea in the schoolroom, and took 'the place of honour,' as the children said, and here Aunt Bell found him that evening when she came into the schoolroom.

CHAPTER IV.

'OH, I say! another present?' was the exclamation that greeted Aunt Bell's appearance in the nursery with a parcel in her hand.

During the last fortnight the minds of the Bright children had been kept on the stretch by the continual arrival of boxes and parcels for Aunt Bell, varied by important communications from the dressmaker, till it became quite a matter for complaint if the door-bell announced anything not connected with the wedding.

'Sixty-three?' Norah exclaimed, triumphantly, as Aunt Bell's nod answered the question.

'Yes, Molly, it is sixty-three; for Honor and I counted them all over this morning, when you were not there. There were fifty-nine when we made the list yesterday; and since then there were Uncle Ben's brooch, and Miss Keith's screens, and Lucy's paper-knife, and——'

'Yes,' broke in Molly; 'but don't you remember we counted the pink vase twice over? Aunt Bell, do you know there are three vases with snakes round, and two paper-knives, and four inkstands?'

'I can't bear snakes,' Honor said. 'You'll have to put them all out of sight, Aunt Bell, for I know you don't like them either, because you never will wear that snake bracelet of yours. They seem such unlucky sorts of things.'

'Well,' Aunt Bell said, opening the little box in her hand, 'here's a charm to tame all the snakes round all the vases in the world. Take care, Pat, you don't drop it! I wouldn't have dear old Mrs. O'Brien's gift injured for all the world. Isn't it pretty?'

'Yes, jolly!' Pat said, turning round an old-fashioned gold clasp. 'Emeralds, aren't they? Big ones, too! What's that meant for in the middle?'

'Why, you *are* a duffer!' Paddy exclaimed. 'Don't you see it's the shamrock? Oh, I say, isn't she a regular, jolly, old Irish girl?'

'Yes,' Aunt Bell said. 'But you have not taken it all in yet. It's a four-leaved shamrock-leaf, and the dear old lady says . . . There, Honor, you may read out her note. It's the prettiest wedding letter I have had.'

So Honor read,—

'My dear young Friend,—May the good God bless your wedding-day, and make it the best and happiest of your life. I'm an old woman now, but, thank God, I know what it is, my dear, and I cannot wish you better than happiness like mine has been. You will like a little bit of old Ireland for the sake of one who is gone, and that you may find the four-leaved shamrock on Thursday is the hearty wish of your old friend,

'ELLEN O'BRIEN.'

'What does it mean?' asked Peter, who had been listening with open mouth to the letter.

'Yes, what *does* she mean about finding the four-

leaved shamrock?' added Molly and Nora. 'Shall you find it, Aunt Bell? Where is it? I thought it was only a sort of fairy thing, made up in stories. You used to have a song about it, I know; but it's only pretence, of course. You won't really look for it—will you, Aunt Bell?'

'Yes, I think I shall,' Aunt Bell said, laughing, with tears in her eyes. 'Why, you silly little Paddies! you ought to be ashamed that you do not know all about it.'

'Well, then, you can just tell us,' exclaimed Pat. 'We were to have another story, you know, and it shall be the Four-leaved Shamrock!'

And before Aunt Bell was aware she was dragged down among the children, while Brian and Honor quietly settled down to listen to Aunt Bell's last story.

'It is only a very short one,' she said; 'you should have given me more time to think about it: but you must each finish it for yourselves. When green Erin first rose up out of the sea, like an emerald set in silver, all its fields abounded with the little shamrock. Long before St. Patrick came it preached in silence the great mystery—just as the snow crystals are the first to bring the story of the Cross at Christmas, and the skylark carries it on his wings to Heaven at Easter. Such a little leaf to teach so much! And so it became the pride of Ireland, because of the high meaning the Bishop found in it. But it was not enough, as it ought to have been, and the Irish children began to dream of the wonderful four-leaved shamrock, just as other children dream of the Philosopher's Stone, and other spells, that turn straw into gold, and bring endless good luck to the happy finder. Lots of little bare-footed boys and girls—Connors, and Eileens, and Kathleens—went out to look for it. Certainly it did not grow at home; so they left their pigs and potato-patches, and the mud hovels and blue peat smoke, and lost themselves among the fairy dells of Killarney, or the dreary marshes of St. Kevin. Surely the "good people" knew all about it! But the little folk were too busy dancing fairy rings into the grass; and as for Will-o'-the-Wisp, he was a bad guide in swampy ground, as the children found to their cost. They forsook home, and school, and everything, but yet they never found the four-leaved shamrock. And so at last they all got tired, and went back to their parents, saying there was no such thing, or else the good people had taken it all away to Paradise garden, lest it should get too common here. And sure enough, when the angels came for sweet Eileen of Glendalough, she did find the four-leaved shamrock growing close by the gate of Paradise garden, and she sent word to the children all about it. "After all," she told them, "it's only our own shamrock made 'kind of complete.'" And the shamrock, you know, grows all round the little shanties and potato-patches where the children pass every day. So it's no use hunting for it in strange places. Pluck the common flowers and leaves about your path, and maybe you'll find the little lucky leaves among them, for the seeds that are blown by the strong wind over the walls of Paradise garden rest soonest on the open fields and paths. And if you don't chauce upon it here—why, be sure you'll find it there, and we all know that the shortest way there is by the potato-patch.'

'It's happiness, isn't it, Aunt Bell?' asked Brian.
'I suppose that's what the old lady meant.'

'I thought it meant fame or success,' Honor said.

'Honour bright,' laughed Pat. 'Well, we'll all have a different version. 'What do you say, Peter?'

'I say, it's Aunt Bell,' Peter murmured drowsily.

'Well,' Aunt Bell said, 'happiness seems to fit all cases. I suppose we each have our own ideas of what is best worth having, and the hunting of the shamrock is what we are all given to.'

'I wonder if they ever really found it?' Nora said.

'Yes, I believe it has been found, though it's not common. It is only a field weed, after all, and that's just, I think, what makes it so pretty of them to prize it so much,' Aunt Bell went on gravely.

"The trivial round, the common task,"

converted Ireland with the common one, and the four-leaved shamrock has no place in the Royal arms of England.'

Aunt Bell was talking mostly now to Brian and Honor, and there was an anxious look in her soft eyes as they went upstairs together, and she slipped her hand under Honor's arm.

'You won't forget the potato-patch in the shamrock quest, will you dear, when there's no old Mother Biddy to mind the pigs at home?'

Honor laughed.

'Oh, Aunt Bell, the potato-crop won't fail while there are so many to see to it. And, besides, when we've found the four-leaved shamrock we shan't need any more pig-minding.'

Aunt Bell sighed.

'And who is to find it, Honor?'

'Oh, not me, I'm afraid. But, oh dear! whatever will become of my poor pictures when you are gone and Brian goes to Oxford?'

'Whatever will become of the potato-patch?' added Aunt Bell.

(To be continued.)

SEE-SAW.

IF I own no lordly castle,
Palace, or baronial towers,
Need I scorn my lowly cottage
Where I pass the fleeting hours?

If I wear not silk or velvet,
Cloth of gold or linen fine,
Will it ever spoil my hunger
That I must in homespun dine?

If I have not coach or coachman,
Shall I sit me down and cry,
'Pick me up, good lords and ladies;
I've no legs, so here I lie?'

Shall I envy others going
Over seas to Parle-vous?
Say I not of such as do it,
Little wool and much ado?

If I can't have ships and soldiers,
Story-books and bagatelle,
If I mayn't have gun or pony,
Something else will do as well!

Jack and I are always happy
If we only can agree;
Give us but some sunny weather,
And a plank across a tree.

See-saw is a pleasant motion,
Though it's only up and down;
'Tis a ship without its dangers—
Jack and I can never drown!

He who tumbles off his pony
May be killed, as boys have been,
But we rather like a tumble
From our see-saw on the green.

I don't envy Jack above me,
I don't scorn him when he's low;
If our elders played at see-saw
It might teach them love, you know.

They might laugh at haps and tumbles,
Wealth and want, and praise and blame,
All the whirligig of fortune
Would be like our merry game.

G. S. O.

A CHURCH-GOING HORSE.



N old gentleman of Weymouth, U. S. of America, has for many years been a constant attendant on Sunday at the North Church in that place. He owns a horse, which, though not laying claim to as great an age as his master, still is venerable with the weight of years. This horse has carried his owner and family to church so many times that he appears to have learned thoroughly the orthodox custom of church-going, and also seems to know the proper day and time for such journeys. One Sunday, as the family were not in good health, old Roan was given a leisure day; but when the bells for service began to ring, true to his principles, he started off alone, called a moment at a neighbouring house, where his master usually took in another passenger, and made his way to the church. He took his accustomed stand there, stayed during the service, and was escorted home at the close by one of his neighbours, apparently well satisfied with the duty he had done.



A Church-going Horse.



A Beacon for Father.

A BEACON FOR FATHER.

THIS night, and moonless, and the stars are hid,
 And vast and awful is the solemn dark
 Folding the world,—yea, even in the street,
 Where well-known voices hail the passenger,
 As, feeling with his hands, he stumbles on,
 Glad to behold again his own warm hearth,
 And listen to the purring of the cat,
 The old clock's measured tick, and drops of rain,
 Which, ever and anon, the whistling wind
 Drives at the window. But, O restless sea!
 What other darkness is like that which shrouds
 Thee and the men who tempt thy stormy deeps?
 It may be some, in floating castles housed
 And snugly berthed, the gloomy waste forget;
 Within a bright saloon they softly sit,
 While the lamp flashes on the story-book,
 Or dance and song the tedious way beguile.
 Others for them are braving cheerless decks;
 Others for them think, watch, and bear the blame
 If aught goes wrong. But what of him who steers
 His lone and open boat upon the sea,
 Whose waters black race by him as he flies
 On through the night? Ay, what of such a one,
 Becalmed, it may be, leagues away from shore,
 And so benighted in the waves that swell
 And freshen at the sunset's ragged sky?
 Such things will chance the hardy mariner
 In every time and clime; his open hand
 Carries his life—he dies a thousand deaths,
 Yea, daily, as the great Apostle died,
 Who, walking in the path of duty, met
 New perils every hour. How happy he,
 Environed thus with dangers manifold,
 To know he hath an angel wife at home,
 A woman who can touch the Throne of Grace
 And turn the all-observing eye of God
 To that mere atom, drifting up and down
 On the illimitable ocean-fields!
 How happy he, if, as he steers along
 (Whether for shore or farther out to sea
 He knows not), happy is that wanderer,
 If, suddenly, a friendly beacon springs
 Out of the darkness, in mid air, a light
 That speaks of welcome from the stable rocks.
 It has no pitching motion, like the lamp
 Borne by some galley; for it stands awhile
 Still as a lighthouse; then it moves, and then
 Is fixed again. He knows it, what it is,—
 It is some hardy cragsman on the ledge
 Of the great headland by his native place;
 One who has braved the perils of the steep,
 (Great in the noon, and how much more by night)
 To show a signal to a mate aboard.
 But who is he to do a deed so bold?
 Now, as he nears the crag, his eye can see
 The startled sea-birds flitting through the light,
 Then lost in darkness: and a loud 'Ahoy!'
 He volleys forth. 'Ahoy!' comes back again;
 A faint but cheery sound, and one that seems
 Not unfamiliar: but he little dreams
 His own dear boy, his gallant Oliver,
 Stands on the slippery goat-path up above,
 Among the wild birds and the dewy bents.
 Ere long, 'All right, my hearty!' comes aloft,

And Oliver, with cautious tread, descends,
 To meet his happy father, lamp in hand,
 And glowing with his noble exercise.
 'And was it thou, my boy? Well might I feel
 Thy tiny spark like a great fire within.
 Now God be praised, not only for long hours
 Rescued from fruitless error, and for life
 Saved it may be from death; but Him I thank
 Because I have a ready-witted child,
 And brave and true of heart; a boy who dares
 Climb a dark mountain, that his lamp may be
 A star to guide a wanderer to his home!'

G. S. C.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 183.)

CHAPTER V.



IF I had the four-leaved shamrock,' said Pat, 'and could have just what I wished, I would wish that there was a wedding every day in the year—except, perhaps, Christmas Day and one's birthday, which are jolly enough without. Then, you see, there would be no school; one would drive about in a big carriage, with a jolly pair of greys; one would have game pie and pink cream for dinner, instead of boiled mutton and rice pudding; and have all sorts of larks, throwing old shoes and rice; and then go to the Crystal Palace in the afternoon, and come home to another stunning blow-out at the late dinner, and dancing in the evening; with the wedding-cake standing on the sideboard, so that one could have a tuck-in whenever one likes!'

'And be jolly sick afterwards,' says Paddy, who is cross, as is not uncommon on the day after the wedding.

For Aunt Bell's wedding is over, and the uncles and aunts and cousins have taken their departure; and the cracker papers and scraps of white satin ribbon are being swept out of the corners of the dining-room; and the rout-seats are standing piled up in the hall, ready to be carried away; and the pastry-cook's men in the pantry are packing away glass dishes and wine-glasses into green boxes; and three bridemaids' bouquets, which belong respectively to Honor, Molly, and Nora, are put carefully in water, and are doing their best to look fresh, though every blossom has been wired at Covent Garden, and they have not one natural stem among them. There is a man in the back drawing-room packing the wedding presents to go away to Aunt Bell's new home; and nurse is severely reviewing three bridemaids' dresses, during which process Molly and Nora feel it safer to keep at a distance, with a consciousness of slits in muslin and lace where no slits should be, and stains on delicate pink ribbons which might lead to painful remarks about the necessity of pinafores.

'And Miss Honor's every bit as bad, as ought to

know better, and takes no more care of her clothes than a baby!

Even the red room has been invaded, and Honor's drawing-board is out of reach behind a pile of furniture; so the whole family have assembled by degrees in the schoolroom, all feeling more or less unsettled and unfit for ordinary occupations. Even Don is restless and snappish, and objects strongly to the flies, and to Pat using his feathery tail for a fan. Perhaps wedding-cake is not very digestible to dogs or humankind, and rice-pudding is more wholesome food in the long run.

Molly agrees with Pat, that a wedding every day is a thing much to be desired.

'One would have a new dress every day, made just like grown-up people's, only shorter, and ribbons, and little darling mob-caps, and white kid gloves with two buttons, and bouquets, and lovely little lockets with Aunt Bell's hair inside!'

'And Bell would have to get a wig,' says Paddy, 'if she had to give a lock of her hair every day to fill eight lockets!'

But Molly goes on:— 'And have one's health drunk at the breakfast, and pull crackers with lots of people, and sit up till past eleven, and — Do you know, Nora, I saw the little Stephensons looking out of their dining-room windows as we went to church, and I wanted them to see our lockets, so I held mine up, as if it had come open and I was fastening it.'

'Oh, bosh!' says Pat. 'You girls think such a lot about clothes. I dare say the Stephensons only thought how ugly you looked, with your nose cocked up in the air, and —'

Here the calm course of conversation was interrupted by a large India-rubber ball in Molly's hand taking flight in the direction of Pat's head, which being ducked, the ball ended its flight with a splash into the pan containing the efts, and caused great commotion therein.

'I am sure,' said Brian, 'if I had the four-leaved shamrock, I would wish there were no such things as weddings in the world.'

'And I would wish that there was no such thing as good advice,' said Honor, with a wry face.

'What's that?' said Peter. 'Something like Gregory?'

'Very like Gregory, only worse, and more of it at a dose.'

'Nurse said we should all of us want Gregory after the wedding-cake; and she says,' went on Peter, 'that Gregory does us good.'

'Perhaps it may,' said Honor, with a little laugh, 'but I don't think advice does any one any good. I'm sure it does me harm.'

'I think,' says Peter, 'that if I had the four-leaved shamrock I would wish there was no Gregory — or —' after a moment's further thought, 'that Aunt Bell was back again.'

Peter's face began to crumple up ominously, and Nora sniffed in a dismal manner, and affairs might have taken a very gloomy turn if Pat had not come to the rescue.

'Oh, I say,' he said, perhaps feeling tears dangerously near his own eyes, 'we're all in the dumps. Come on! let's have a game of something—Duck, or Tortures, or Tower of London, or something cheerful!'

Honor had had plenty of good advice the last two days, and it did not seem to agree with her better than wedding-cake with Don. Aunt Bell's teaching had been so much more by example than precept that the girl was apt to resent what she called 'preaching.'

'And they all of them had a peck at me,' she said, indignantly.

First of all there was Aunt Louisa, like a fussy old hen. Her hobby was health, and she had been to every doctor of note in London and elsewhere, and her family had had every illness and ailment that flesh is heir to, and had been doctored, and physicked, and put in irons, and altogether tinkered to within an inch of their lives, till they had not got a sound constitution among them. She attacked Honor on the subject of her health; was quite sure she drew more than was good for her, and that was why she was beginning to poke so; and one shoulder was certainly higher than the other, and she was growing all on one side: till Honor fled to nurse and the looking-glass to assure herself that she was not a regular hump-backed dwarf. She also hinted dark suspicions about Nora and Peter; but Mr. Bright was not to be alarmed into thinking that he had a delicate family when he paid such a butcher's bill every week, and saw such plates of bread and butter pass in to the schoolroom tea.

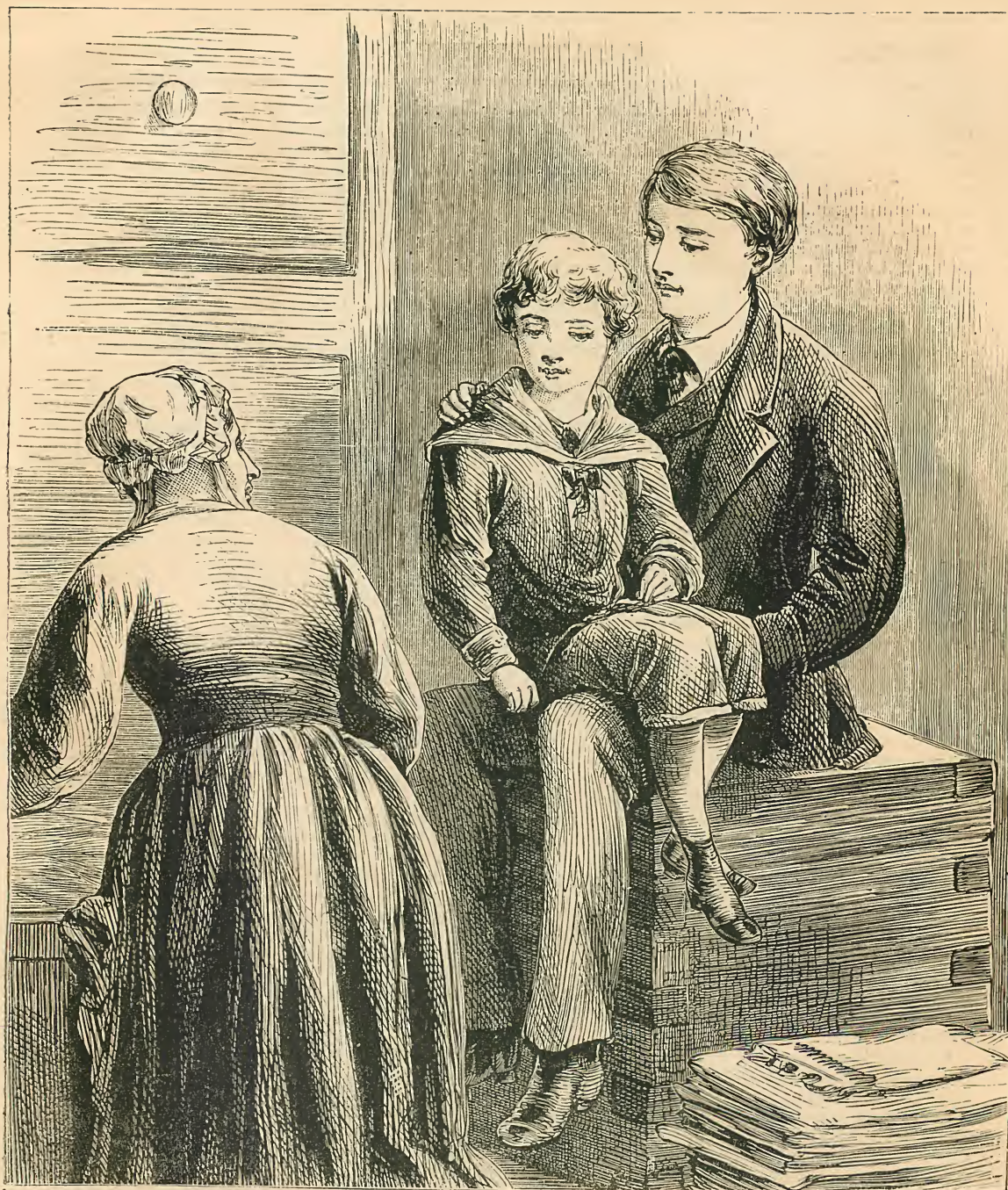
Then there was Aunt Rosa on dress and manners. Ellen and Maud, her two daughters, were very little older than Honor, and yet were quite full-blown young ladies, who wore rings, and did their hair in ingenious and fashionable manners, and went to dances and garden-parties, and could talk to gentlemen. Indeed, Ellen felt herself rather aggrieved at being allotted to Brian at the wedding—who was 'only a boy!'

'I think your Aunt Bell was to blame in keeping you such a complete child.'

And then the colour rushed into Honor's pale face, and the light blazed in her eyes; and it was well that father was close by, or Aunt Rosa's nerves might have been upset by unladylike warmth of speech.

'The children think Aunt Bell perfect,' was father's remark, with a soothing hand on Honor's shoulder.

Then there was Aunt Maria on housekeeping. She poured into Honor's ears stores of wisdom about management and economy that would have been invaluable if Honor had paid any attention: the price of butchers' meat, the waste in the kitchen, the cheating of the tradespeople, wages, beer, perquisites, kitchen stuff, and so on. Honor's thoughts were miles away, but the word 'potatoes' brought back her mind to Aunt Bell's story and the four-leaved shamrock. Ah! it may grow in the potato-patch, with the blue sky overhead, and the fresh, sweet air blowing over open fields and wide heaths; and the picturesque, tumble-down cottage close by, with bright green moss and yellow lichen growing on the ragged thatch and mud walls, and the peat smoke curling out of a hole in the roof, near a clump of houseleek, where the chimney once stood. ('I will paint it some day for Aunt Bell,' said Honor.) But who would look for it in the kitchen, among such things as perquisites, kitchen stuff, and butchers' meat? She quite laughed to herself at the idea of the fairy



Brian listening to Nurse's comments.

gift among such surroundings, or of good, practical Aunt Maria finding it there.

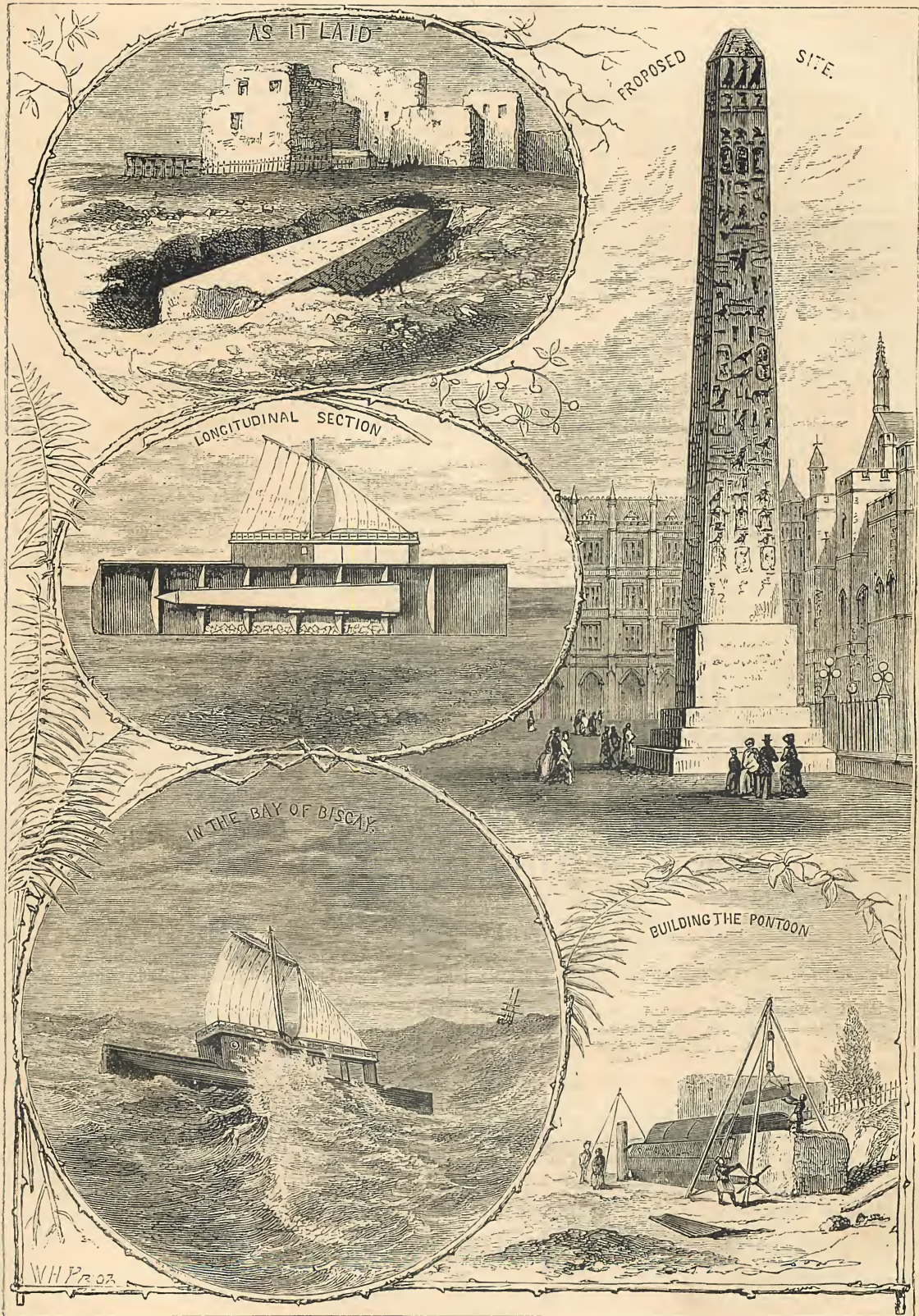
'She would think it was a pot-herb!' said Honor.

CHAPTER VI.

It will be seen that Honor's genius did not take a domestic turn, and when Aunt Maria left the bereaved family, a fortnight after the wedding, she expressed her opinion as forcibly as she dared to her

brother-in-law that he might think himself lucky in having such excellent servants. 'Honor, poor child!' she said, 'was sadly backward; indeed, it was a great pity Brian was not a girl—such a particularly sensible, thoughtful fellow, *very* different from the rest.

Brian had been so constantly called in to smooth the ruffled tempers of Honor and her aunt, that he had gradually got into a habit of doing so by the easy, if not very wise, method of finding an excuse



Cleopatra's Needle.

for sending Honor off to her easel, while he set himself to meet the full tide of Aunt Maria's wrath—a tide which, as usually happens, finding no longer any rocks to fret over in its path, soon calmed down into a placid flow of confidence.

'My dear Brian,' Aunt Maria would say, 'I really do not know what to make of your sister; she does not seem able to give her mind to anything sensible, and, as I was just telling her, in a large family like yours, care and economy are especially needful.'

'Well you see, aunt, Honor is very young still, and I dare say she'll get into it all in time. I'll pitch into her about it, if you like, and tell her she must turn to, you know.'

'Well, my dear, I wish you really would. I dare say you can manage her better than I can, and I don't like teasing your poor father about it. He has been looking sadly worried of late, and I'm sure he has a great deal on his mind just now. No doubt your good cook will do all that is wanted just at first; but she tells me she is thinking of marrying before very long—and a very steady, suitable young man he seems to be—Jones's man, you know; rather young, to be sure, for her: but still she will make an excellent wife. But, as I was saying, when she does leave, of course Honor will have to keep house in good earnest. For one thing, she must keep the accounts (as I did at her age, Brian). I got this new book for her to begin with; but, really, you may as well talk to the wind!'

'Oh I'll give her a helping hand!' Brian said, looking hopefully at the little heap of tradesmen's books on the table. 'I'm rather a swell at figures, Aunt Maria—"bills of parcels," and all that. I've often totted them up for Aunt Bell; only I never can see why that duffer, the butcher, doesn't do it by fractions, as any other fellow in his senses would. Now, just look here: $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of steak—isn't it?—at $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. Well, here you are: $\frac{5}{2} \times \frac{2}{2} = 26\frac{1}{2} = 2s. 2\frac{1}{2}$ d. Not 2s. $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.—any one could see that! That's just the way Aunt Bell lets the fellows cheat her!'

Brian's rapid calculations seemed to Aunt Maria to produce such a satisfactory result that her respect for his housekeeping powers rose rapidly, so that before she left he was stored with much valuable domestic information, which was all stowed carefully away in his orderly young mind, together with Greek and algebra, till there was no room left for those more elegant studies which filled Honor's thoughts and time so entirely.

Aunt Maria left on a Friday, and on Saturday morning Honor came to Brian with a long face, and the keys of the linen cupboard jingling dolefully in her hand.

'I say, Brian, do speak to nurse, and ask her either to do the linen now, or else wait till after dinner. I must get to my class at ten, and it's half-past nine now; and that stupid child, Peter, has cut his elbow against the corner of the press. I shall have to wait half an hour while nurse is cosseting him.'

'Oh, all right; tell her to hand him over to me,' Brian answered pushing aside some school papers, with which he was making slow progress.

'But you are busy, are not you?' Honor asked, with a little remorse.

'Oh, it will do this evening; I can have a regular peg in at it after tea. Here, you can give me the keys; I suppose nurse knows all about it.'

So Honor ran away, with her portfolio, to the quiet drawing-class, where her rapid progress made her a favourite pupil, while Brian betook himself to the linen closet.

'What's the row with Peter?' he said, examining a slightly wounded but much dimpled arm. 'Oh, all right, old chap. Here's my pocket-handkerchief—you just blow your nose, and we'll plaster it up presently. Here, nurse, I'm going to see after the sheets and things. Honor had to be off.'

'And a good job, too!' nurse murmured, divided between wrath at Honor's neglect and relief in Brian's soothing presence. 'There, I do wish you was Miss Honor, that I do! Perhaps you'd give her mind to things a bit,' nurse went on, getting rather confused as to identity. 'But, there, it's no use a-wishin'! Let's see, now: "Seventeen chamber towels"—that's right enough. "Twenty-four dishing-up cloths, one duster—" Bless the child! whatever was she thinking of when she wrote it down, I wonder!'

'Perhaps there were a good many dish-cloths and things, you know, last week,' Brian suggested, mildly. 'Aren't they the cloths you polish up the plates with? I suppose they want a lot more when there are visitors.'

'I'd like to see Mrs. Cook use twenty-four dishing-up cloths in a week, or several weeks either!' nurse observed, scornfully. 'There, Master Brian, you just see what you can make out of the book. I can't make head nor tail of Miss Honor's writing.'

'Here, let's see! Oh, I can read it all right enough! "Seven glass-cloths, four knife-cloths, six rubbers," (what on earth are those?) "one hearth-cloth, sixteen tea-cloths—" Oh, I say, what a set of cloths you do have, to be sure! Whatever do they want such a lot for?'

'That's just what I say, Master Brian; 'whatever that there gal, Sarah, wants with all them cloths I can't think. As I often said to your aunt—three for glass, and four for china, and one a-fortnight for the polish, to save the dusters—that was the way when I was young, and kep' it all as clean as a new pin! But I don't say nothing now-a-days: there's no servants left fit to be called servants—and do flare up so if you says half a word—as ought to mind what their elders says! I'm sure I wonder how your aunt ever put up with them gals' impudence as she did.'

Brian listened with sympathy to nurse's severe comments, swinging his long legs to and fro as he sat perched up on a high box, with Peter on his knee, staring with solemn grey eyes at the piles of clean linen before him as if he were solving a profound problem.

'It must be jolly puzzling to remember it all,' he concluded, thoughtfully. 'I'm sure I can't tell t'other from which. I'd sooner do fifty lines any day than all this stuff. It's a good thing Honor has some brains in her head, for I'm sure she wants it if she's going in for all that. Aunt Bell was a clever woman, and no mistake!'

(To be continued.)



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THIS celebrated granite pillar is called an obelisk, which is the Greek name for a needle or skewer. It is covered with a peculiar kind of writing, and is of hoary age. It was presented to King George IV. in 1820, by the then ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali.

Many English statesmen have endeavoured to bring it to our country, but, until now, all such attempts have been without success.

It is a single block of red granite with four faces, and on all those faces are many figures, such as birds and serpents, cut very deep into the stone. Some of the figures are enclosed in oblong rings. These are supposed to be the names and titles of kings. All you see is a portion of Egyptian history, written with an iron pen upon a tablet of granite.

Obelisks were generally set up in pairs, one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of grand gateways into temples or palaces. They were cut out of the quarries of Syene, and then carried many hundreds of miles, generally by having canals dug from the river to the place where they were lying.

It was stated in the House of Commons, as far back as 1832, that Cleopatra's Needle, one of two at Alexandria, is 64 feet long, or, including the pedestal, 79 feet, and weighs 284 tons. This obelisk is not quite so large as the Luxor obelisk, which was set up at Paris, under the direction of Lebas, an able French engineer, in October 1836.

The *Cleopatra*, an iron vessel, shaped like a huge boiler, 92 feet long and 16 across, was specially built for carrying the Needle over the sea. Mr. John Dixon constructed this vessel. Professor Erasmus Wilson, the eminent surgeon, with most noble liberality, has defrayed the expenses of the voyage.

After navigating the Mediterranean in safety, the *Cleopatra* came to grief in the Bay of Biscay, last October. She parted company from her tug, and was abandoned. The *Fitzmaurice* found the *Cleopatra*, and towed her into the port of Ferrol, belonging to Spain. There she lay for three months, undergoing repairs, &c.

In January, the *Anglia*, a powerful iron paddle-tug, was sent to Ferrol, to bring the *Cleopatra* to England. This she happily did, in five or six days. It was a somewhat anxious voyage, for January is a stormy month, and the needle-ship did not steer very well, and rolled about a good deal. Her anxious crew never went to bed between Ferrol and Gravesend. When the Queen heard of the *Cleopatra's* safe arrival she sent a telegram expressing her satisfaction at the good news.

The Needle will be erected on the Victoria Embankment in London; but the cut shows the position recommended by Professor Wilson—an open place near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament.

G. S. O.

THE CAT O' NINE TAILS (TAILS). TO SISSIE ON HER NINTH BIRTHDAY.

TALE I.

I ASKED a cat, grey, old, and sage,
If she could tell me Sissie's age;
The cat replied evasively,
'Greet her to-day with three times three.'

TALE II.

Not quite content, I asked the cat
If she could tell me more than that;
She said, 'Three rows of pins at play,
That is the secret of the day.'

TALE III.

'You trifle, wise old cat,' I said;
But Pussy merely shook her head,
And calmly mewed, 'Her age, be sure, is
Just thrice the number of the Furies.'

TALE IV.

'Furies and cats are friends,' I trow,
Said I, and made a graceful bow.
'You grow unpleasant, sir,' said she;
'Then multiply the Fates by three.'

TALE V.

'Madam,' I said, 'you have referred
To folk who don't exist.' She purred.
'I thought,' said she, 'you'd find excuses:
Then count the number of the Muses.'

TALE VI.

'Why, who could count your *news*?' said I.
'You dunce!' cried she, with kindling eye,
'Your dulness sends me into fidgets;
Then take the last of all the digits.'

TALE VII.

I said, 'My summing powers are weak.'
She snarled—her voice assumed a shriek.
'He never wins who never strives:
'Then count the number of my lives.'

TALE VIII.

'I can't,' I cried, in sheer despair.
The cat was screaming in the air,
'Then see my tails,'—she rose in state—
'And you deserve to feel their weight.'

TALE IX.

Just then, within an opening door,
Behold a blaze of splendour pour!
The cat is gone, the tapers shine,
I cry, 'Dear little Siss benign!' (Be nine.) W.

THE ERNE, OR SEA EAGLE.

A HALIBUT, a large flat fish like a turbot, reposing near the surface of the water, was seen by an erne, which pounced down and struck his talons into the fish with all his force. Should the halibut be too strong, the eagle, it is said, is sometimes, but rarely, drowned in the struggle. In this case, however, as more frequently happens, the bird overcame the fish; he remained upon it when dead as if he were floating on a raft, and then spreading out his wide wings, he made use of them as sails, and was driven by the wind towards the shore.



The Erne, or Sea Eagle. By HARRISON WEIR.



Blackbird and Cat. By HARRISON WEIR



THE BLACKBIRDS AND CAT.

CAT was noticed on the top of a paled fence, trying to get at a blackbird's nest which was near it; the hen-bird left the nest on her approach, and flew to meet her, and placed herself almost within her reach, uttering the most piteous screams. The cock-bird, on seeing the danger, showed the greatest distress, and uttered loud outcries, sometimes settling on the fence just before the cat, who was unable to make a spring in consequence of the narrowness of its footing. After a little time the cock-bird flew at the cat, settled on her back, and pecked her head with such violence that she fell to the ground, followed by the blackbird, who succeeded in driving her away. A second time the same scene took place; the blackbird was again victorious, and the cat became so frightened at the attacks made upon her that she gave over her attempts to get at the young ones.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR- LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from p. 190).

CHAPTER VII.

IN those sultry days of early August the wheels of life did not run very easily in the Bright family. The boys' holidays had begun and were running away fast, as holidays will; but father had said nothing about the change to the sea-side or the country, which generally took up the whole of the midsummer holidays.

It was easy to see that Mr. Bright had a great deal on his mind, as Aunt Maria said. He was off to the City early, having his breakfast brought up to his bedroom; and he would not come in to dinner, but come home about nine, looking weary and worn out. He would sit outside the breakfast-room window and smoke a cigar, and sometimes Brian would read the evening paper to him, and then he would go into the dining-room and get out those dreary books and papers, and sit over them far into the night.

'You run off to bed, little girl,' he would say to Honor; 'and you, too, my boy,' to Brian.

'Isn't there anything I could do?' the boy would say wistfully, with a weight of young sleep on his eyelids, and yet unwilling to leave that tired face bending over the rows of figures all alone.

'No, nothing but to go to bed and to get "healthy, and wealthy, and wise." I shall not be late to-night.'

'I wish Aunt Bell were here!' Honor said one night, when she and Brian had just said 'good night.' 'She would be able to help.'

She had not meant father to hear her words, but he did, and answered them quickly: 'Thank God she is not! at any rate, her happiness is secured.'

Honor and all the children except Brian were disappointed to set down all the change in father to Aunt Bell being gone. Honor felt that all the world was

out of joint, and that it must remain so as far as she was concerned, as she had no ability to set it right, though people might preach at her till they were tired. They must muddle along as best they could.

'I know every one thinks that it's my fault,' she would complain to Brian. 'There's nurse tosses her head and sniffs if I meet her on the stairs, and says something very loud to Sarah about "times being changed since poor dear Miss Bell's days—Mrs. Keith, begging her pardon!" And cook is as black as a thunder-cloud, and she banged the door because I could not put my hand on the butcher's book directly; and I know she puts it down to me that father does not come home to dinner. I do think that old servants are the most intolerable of nuisances.'

'Well, you see,' Brian would say, soothingly, 'cooks always are peppery; and, you know, it was rather trying your going out with the keys in your pocket without telling her a word about dinner.'

'Telling her about dinner, indeed!' said Honor, indignantly; 'it's a great deal more a case of her telling me. And as for the keys, she might just as well keep them herself, for I unlock the cupboard and she just takes out what she wants while I stand by looking like an idiot. And you know, Brian, that morning it was driven out of my head by those horrid boys having taken my drawing-board to stop the hole at the end of the guinea-pig hutch. They really get perfectly unbearable!'

In that point cook would have agreed heartily with Honor, and nurse too: for the effect of holidays and no occupation or control is certainly very bad. They were 'the most owdacious young limbs,' as cook said, 'that she ever knowed.' She could not put a thing out of her hand but it was gone. While she was after Pat to recover dish-cloths and fish-napkins put to unwonted purposes, Paddy was making a raid into the kitchen to see what there was in the oven that smelt so good: and woe to cook's cheese-cakes! And she could not speak a couple of words to her young man at the area gate without some mischief following—Don shut up in the big fish-kettle, or a mysterious disappearance of a pot of gooseberry jam, just made, from the larder. One of their pranks was their making a rope-ladder with great ingenuity, and the total destruction of every cord in the house, by which they climbed down from the schoolroom leads into the garden of the next house, where an aged raven was kept, which was an object of great interest to the children. What purpose they had in view in this adventure it would be hard to say, but it ended rather ignominiously. A servant perceiving them from the house naturally took them for burglars, being young herself, and fear magnifying Pat and Paddy in her eyes, into gigantic ruffians. With great presence of mind she threw open the window and screamed, and Pat and Paddy, trying to beat a hasty retreat together up the ladder, the rope gave way, and they were left to their fate, while the raven drew corks and chuckled solemnly in derision. They had great difficulty in pacifying the servant, and in assuring her that they only came over the wall in fun, and that they were not housebreakers, but only the Master Brights next door, and that neither murder, thieves, or fire were to be feared.

Then she marched them solemnly round by the front way, and delivered them over, rather crest-fallen and ashamed, to Brian, giving her opinion 'as they ought to ketch it from their par, jest to teach them never to do it no more.'

After this Brian felt that it was no use trying to settle down to his books, or hoping to get on with his Greek, still less to do any drawing, which was, perhaps, quite as fascinating an occupation to him as it was to Honor, but that he must give up his whole time to the boys, and try to amuse them to keep them out of mischief; 'for it won't do if they get into any bad row and father gets worried: he has worry enough without that.'

For Brian guessed that it was something more than Aunt Bell's loss that was wearing and wearying father now—some business trouble, and that a heavy one, that had been threatening for some time past, but that he had staved off till Aunt Bell's wedding was over, anxious that nothing should darken or sadden her well-deserved happiness.

Every night as Mr. Bright sat over his books, every day at his office in the City, the trouble was growing nearer and plainer, but none the pleasanter, till at last there was nothing to be done but to look it in the face as a man. The days of his prosperity were over, and he must begin life over again—he, a man well on in life, with seven children dependent on him! Unlucky speculations, deceit and dishonesty where he had placed confidence, and (as he always ended the dreary review of the causes of his ruin) his idiotic trust and reliance in other people's honour, had brought this about. The house must be given up, servants discharged, furniture sold; no Oxford for Brian, no art-education for 'Honor Bright,' just what schooling they could get for the rest of the children, and he himself working as a clerk at a salary, like a lad of eighteen just beginning life.

In the night as he sat in the quiet dining-room, with no sound but the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, or the footstep of a passer-by on the pavement, when the children were asleep upstairs and he was alone with his trouble, it seemed almost more than he could bear, and he would lean his head down on his folded arms, and hot tears would fall on those dry ledgers and account-books, with bitter regrets for his motherless children's ruined prospects in the future, and weary longings for the bright days gone by, when the children were not motherless and he was not alone.

One night he had sat a long time like this, brooding gloomily over what might have been. The clock from the neighbouring church had struck twelve some time, and every one was in bed long ago and asleep except him. But no: some one else was awake. Up in the girls' room at the top of the house Molly's eyes were wide open, looking out into the summer darkness, and her ears were listening anxiously for the sound of her father's step coming up to his room, which she had not heard, though she had been listening ever since Honor came to bed at half-past ten. She was asleep then, but Brian and Honor talking outside the door awoke her.

'I can't bear to leave him,' Brian said, with a tremble in his voice; 'he looks as wretched and down as he can be. One can't bother him with questions,

and he seems so alone, Honor—doesn't he?—so entirely alone!'

Molly knew they were talking of father, and she listened hard, but they passed on into Honor's little room and Molly could hear no more. 'Alone!' Molly knew how bad that was; for when she had been naughty sometimes Aunt Bell would shut her up in her bedroom till she was sorry, and oh, how very glad she used to be when Aunt Bell's voice came at the door and she could sob out her sorrow with her face hid in Aunt Bell's lap! And father was alone and sorry, too, all by himself downstairs at night. The idea took such hold of her that she could not sleep, and she lay listening to the quarters striking, and to the servants coming up to bed, and to the carriages rolling by now and then, and to Nora's quiet breathing, till she could bear it no longer, and she threw back the clothes and got out of bed. From her bedroom to the dining-room was a short journey in the light of day, done in a few flying leaps down the staircase, but at midnight it was different. The passage outside was very dark, the door creaked as it never did by day, and half roused Nora to a sleepy grunt of 'What's the matter?' The stairs seemed double their usual number; she was sure the spare bedroom door moved as she passed, and the statuettes of Schiller and Dante in the staircase-window seemed to nod at the little white figure creeping by on bare feet. The drawing-room doors were open, and the gas-lamp in the street outside made all sorts of mysterious lights and ghostly shadows; the gas in the hall was out, and the mats were very prickly and the oil-cloth very cold, but light shone under the dining-room door, and she felt that help was near, so she turned the handle and went in.

Father was alone; yes, very much alone, for despair was very near him that night, and that is loneliness indeed. His head was bowed down on his arms, but the opening door made him look up with his hollow, tired eyes, and he stared at the child for a moment as if she might be a visitor from another world. Her dark hair was rough and tumbled about her neck and shoulders, and her blue eyes were wide open and bright with excitement and fear, and there was a little colour in her cheeks, and her breath came quickly, and her little bare feet shone white on the carpet as she stood a moment looking at her father; and then she ran across the room and put both her arms round father's neck and seated herself on his knee. He did not say anything, or ask her why she came, or tell her to run away, but he put one arm round her and with the other wrapped up her feet in his coat, and rested his cheek on her head, and so they sat silent for ten minutes, and then father got up and lighted his bedroom candle and said, 'Now we must go up to bed, Molly;' and he carried her right up to the top of the house—her, long-legged slip of a girl—as if she had been a baby, and put her into bed and covered her up and kissed her, and as he went to his room he said, 'I have got my children still, and there is no shame and no dishonour; so, please God, I can bear it!'

It seemed next morning like a dream to Molly, and she could not think how it was that she ventured to go, but I think that God sent her.

(To be continued.)



'Father was alone ; yes, very much alone.'



TOM AND KATE.

WHEN first I married you,' Kate said,
'We were a happy pair;
We laboured for our daily bread,
And knew no other care,

In simple joys we found delight,
In sunshine and in flowers;
Our hearts were gay, our hopes were bright,
And swiftly sped the hours.

or you, from happy day to day,
My faithful spirit cared;
And for your comfort every way
I thoughtfully prepared.

It was no trouble, only joy,
To keep our cottage clean;
In cooking, washing, mending, I
Was happy as a queen.

For was not there the thought of you
To cheer me all the while;
The evening walk, the pleasant talk,
The bright and kindly smile?

But now, alas! all this is changed;
For your return no more,
With beating heart I watch and wait,
Beside the open door.

Sometimes you never come at all,
Till very, very late;
And then I tremble with alarm,
To hear you at the gate.

No more sweet walks at eventide;
Our comforts, one by one,
Are dwindling fast—we can't afford
To live as we have done.

Oh! will it be for ever thus?
Will those old days no more
Come back? must we, for drinking's sake,
Our happiness give o'er?

Tom did not speak; he took the jug
From off the kitchen shelf,
And there and then, upon the floor,
He poured it out himself.

No idle promises he made,
Her words had done their part;
They struck him sharper than a knife,
Right to the very heart.

And from that day Tom never drank,
And things looked up again;
And all about the place grew bright,
Like sunshine after rain.

Sweet evening walks they took once more;
And day by day they trod
More surely in the path that leads
To peace, to rest, to God.

M. H. F. DONNE.

'SHOW YOUR OAK!'

WHY do the youngsters in England go about on the 29th of May with a sprig of oak in their caps or button-holes, and a formidable nettle, like a sword with a hundred venomous points, in their right hands? Why are we assailed with shouts of 'Show your oak!' 'Show your oak!' And why, failing to show our oak, are we to be nettled for our neglect or forgetfulness?

Answer.—On the 29th of May, 1660, Charles the Second made his solemn entry into London, and restored the English monarchy, which had been suspended since the execution of his father. That unhappy monarch, Charles I., was put to death on January 30th, 1649, and England was without a crowned head for eleven years. On the 29th of May, therefore, we celebrate the restoration of kingly rule; and when we remember the blessings which we enjoy from a firm, settled, and kindly Government, we cannot be too thankful.

But why do we bear oak leaves? Is it because

the oak represents the sturdy English character? Or is it because her ships are, or were, built of oak, and her Jack-tars rejoiced in the name of 'Hearts of Oak,' and well deserved it?

We all know better than that. The oak is dear to the loyal Englishman, because an oak-tree, big, bushy, and leafy, sheltered Charles the Second in its boughs, when he was pursued by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers.

Now, we have sometimes heard people say, 'What a forward spring it must have been if an oak was covered on the 29th of May with foliage thick enough to hide a man in its branches!'

But it was not the 29th of May when Charles hid from the troopers. The flight and concealment of the poor fatherless prince took place in the month of September, 1651. The battle of Worcester was fought on the third of that month. The streets of the old city were covered with dead bodies. It was what Cromwell called his 'crowning mercy.' Charles escaped with about fifty or sixty friends, but he thought it safer to separate from them and hide himself where he best could. The Earl of Derby advised him to go to a place on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire, called Boscobel. There was a lone farm-house at that place, inhabited by a loyal farmer, named Pendrell. In this retired spot Charles lived some time, working himself as a woodman, with Pendrell and his brothers. The disguised Prince shouldered the axe and cut fagots in the neighbouring forest. On one occasion the soldiers were so persistent in their search, that it was thought unsafe for the fugitive to be seen. He therefore mounted a huge oak, and sat concealed in its branches for twenty-four hours. Whilst he was in the tree he could see the soldiers underneath who were searching for him. Nay, he even heard them wishing they could find him—a pleasant situation, truly, for a man to be in!

After Charles's escape and restoration, the tree which sheltered him was called the 'Royal Oak,' and it long enjoyed a great reputation in the neighbourhood. And when the blissful day arrived, and the exiled king enjoyed his own again, the Londoners hung out tapestry, and scattered flowers, and thronged the streets, each one bearing the sprig of tender oak, which was henceforth to be evermore a sign on that day, year by year, to remind the English people of the restoration of the monarchy in their land.

G. S. O.

RAFFAEL AND RUBENS.

THE great artist Raffael was a pupil of Rubens, and there was once a keen dispute as to which of the two was the greater painter.

'Thou art,' said Rubens, gazing with pride on Raffael's pictures; but Raffael would not allow it.

At length they decided that each should paint a picture, and, exhibiting them, would let the people judge, and abide by their decision. So the artists set to work, and in due time the pictures were finished and exhibited. Neither had seen the other's painting, and they were all anxiety. Rubens' was a group of fruit and flowers, and so exquisite were they

that the birds of the air flew in at the window and tried to peck at the canvas, believing the fruit to be real!

'Oh, but this must be the best!' shouted the people.

'Wait till you have seen the other,' returned Rubens.

'But where is it then, my friend?' turning to Raffael, for no second painting was visible.

'Behind that curtain,' was the answer.

But when Rubens tried to raise the curtain he found it could not be moved, for it in itself was the picture.

'Raffael for ever!' shouted the people. 'He is in very truth the greatest artist; for while the one deceived only birds, the other has deceived the man who, until now, was the greatest of painters.'

'It is true,' said Rubens, 'and none rejoices so much as I.'

'But,' Raffael added, as his friend embraced him in congratulation, 'all praise to me is praise to thyself, for it is by thy teaching that I am what I am.'

TREASURES FROM THE DEEP.



HE sea,' says a writer who has deeply studied the subject, 'contains in its bosom an exuberance of life, of which no other region of the globe affords any idea. Our forests do not afford an asylum to nearly so many animals as do those of ocean. For the sea has its forests, long marine herbs, or the floating banks of sea-weed which the waves

have detached. If we could plunge our glances into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, we should see realised therein the fairy tales of our infancy. Fantastic shrubs decked with living flowers, the richest colours glowing everywhere; greens and browns, the liveliest reds, and the most intense blues. The sand is sprinkled with sea-hedgehogs and sea-stars, of fantastic forms and varied colours. The sea-anemones, like great cactus flowers, adorn the rocks with their crowns, or spread over the ocean like a flower-bed of brilliant flowers. The humming-birds of ocean, small, gleaming fishes, some bright, with a metallic splendour of blue or vermilion, some with a gilded green or dazzling silver lustre, play around the coral bushes. Light as spirits of the abyss, the white or blue bells of the medusa float through this enchanted world.'

But if our English coasts do not present us such a fairy land as this, they yet provide us with many wonderful and beautiful things. See, here is an Oyster. 'Not much beauty here,' you say. No, but much to wonder at. He does not seem well placed for happiness, though without a doubt he has his joys. His life is spent between two heavy, stony plates, with which he can secure himself from enemies. Those lovely things called pearls are, however,

his special treasure. They are caused by wounds made by worms boring through the shells and hurting their bodies. Pearly matter is thrown out freely on the injured spot, which soon becomes a pearl of greater or less size. Or sometimes a grain of sand gets into the oyster's house and irritates him, upon which he coats it over with pearly matter.

Here is a little Crab. It lives, you see, in a hard shell. The shell does not grow, but the crab does, and therefore he wants a new shell now and then. When he feels that he must cast off his old shell he first of all gets into some hole, where he can lie safely while he is weak and helpless. Then he goes without food until he is very thin, and his clothes hang about him, as we say. In this state a new shell, soft and elastic, forms about his body. Then the crab struggles and splits his old shell, and pulls his long legs out of his boots. When he has got safely over this strange process the crab increases rapidly in size, and his new suit becomes in a few days as hard as the former one.

Here is a Star-fish, or asteria, often called the five-finger. Its mouth, you see, is in the middle of the under side, and it is a great devourer of small shell-fish. It is considered so destructive to oysters, that by old laws, every man was liable to be punished who did not kill the five-finger when he saw it.

And what is this mass of jelly? It is a creature called the Medusa, or sea-nettle. It has received its latter name because it makes your skin smart when you touch it. While the medusa is floating, many tentacles or nets may be seen hanging from its underside. With these it catches food. If you take a medusa alive, you will find it is impossible to hold it in your fingers. It will divide into parts and fall a shapeless mass. Sometimes these strange animals may be seen below a ship's keel, glowing like white-hot cannon balls.

Perhaps the most wonderful creatures of all, if we consider their works, are the Polypi. These animals are of a soft, jelly-like substance, sometimes shaped like a bell or a pill-box. The sea-anemones, as they are called, belong to this class. Round an opening or mouth in the upper side are arranged a number of arms, like the petals of a daisy, by means of which the creature seizes his prey. The prey is sometimes quite as large as the polypi itself, but it is sucked into the interior and there destroyed; the shell, if there is one, being vomited forth afterwards. This animal-flower is fixed on a rock, along which it can slowly crawl.

The polypi form the substances called coral and madrepore. By their means immense reefs of solid rock, which stem the mighty waves and form large islands, are raised in mid-ocean.

One of the most useful treasures of the sea is the Sponge. It is believed to be an animal, but the lowest of all animals. No feelings have ever yet been discovered in the sponge, though it has been pinched and tortured with red-hot irons. It is pierced in all directions by canals, out of which openings streams of water are being constantly discharged. It is supposed the creature sucks the water into its body by small pores, and gets rid of it when it has drained it of all its nourishing matter. Our sponges come chiefly from the Isles of Greece. G. S. O.



Treasure from the Deep.



!The Washerwoman's Nephew taking away the Guinea-pigs among the dirty clothes.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from p. 195.)

CHAPTER VIII.



It is wonderful how trouble brings out the good in people; or, perhaps, it would be truer to say, how well people can behave in troublous times; for, after all, if a sudden blow sometimes strikes the hidden seam of ore, it is the slow, regular friction of every day that brings out the glory of the true metal.

Mr. Bright often said he never knew his children until the trouble came to them. Nor his servants either, for that matter, for it was surprising to find how faithful and attached they all became. Sarah, being an impressionable young woman, collapsed into tears on the spot when Mr. Bright told her she must seek another situation, and declared she should 'never be so comfrible nowheres, as was partial to children, though some didn't like 'em about—and such nice young ladies and gents, too.' And Bridget, the cross little kitchen-maid, who was always grumbling and giving warning, suddenly and gruffly announced that she'd 'stop for her wittles, and glad to do it, through Miss Bright being that kind to a morphin gal, and the master, too, as wouldn't go for to leave now.'

As for cook, there was a regular scene with her, protesting that she 'wouldn't leave nohow, as sure as her name was Marthar Eggs—not if master was to beg and pray on his bended knees—and didn't care how she toiled and slaved!' Till Mr. Bright slyly suggested that Mr. Jones's young man might have different views on the subject; whereat cook tossed her head, and said she 'oped as parties knows their place better than for to interfere with her;' 'a prospect,' Mr. Bright said afterwards, 'not altogether such as an expectant lover would appreciate, if he knew the sentiments of his bride elect.'

Of course, no one would have insulted nurse by hinting a change on her part. 'You'll have to be Jack-of-all-trades now, nurse,' her master said; 'at least until the young ladies have learnt enough scrubbing and cooking to manage for themselves.' A suggestion which caused nurse to register a secret vow that, so long as she had breath in her body, 'not one of them shouldn't lay their finger to anything—bless 'em!' So that the first result of the diminished establishment was that the girls did far less for themselves than before; indeed, it became a grave offence to mend a hole or sew on a button.

Brian took the bad tidings as quietly as he did most things, and almost disappointed his father by the ease with which he seemed to relinquish the hope of an Oxford career, and settle himself to wait for the first place in the City that turned up, where he might take a small salary at once.

'I'm very thankful you don't take it to heart, my boy, as I feared you would do,' his father said. 'Ambition is all very well in its way, and a little of it

helps a man on sometimes; but, after all, slow and steady pay best in the end, depend upon it.'

It was Honor that amazed her father more than any; 'little quiet white mouse,' as he used to call her. The girl's pale face flushed, and her eyes were soft and liquid with a light shining through tears, as she looked up into his face and shipped her hand within his own.

'Oh, father, we'll all be good, and help you as much as ever we can. I'm sure I don't mind being poor in the least—and we can all work and grow rich again.'

Mr. Bright sighed as he thought how little the child knew the meaning of her own words. What should she know of the weariness of hard work—the daily struggle—the constant disappointment—the longing for rest and change, that must be set aside so steadfastly? What should she know of being poor in its reality—the ugly, dull, matter-of-fact details of poverty that so few think of: its petty humiliations and small inconveniences, which are so much harder to bear than what seem like greater privations?

'How about the drawing-class?' he said, playfully. 'The shoe must pinch us all in turn, my dear.'

Honor's eyes were brimming now.

'Oh, father, I shan't mind. And besides, you know, I can work on at home just as well, and, perhaps, some day——'

'You'll paint a grand picture, and make all our fortunes,' Mr. Bright concluded, laughing.

It would have been better for Honor, perhaps, just then, if Aunt Bell could have been there to remind her of the old potato-patch and the pig-minding. But her father's light words kindled again the fire that had been smouldering in her imagination, and now the four-leaved shamrock seemed to take a more tangible shape than ever before. Had not her father thought of it himself? 'Not now for the sake of fame and success,'—Honor persuaded herself that such poor, selfish ambition had been left behind,—'but for the sake of home, and the father who had toiled for them all so long.' Surely, no duty could be so clear and plain as to use her talent for such an end? Surely, this would be true honour, indeed!

She scarcely heard his last words: 'So, now, my little girl must be a woman, and learn to make two ends meet, and be a comfort to her poor old father.'

She stole away to her usual refuge in the red-room, and uncovered the picture she was doing with an almost reverent hand.

'It's all for father,' she said softly to herself. 'I know it won't be for a long time, but I will work, and work, and work, until——'

And here Honor's castle-building assumed such vast and elevated proportions that we had better leave her in the clouds, and follow Brian down the stone steps into the nursery, where the five juniors were all breathless to hear and to talk.

'Oh, I say, what a lark to be poor!' Pat exclaimed, turning head over heels into the efts' water in his excitement. 'O hooroo! perhaps we'll begin to live in the ould counthry, and niver come back to that blatherin' old school at all, at all!'

'And Honor, and Molly, and I, will have to do all the work,' said Nora. 'I'll be housemaid, I think; and Honor cook——'

'Jolly nasty dinners we'd have then!' Paddy exclaimed. 'Perhaps we shall have to live on "praties," with a "drap o' the crather" to keep us going!'

'Do tell us what father said,' Molly asked, wistfully, perhaps remembering her midnight wanderings too well for joking.

'Well, I'll tell you what it is,' Brian began; 'what we've got to do is just to turn to and do what the dad says, and not bother him about anything, nor give trouble by getting into rows and kicking up a shindy when he's got such an awful lot to think of, you know. He didn't tell me much, except that we shall have to give up this house, and live somewhere in the country, where it's cheaper, and we shan't cost such a lot as we do now.'

'I wish we could help somehow,' Molly said, thoughtfully. 'I wonder if we shall have to sell the white mice. They do eat a lot of oats, and then there's the sop as well.'

'And there are the canaries,' Nora went on, dolefully. 'Oh, Brian, do you think we are as poor as that? I don't think they eat quite so much seed as they did, especially since I put that stuff round the cage to prevent them from spluttering it about so. Just as Tafty was sitting, too!—and I'm sure she will hatch this time, for she has not been driven off once, except when Paddy fell off the table yesterday.'

The prospect was becoming very gloomy, and even Peter clasped Don in his fat arms, and, regardless of growls and struggles, wrapped him up tightly in his pinafore, stoutly declaring that 'they shan't sell Don, that they shan't! and he shall have some of mine dinner, out of mine own plate, that he shall!' till Brian came to the rescue.

'Oh, I say, you girls mustn't begin kicking up a row like that! You don't know anything yet, and I dare say it will be rather jolly in the country. Perhaps we shall be somewhere near Aunt Bell. I heard father say something about it. And perhaps we shall have a jolly little house, and a garden, and things.'

This opened a new vista of delights, and the heart-rending sacrifices of white mice and birds were soon forgotten in dreams of fishing and fowls, picnics and gardening, and other rural delights, till the children began to return to Pat's original idea, that being poor was, after all, 'rather a lark!'

Brian's notion of living near Aunt Bell was by no means an imaginary one (Brian's notions seldom were), as that very morning father had received a letter from John Keith, placing at his disposal a small house on some land of his own, very near to their own pretty home, which had been empty for some time.

'It is not much of a place, I know,' he wrote, 'and will want a little setting to rights; but still, it is not very much out of repair, and there is a good bit of garden and a capital paddock—just the place for the young folk to run wild in for a year or two, till you have had time to look about you. Bell and I will do all we can to make it habitable, and it is very much at your service as long as you need it. It will do the wife good to have the children near her again, for I often say I have only got half of her after all.'

So, after a little thought, Mr. Bright decided to accept John Keith's offer; sending off nurse to in-

spect the house with Aunt Bell, while the children were to be packed off to the nearest sea-side place, so as to be out of the way during the move.

'I wish I could spare nurse,' Mr. Bright said; 'but we must have some one responsible here to see after things. I suppose, if I take lodgings for you, I can trust you children to keep out of mischief for a fortnight, till nurse can come to you? Mind, Brian, I leave them to you and Honor, and if anything goes wrong you must telegraph for me at once. I had better send Peter to your aunt, I suppose.'

But this met with such opposition from the whole party, Brian included, that Mr. Bright yielded—too anxious and worried about other things to argue the point—and committed his youngest-born to Brian, with something of Jacob's feeling when he commended Benjamin to Judah—'If mischief befall him, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE last days in the old home were certainly not sad ones, as far as the children were concerned; and if Honor and Brian were old enough to understand in some degree what they were losing, they were also young enough to be distracted from melancholy thoughts by the bustle of the present and the novelty of the future.

Every one was very kind to them. Father was more like himself, and dearer and kinder than ever. He was more with them, too, and would come home early from the City sometimes, and take them all out for a walk in the Park; or, what they liked still better, would let the boys come down and fetch him from his office, and then he would take them exploring in odd nooks and corners of the great City itself.

Nurse never found fault, whatever happened; cook ran over with smiles and jam tarts, and made the kitchen most alluring to the children, instead of the forbidden ground it had once been, when a severe request, or rather command, of 'Now then, Master Paddy, you be off!' received the hapless intruder.

Then, too, all their friends were so kind. Mr. Bright said he might have cut up each of his children into four, and found a welcome for each of the twenty-eight quarters. Invitations quite hailed upon them in the first week or two, and, though many of their friends were out of town just then, the children might have gone out to breakfast, dinner, and tea every day of the week; and have gone to the Polytechnic, Madame Tussaud's, and the Crystal Palace, to their hearts' content, if father would have allowed them to accept the invitations. But he always declined.

'You see, Nolly,' he said once, when Nora had been urging the delights of a certain invitation to Kew Gardens, 'when poor little Pride has been very sick, he can't bear the least taste of charity-cake just at first; it's too sweet for him.'

Nora could not quite see the connexion between kind old Mrs. Watson and Kew Gardens, and sick Pride and sweet cake.

'We have none of us been sick for a long time,' she said to Molly; 'not since Pat ate all those green gooseberries that cook was just going to bottle; and

Mrs. Watson always gives us shrimps for tea, and not cake at all.' But she said no more to father about the invitation.

Perhaps they did not contribute much help to the packing and arrangements; but they thought they did, so it was all the same; and they all, down to Peter, looked very important and business-like, and got very dirty and tired before bed-time.

All sorts of cupboards and drawers had to be turned out, whose contents had not been disturbed for years; and in the process many lost treasures came to light. Dolls that Molly and Nora had loved and lost, mourned and forgotten; marbles and tops of the boys, each with its history attached; Peter's purse, containing a lucky halfpenny and three buttons, over the loss of which he had had a severe quarrel with nurse, having accused her of stealing it; Aunt Bell's thimble; nurse's scissors, the loss of which she had always connected in a mysterious way with the guinea-pigs—though, as Paddy truly remarked, 'It is only ostriches who go in for that sort of grub.' Valuable bits of the microscope; magic-lantern slides; the sponge out of the filter; one of cook's patty-pans; father's smoking-cap; one of Sarah's goloshes; and pencils by the dozen: these were some of the items found in the school-room cupboard, so that the children said it was quite exciting turning it out to see what they would find next.

Then there was the disposal of the live stock, which was rather heart-rending; but father had condemned all the creatures, and had appealed to the children to give them up cheerfully for his sake; so they entered into the matter of finding homes for them with less anguish than they would have believed possible a month ago: but then, as Molly said, 'It is for father's sake.'

The only exception was in favour of Don, who was also condemned at first; but Peter was so heart-broken, and yet tried so manfully to reconcile himself to it, that father relented, and agreed to Don accompanying the children to Saltgate. Happily for the tench, it died a natural death before the children could decide under whose protection its melancholy existence should be prolonged; and one of the dormice also finished its sleepy, tail-less career, and was buried in state in one of the mignonette-boxes in the drawing-room balcony, as there was no convenience for interments in the back premises. The other dormouse was presented to Lucy Stephenson, a friend of Molly's in the Square, and accepted by her without confiding the fact to her family or nurse, who were ignorant and prejudiced enough to object to living creatures of all kinds, except the human species. 'However,' as Lucy said, 'I can keep it in the nursery window-shutter without anyone finding it out; and I can buy it apples and nuts out of my weekly allowance.' Which arrangement augured ill, I fear, for poor Brownie's future comfort.

The white mice were willingly accepted by Moss, a school 'chum' of Pat's, who had a menagerie as extensive as the Brights', but who, being of Jewish extraction, drove a thriving trade in live stock among his schoolfellows, and had often made good bargains with Pat, whose money burnt holes in his pockets.

The canaries were more easily disposed of among various friends. Cook accepted one as a parting pre-

sent, and bought a brightly-coloured cage for it, and promised, with tears in her eyes, to think of the dear children whenever 'the pretty crittur sang'—which, as it was a hen, was not likely to occur often.

The guinea-pigs were bestowed on the nephew of the washerwoman, who took them away one Monday morning among the dirty clothes, after many kisses bestowed on tortoiseshell, expressionless faces, and twinkling pink noses.

As for the parrot, Aunt Bell begged that it might be sent to her, that after a long London life it might spend its last days in the country, walking about on green grass, or dozing in mossy apple-trees, or astonishing the rustic minds of cocks and hens in the poultry-yard by its conversational powers.

Then there only remained the efts and water-snails to be settled in life, and after much discussion Brian suggested the interesting idea of conveying them all up to Hampstead, and letting them out into one of the ponds on the Heath. There was something touching and beautiful in the thought, the sort of thing that one hears of in story-books, that the girls agreed: and they debated whether it could not be carried out with all the other possessions, and whether the canaries and parrot might not be allowed to take flight and live in happy freedom in the woods, and the guinea-pigs wander at their will among fields and flowery banks; but Brian expressed his opinion that, not being natives of England, they might find it difficult to get suitable food, though Molly said she was sure she had seen canary-seed growing in Kent. However, the efts should be set free; and one afternoon Brian undertook to convey all the family up to Hampstead for this important purpose, all feeling that it was a solemn occasion, only to be compared with the emancipation of the slaves in the British dominions in America, or of the serfs in Russia.

Honor did not wish to go, but all the rest did; so Brian made his first experiment of managing the somewhat unruly team without the hand of either father, Aunt Bell, or nurse on the reins. The first difficulty was that Molly and Nora had firmly resolved to go outside the omnibus, and it was as much as Brian could do to stow them away inside with Peter; and they felt that Brian had wasted father's money, and deprived them of one of the advantages of poverty. The next trouble was that Peter, who would carry one of the pickle-bottles containing a particularly favourite eft, called 'Spotted Dick,' upset it in the middle of the road when they got out of the omnibus, and, in his fear lest Spotted Dick should be injured, nearly got run over by a butcher's cart. But on the whole the expedition was very successful, and they came back much pleased, with a satisfactory memory of Spotted Dick darting off in the water among the weeds, with a waggle of his tail and a glimpse of the rich orange underneath, followed one after another by his fellow captives in the salting-pan.

Of course Pat fell into the water, and Paddy got almost as wet helping him out; and, of course, Molly and Nora's frocks would have called forth nurse's wrath at any other time: but these things did not spoil the children's pleasure, especially as in the present state of nurse's temper they had nothing to fear.

(To be continued.)



Natural Scenes. No. I.—A Stream.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. I.—A STREAM.

CRYSTAL streams are beautiful things, too often poisoned and defiled by human passions. The little rill that drains the heathery knoll above must sometimes carry to the river and the sea the blood that crieth unto God. Every reader of history has heard of the Granicus, the Allia, the Bannockburn, the 'Iser rolling rapidly. What a fierce struggle was that on the banks of the Phrygian Granicus, when Alexander (called the Great) and the mighty Persian host met and wrestled for the prize of victory! When the Greek came to the river-side he saw the Persian banners displayed across the running water, the banners of a hundred thousand men! Alexander was advised by his captains to wait and refresh his troops.

'Wait?' shouted the earnest warrior; 'not I! It would be a shame to let a rivulet like this bar my way.' He called it a rivulet, in scorn, though it was wide and deep, and had high, craggy banks.

'No,' said the hero, 'let us attack them directly, while they are yet alarmed by our sudden arrival.'

Alexander then called for his horse, and bade his nobles follow him. The trumpets sounded, and the army raised a shout of joy. The Greek leader sprang into the Granicus with thirteen troops of horse, and as he advanced across the rapid river in the face of the Persian arrows, and nearly covered with waves, he seemed a madman to do such a thing; but he held on, and gained the banks, slippery and dangerous. There he was obliged to fight hand-to-hand, and he would have been killed by the battle-axe of Rosaces, a relation of Darius, had not his friend Clitus killed Rosaces with one blow of his sword, and so saved his sovereign's life. The Persians were beaten, and the blood of twenty thousand brave men flowed into the river, and made it famous unto this day.

The Allia, too, ran crimson one July day, long ago, when the savage Gauls were approaching Rome. Vainly did the citizens bustle out to meet and check their ferocious invaders. They were led by brave tribunes, but they were an untrained mob, and their leaders had not one plan. Soon were the Romans beaten and put to flight, and Rome was sacked and burnt. This battle beside the little Allia was fought when the moon was full, and about the summer solstice, and the day was called 'the Day of Allia,' an unlucky day, for many hundreds of years afterwards.

And what of Bannockburn? That great battle, too, happened on a summer day, when the thorn was white with blossom, and the rivulet murmured sweetly onward to the sea, under laughing skies, and among green meadows. It was on a Monday morning when the mighty English army approached in splendid array. The Scottish patriots, who, under the heroic Bruce, were about to lay down their lives for freedom, calmly awaited Edward's host. We need not go into the details of that famous conflict. Suffice to say it ended in a total defeat for the English. Two hundred knights and many of the chief nobles were slain, and King Edward escaped with difficulty, being pursued as far as Dunbar, where he found refuge in a castle.

Then there is the Rubicon, a little stream, but

famous. A man is pacing up and down its bank, as if uncertain what to do. That is Julius Caesar, one of the greatest men of all time. He is pondering whether he shall or shall not go and ruin his rival, Pompey. Pompey was then at Rome, doing all he could to ruin Caesar. Caesar had but few soldiers with him, though there were many devoted to him on the other side the Alps, and it seemed hazardous to go and beard Pompey. But at last he cried aloud, 'The die is cast!' and he crossed the Rubicon. Pompey did not wait for Caesar, but fled into another country, whither Caesar soon followed him. Pompey was beaten in a battle on the plains of Pharsalia, and fled to Egypt, where he was murdered. When Caesar saw Pompey's dead body he wept bitterly.

But all rivers are not thus linked with bloodshed. Some 250 years ago an act was obtained 'for bringing a fresh stream of running water to the north part of the city of London. There was a difficulty in doing this, until Mr. Hugh Myddleton, a Welsh goldsmith, offered to accomplish the work. Many were his obstacles in coaxing the waters of the Chadwell and Amwell to flow to the town, but, like a great man, he persevered; and in about four years' time a troop of laborers wearing green caps, and carrying shovels and pickaxes, opened the flood-gates, and allowed the stream to flow: drums and trumpets sounding in a triumphal manner, and great guns firing a noisy salute. Mr. Hugh became Sir Hugh, but he was ruined by his public-spirited action, which has been well called 'an immortal work.'

'A full and clear river,' says Sir H. Davy, 'is one of the most poetical objects in nature.' A great writer has compared it to man's life. And it well fulfils the comparison. Look at it, small and clear in its birth, when it breaks from the rocks, like the river Aire for instance, in Malham Cove. It falls into deep glens, and wanton windings through a wild and beautiful country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its moisture. In this, its state of infancy, it may be likened to the human mind, when fancy and imagination are strongest. It is then more beautiful than useful. When the many rills and torrents join, and their united volume flows through the plain, it is then slow and stately in its motions: it moves the mill-wheel, and waters the meadow, and bears upon its bosom the stately barge: in this mature state it is deep, strong, and useful. Then, as it flows nearer the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last becomes as it were a river no more, but part of the mighty abyss of waters. G. S. O.

THE TERRORS OF WEALTH.

THE great Jewish banker, Nathan Rothschild, with all his hoarding, was not a happy man. Dangers and assassinations haunted his imagination by day and by night, and not, it must be confessed, without grounds. Often, as he himself has told, before sitting down to dinner, his appetite has been disturbed by the receipt of such a note as this: 'If you do not send me at once the sum of 500*l*. I will blow out your brains.' He affected to despise these threats; but, for all that, they did disturb his mind. Every night, before going to bed, he loaded his pistols carefully, and laid them down beside him.

A RUN FROM A BEAR.

THERE was not much going on at Fort St. James, so I could easily be spared for a few days; therefore I asked for a few days' leave of absence, and upon obtaining it set about my preparations for a trip up the river in my canoe.

The weather was very hot, so I knew we should only want a couple of blankets—one for myself, and one for my man (a North-American Indian), plenty of tea, a kettle, frying-pan, bag of flour, powder and shot, and cartridges for my own gun, some of which were loaded with ball, as I expected to have some fun with the grizzly bears that flock down from the hills in summer to feast on salmon, which positively crowd the rivers in spawning-time.

I knew we should be able to live by our guns, so, without further provisions, I hastened to wish my comrades good-bye, and started amid their good wishes, one fellow calling after me,—

'Don't get chewed up by a grizzly!'

It was very pleasant gliding down the smooth, broad surface of the cool river, after the heat of the day. I fully appreciated the beautiful and luxuriant foliage on the banks, as I sat comfortably smoking my pipe, while the Indian paddled the canoe almost noiselessly. However, the even tenor of our way was soon to be exchanged for a little more exertion, when we turned out of the large river to go up one of its many tributaries, on the banks of which we intended to pass the night.

It is well known in England how we make camp-fire, boil the kettle, make what we call 'damper,' which is a mixture of flour and water patted into flat cakes, and baked in the hot wood ashes. Supper over, I lighted my pipe, over which I got very sleepy; then I rolled myself up in my blanket and dreamed of home.

The song says, 'Home, sweet home!' but no one knows how sweet till they find themselves on the opposite side of the globe, with nothing the least like home near them, except perhaps the fire; and that reminds one of the bonfires we used to make in honour of old Guy Fawkes when we were light-hearted boys. However, pleasant dreams, like all other pleasures, come to an end.

With no roof over your head, it is not difficult to awake at daybreak; at least, I did not find it so. I got up, shook myself, walked to the river, had a refreshing swim in a deep shady pool, in which I could see two or three salmon lying close under the bank, not in the least disturbed by my presence.

When I returned to our little camp breakfast was ready, and in an hour after we were once more in the canoe.

As we glided slowly up the little river, looking out for game of any kind that should come within reach, we presently saw at a little distance a huge old grizzly bear. His coat, usually so thick and handsome, was now ragged and mangy-looking, which gave him a peculiarly disagreeable appearance.

I loaded my gun with a ball-cartridge, and bid Red Skin make the canoe fast to a tree. His gun was already loaded with shot, so would be of no use against the bear; however, he preferred carrying it,

and on tiptoe we very cautiously approached our enemy.

There he sat on his haunches, quietly enjoying a large salmon, with little thought of any one disturbing him at his breakfast.

I had heard many tales of grizzly bears, and knew it was a case of 'You kill me if I don't kill you!' so, when near enough to make sure of my aim, I raised my gun to my shoulder, and breathlessly drew the trigger. Snap!—Oh, horror! the gun had missed fire. The bear had heard—he looked at us. Red Skin fired his gun very foolishly, for it only enraged the bear, for with a fearful yell he came at us.

There was nothing to do but take to our heels and make for the canoe, which we happily reached without accident; and I must own, it was not only the run that made my heart go pit-a-pat as I helped to push off the canoe and saw the great monster close to me, and fancied I could feel his hot breath. We soon got out of sight of our enemy, who did not take any trouble to follow us, for which I was very much obliged to him.

For the rest of my trip I contented myself with smaller game.

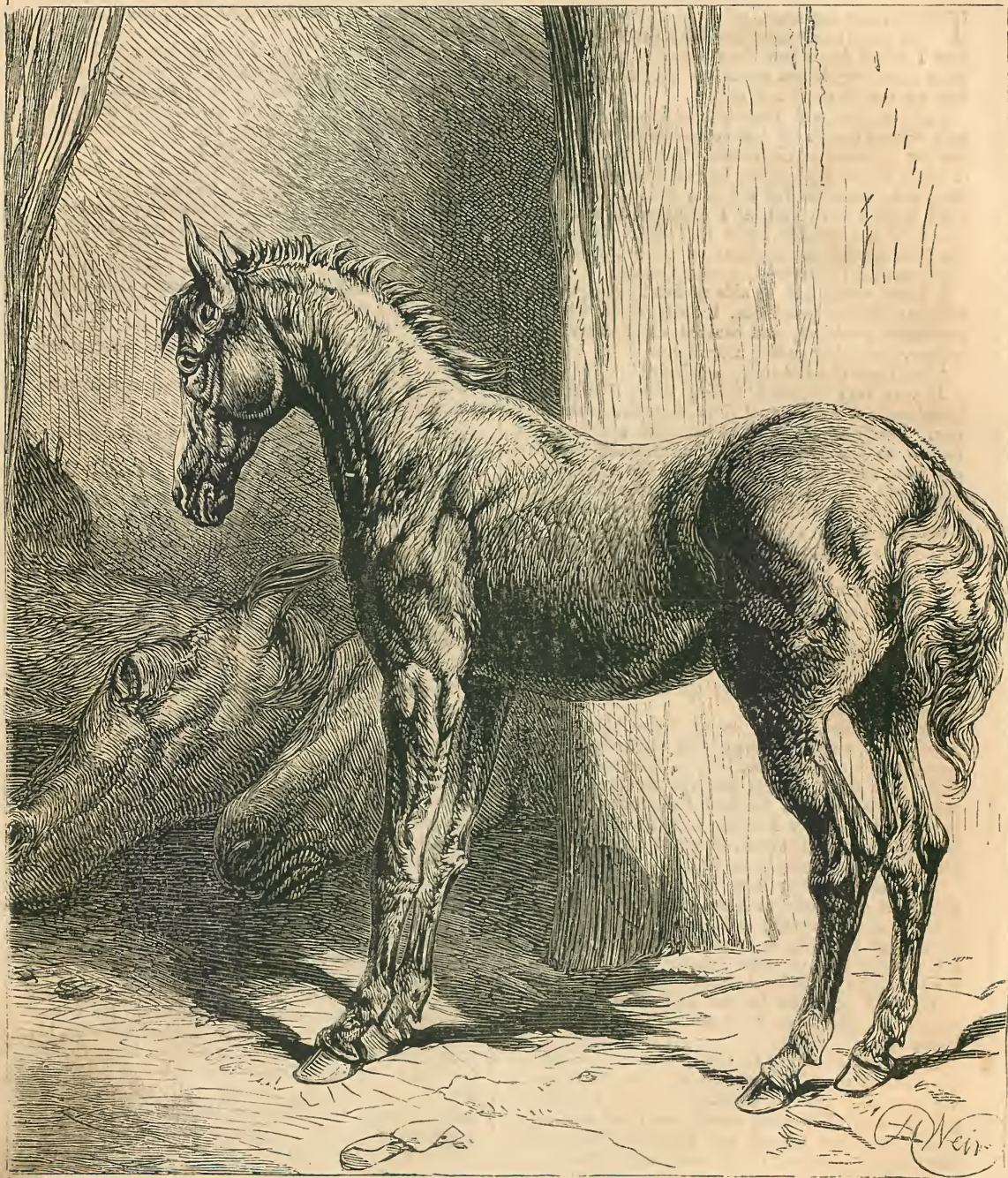
G. B. W.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.



GENTLEMAN living at a cattle-station in Queensland often noticed two very old mares: the one had a fine foal by her side, the other had none. For many years these aged mares had run together; in winter they sought the ridges for shelter, in summer the banks of creeks were their resort. A deserted shepherd's hut stood by a creek, and on

nearing it the owner of the station was struck by the way the foal was going on; for it would gallop round the hut making the valley ring with its piteous appeals, and then would timidly make its way back to the hut, peering in at an opening, and then again, as if in utter despair, scamper back to the creek. When the owner went to the hut, one of the mares was outside, standing still, and seemed to take little or no notice of him, while the mother of the foal was lying down (quite naturally) inside the building: her posture was that of a tired horse trying to rest every limb at once. Her ears, inclining forwards, gave her the appearance of being asleep. He felt so sure that she was asleep that he touched her with his whip, but she did not move. On closer inspection he saw that she was dead—that she had ceased to breathe while sleeping soundly. Her old companion remained upon the same spot, the foal increasing the eagerness of its cries. After a lapse of three days the owner, in company with his stockman, visited the spot: they saw only the foal outside the hut; the old faithful friend had laid down close alongside of her former companion, and, strange to say, was quite dead also.



Two Old Friends. By HARRISON WEIR.



American Indian Chief.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U. S. Army.

PHIL. KEARNEY MASSACRE.



RED Cloud collected all his warriors near the fort, and concealed them in the hills. Watching his opportunity, he surrounded and attacked a small party sent out against him from the post. As he expected, when the attack was made known the gates of the fort were thrown open, and the main portion of the soldiers—cavalry and infantry—marched out to rescue their friends, corraled by the Indians. As soon as he got them where he wanted, in the hills, he surrounded them

with his three thousand warriors, and cutting off all chance of retreat, massacred every one of them! So sudden was the surprise, that the battle was over before a reinforcement could go out, and the commander at once closed the gates and remained in a state of siege, to protect those who were not slaughtered. In the Phil. Kearney massacre there fell three officers, forty-nine infantry, twenty-two cavalry, and two citizen *employés*, with Colonel Fetterman, the officer who led them.

After the Phil. Kearney massacre, which thrilled the country with horror, the Government hastened to call a council with all the tribes at Fort Laramie, and sent Generals Sherman, Harney, Sanborn, Terry, Angur, and Colonel Tappan, to treat with them. Red Cloud kept up his skirmishes and fights as occasion offered. The 1st of August, 1867, the Sioux attacked and killed Lieutenant Sternberg, of 27th Regiment Infantry. And the next day quite a large body of warriors engaged Major Powell and his soldiers on the Piny Creek, four miles from Kearney, and a severe battle was fought for hours. On the 27th, some Indians came down—about one hundred and twenty—to the hay-fields near the fort, and Lieutenant Belden, of 2nd Cavalry (a good fighter), went for them with forty soldiers, and cleared them out. On the 3rd November, Brevet-Captain E. R. P. Shurley (whom the writer knew as post-adjutant in Camp Douglas, Illinois, and who was in the war) was suddenly attacked on Go-se Creek; he was desperately wounded, and his command was surrounded and corraled for some time, until troops came to his relief, and saved the 'outfit.' Soon after, the train going to Phil. Kearney was attacked and corraled within three miles of the post. The 14th December, the wood-choppers for the forts were attacked on the Big Piney, and two men wounded. The forts now were in a state of siege, and communication between them became nearly cut off. The council at Laramie agreed to abandon that portion of the country, it being no longer needed, as freighting was changed to Montana, *via* Corinne, on the Pacific Railroad. But the Indians became impatient, and to hurry up matters, they kept on skirmishing from time to time. These were the Sioux and some of the Araphoes and Cheyennes.

In January, 1868, quite a *scare* was gotten up at Phil. Kearney by the sudden appearance of several hundred Sioux, Cheyennes, and Araphoes, along with some friendly Crow Indians, and attack was supposed to be meditated.

Dr. Matthews, one of the special peace commissioners, was there at the time, and he sent a message to the chiefs to meet him in council on the hill above the fort. Most of the Indians came, and after prayer by post-chaplain White, and a long smoke, the doctor made them a speech. After this, an old Sioux Indian, named the 'Stabber,' got up and said:—

'Whoever our father who has just spoken is, I believe he is a good man. We are told that the Great Father (President) sent word some time ago for his soldiers to leave the country, and I want to tell you that we want them to hurry and go. Send word to the Great Father to take away his warriors with the snow and he will please us. If they can go right away, let it be done, so that we can bring our old men, women, and children, to live on these grounds in peace, as they did before you all came here. The Sioux, Araphoes, and Cheyennes never fought each other until you came and drove away the game (meaning the whole West), and then attempted to drive us away. Now we fight each other for sufficient ground to hunt upon, though all the lands to the east were once ours. We are talking to-day on our own grounds. God Almighty made this ground, and when He made it He made it for us. Look about you, and see how He has stocked it with game. The elk, the buffalo, and deer, are our meat, and He put them here for us to feed upon. Your homes are in the East, and you have beef-cattle to eat. Why, then, do you come here to bother us? What have you your soldiers here for, unless it is to fight and kill us? If you will go away to your homes and leave us, we will be at peace, but if you stay we will fight. We do not go to your homes, then why come to ours? You say we steal your cattle and horses; well, do you not know that when you come into our lands, and kill and drive away the game, you steal from us? That is the reason we steal your stock. I am done.'

When 'Stabber' sat down, 'Black Hawk' came forward and said:—

'Where was I made? I was raised in the West, not in the East. I was not raised in a chair, but grew upon the ground.' He then sat down on the earth, and continued: 'Here is my mother, and I will stay with her and protect her. Laramie has always been our place for talking, and I did not like to come here. You are getting too far west. You have killed many of our young men, and we have killed some of yours in return. I want to quit fighting to-day. I want you to take pity on us and go away.'

A Cheyenne chief next addressed the council. He said:—

'We have been told that these forts are to be abandoned and the new road given up, and we have come over to see about it. If this is true, tell me so. I never thought we would come to a council so far west, but the old men prevailed and we are here. All last summer we heard that General Harney wanted to see us at Laramie, but we would not go. General Sherman also sent for us, but we would not listen while you were here. I do not know the name of my

father there (pointing to Dr. Matthews), nor who at present is my Great Father (President) at Washington, but this I do know, my father (his parent), when he raised me told me to shake hands with the white man, and to try to live at peace with him, for he was very powerful. But my father also told me to fight my enemies, and since the white man has made himself an enemy, I fight him. How a e you our enemy? You come here and drive away our game, and he who does that steals away our bread, and becomes the Indian's bitterest enemy, for the Indian must have food to live. I have fought you, and I have stolen from you, but I have done both to live. The only road you have a right to travel is the Platte road. We have never crossed it to fight you. I am a soldier. I have a great many young men here who are soldiers, and will do my bidding. It is our duty to protect and feed our old men, women, and children, and we must do it. If you are friendly, why don't you give us powder and bullets to shoot game with? We will not use them against you, unless you do us harm. I want ten kegs, and when the other tribes know you have given them to me they will know we are good friends, and will come in and treat, and we will all live at peace. I come here to hear talk, not to make talk. We are poor. Take pity on us, and deal justly by us. I have done.'

The next speaker was a Crow chief, who, standing by the council-table, said:—

'Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, Father: I have been listening to your words, and they sound good. I hope you are not lying to each other. The Crows have long been the friends of the whites and we want peace for all. We want powder, and when the white Father makes us presents, I want him to give us a good deal of ammunition.'

An Arapahoe chief said:—

'I want to say this: You are here with soldiers, and what for? Soldiers are your fighting men. Do you then want to fight? If so, tell us. If you desire peace, send your soldiers away. I have some of your stock. I would like you to come and get it back.'

This ended the talk on the part of the Indians,—then Dr. Matthews replied. He told them the Peace Commissioners would as willingly meet at Laramie as at any other place, but it was more convenient for the Indians to come to Fort Kearney. He did not promise them that the roads and country would be given up, or the posts abandoned. As to the powder the Indians asked for, he gave no reply, but said: 'If the Indians cease fighting and keep the peace during the winter, the Commissioners will meet them in the spring and make a treaty, which will satisfy both them and us.' The council broke up,—no good result being reached,—and the Indians being evidently in bad temper. When asked why Red Cloud did not come in to attend the council, a chief said: 'He has sent us, as the Great Father has sent you. When the Great Father comes, Red Cloud will be here!' This meant that the haughty chief would only treat through his agent, unless President Johnson came in person.

After the council in January, matters were unsettled all along the north-western frontier until 10th April, 1868, when a large party of Indians appeared on the hills overlooking Phil. Kearney Fort. General John E. Smith (who was Red Cloud's choice to escort

him to Washington) was at the time commanding the post, and made signals to the Indians to come in, but they refused to do so.

Most of the Indians carried scalp-poles, and wore war-paint, to show that they were hostile. Finding that they would not come in, General Smith mounted his horse, and, taking an interpreter (Boye), rode out to have a parley with them.

(To be continued.)



THE CIRCUS HORSE AT ASTLEY'S.

APTAIN BROWN in his *Anecdotes* thus describes a Spanish horse that used to perform in the amphitheatre at Astley's:—

'This docile animal in his public performance in the amphitheatre used to ungirth his own saddle, to wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, with other strange things, and he would even take a kettle of boiling water from off a blazing fire. The late manager of the amphitheatre was very fond of this animal, which was so gentle and teachable; and when from age the horse had lost all his teeth, and was unable to masticate his corn, he was fed upon bread; and at last died at the age of forty-two years.'

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR- LEAVED SHAMROCK.

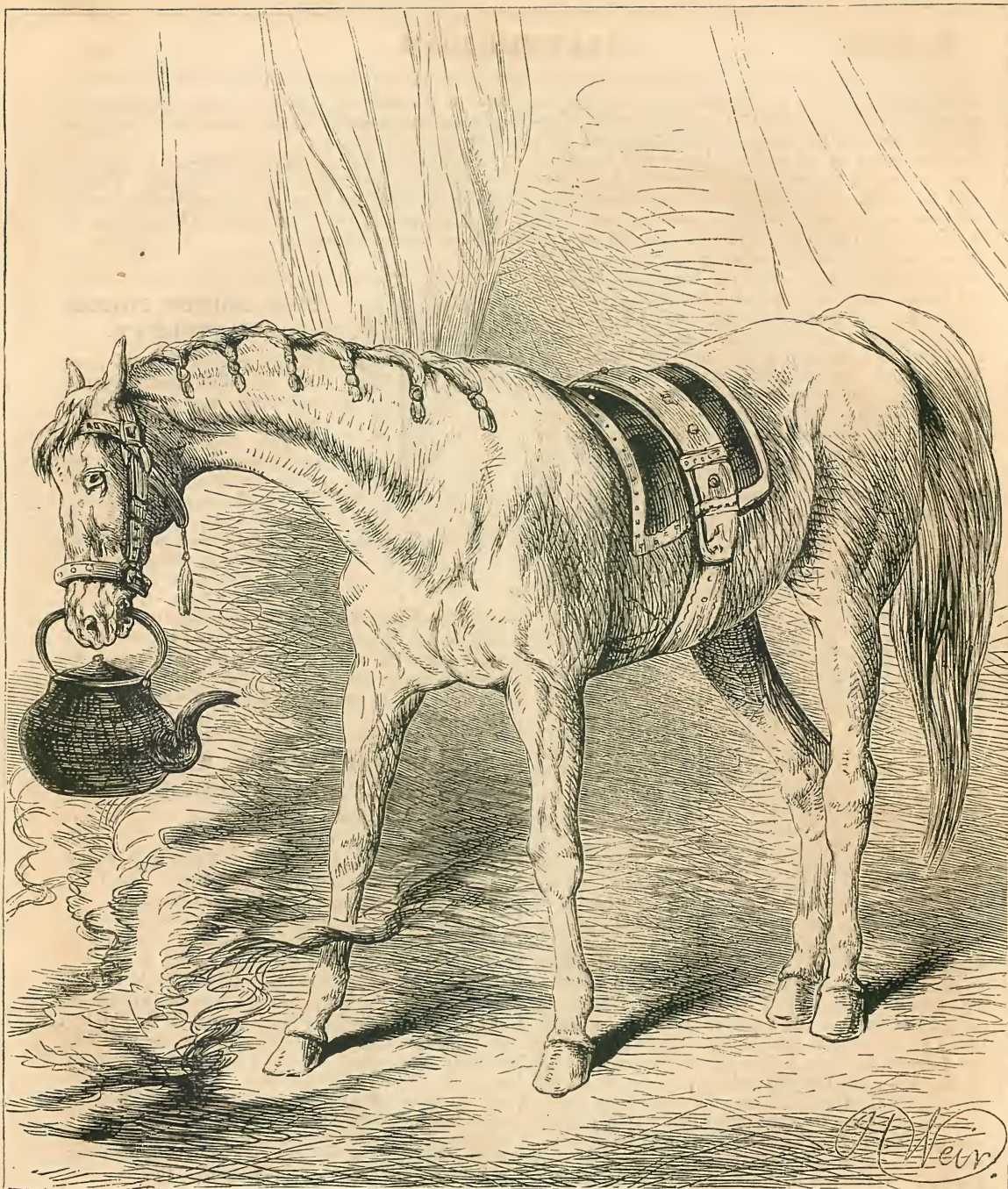
(Continued from p. 201.)

CHAPTER X.

WHERE'S the sea! Hurrah! There he is, Peter! No, you're looking the wrong way! Oh, I say, isn't it jolly? Three cheers for Old Briny!

I need scarcely explain that these exclamations proceeded from a third-class carriage overflowing with young Brights, as the train puffed slowly into Saltgate. Good-bye had been said to the old London home, every room and cupboard had been visited for the last time; cook had wept over each of the children in turn, and insisted on kissing them all, Brian included; nurse had almost lost her temper again over the labours of packing; Bridget had been on the verge of a fit and grown black in the face over the box cords; Sarah had nearly made them all late for the train by a frantic rush after the heavily-laden cabs with a parting gift of gingercakes and tuffy; Honor had nearly lost the tickets; and Pat had come to words with the guard on the question of having Don with them in the carriage; Peter had pinched his finger in the door, and with few other incidents of note the journey had progressed till they were now nearing the happy haven of Saltgate in safety.

Peter's accident had occasioned an acquaintance with a motherly old housekeeper in the next compartment, who took a great interest in the children, and as she turned out to be 'own sister' to the



Circus Horse at Astley's.

woman who kept the lodging-house to which the young Brights were 'going, they got quite sociable before the journey was over.

'And you couldn't have gone to no one better in all Saltgate,' she concluded, 'as have had babbies of her own and knows what children is, and that partic'ler about airing the beds, as some parties don't see to as they should.'

Honor felt a little aggrieved 'at being treated as

under the care of even so excellent a person as Mrs. Hopkins appeared to be, but Brian felt a secret relief in the prospect of being looked after; for in truth, though he allowed no one to guess it, the care of his charge weighed rather heavily on his young spirit at times.

'I'm glad she is used to children,' he said; 'it's such a nuisance when they're not. I remember going down to Rocksand years ago with Aunt Bell,



"Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Bright's party, sir?"

after Honor and I had had the measles, and you never heard such a fuss as the old woman was in if we made a bit of noise. There was always some bother about the people in the dining-rooms, two nasty, cross old maids, who always looked as black as thunder when we met them on the stairs.'

'I wonder,' Molly said, 'whether father remembered to say anything about Don. I know some people don't like dogs: but then Don's such a good dog. I

shouldn't think anyone would mind him. I'm sure he only bites sometimes, just now and then; and he shall sleep up in our bedroom between Nora and me. Shouldn't he, then?—a precious pet!—yes, he should!'

Don was a somewhat fidgety travelling companion, having a constant restless wish to stand up on the seat and bark at the people in the next compartment, and to growl at the porters when they came to the

door of the carriage. He served, however, to keep the children occupied, and out of worse mischief.

The journey was not very long, and at an incredibly early period the girls began sniffing and licking their lips, and declaring they tasted salt; and the boys performed feats of daring in hanging out of the window to catch the first faint far-off gleam of the silver sea. Now it was there in truth, laughing and dancing to welcome them, within a quarter of a mile of the line. Not to-day the grim, grey, old giant, who can make the hearts of strong men fail, but like a happy child, the children's friend and playfellow, breaking into a thousand sunny dimples and tiny, rippling, curling waves, with pleasure-boats rocking on its breast, and great bars of green and purple stretching far away, like soft shadows in its summer blue.

'And there are the bathing-machines!' exclaims Nora. 'And oh, Molly! there are some little girls riding on donkeys! Oh, Brian! we must have donkeys, mustn't we?'

It was a good thing that Brian had taken charge of the tickets, for Honor was far away already from such prosaic things as trains and porters, drinking in with her eager, beauty-loving eyes, the loveliness of the picture before her. Honor had heard from Aunt Bell that very morning, and had started from home with noble resolutions respecting the potato-patch: but, somehow or other, that greatest of all 'studies in colour,' with its misty lights and gleaming shadows, had blotted out everything else, and Brian was as usual left to do the pig-minding, and that was no joke in a crowded station with five such very unruly pigs, to say nothing of Don and the luggage.

Luckily for Brian, Mr. Bright had given directions that they should be met at the station and conveyed safely to No. 2 Seaview Terrace, or they might have fared badly. As it was, Paddy was nearly carried on in the train, having plunged head foremost through the window at the last moment to rescue Pat's fishing-rod and the family bundle of umbrellas, which had been forgotten in the perils of getting out. It was a great relief to him to find himself accosted by a sunburnt boatman with a blue jacket and polite manners.

'Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Bright's party, sir? For Mrs. Hopkins, at No. 2 Seaview? I'm her brother, sir, as the gentleman sent word for to meet you. Perhaps the young masters and misses wouldn't mind stepping into the 'bus while we looks after the boxes; they'll be safe enough there, sir.'

So, with the aid of this kindly sailor, the party were safely rumbled off in the Pier Hotel omnibus through the narrow streets of the old town, and past the Esplanade and the shining sea, and the stretch of wet sand and low, black rocks; past the bow-windows and sun-blinds of Belvidere, and Marina, and Victoria Parades, to the lesser pretensions of Seaview, which, as the children all agreed, looked much more comfortable and homish, and was charmingly near the beach and the bathing-machines and the desirable donkeys.

'And I hopes you'll be comfortable, Miss,' smiling Mrs. Hopkins, the landlady, observed, as Honor surveyed with considerable satisfaction her new domain. It had a bow-window with a good view of the sea, she noticed, and a pretty little glimpse of the old

town and fish-market, with a steep bit of brown cliff rising behind it.

Brian took this in, too, but not till he had satisfied himself that there was not much in the room that could be broken, and had resolved to ask Mrs. Hopkins to remove the wax flowers and spar vases from the mantelpiece, and a handsome shell-box with a view of Saltgate in the middle from the little table in the window, before any catastrophe happened.

It was, perhaps, just as well that nurse was not there to look suspiciously at the tea-caddy, and try the locking-up powers of the cupboard, and remark that she supposed Mrs. Hopkins had noticed a crack in the corner of the looking-glass (rather a pet thing of Mrs. Hopkins's, by the way, with the frame done up in yellow muslin. Mrs. Hopkins was an honest soul, as lodging-house-keepers go, and kind-hearted moreover; and Honor's dreamy, childish ways, and Brian's anxious, young face, did more to insure the due appearance of mutton-bones and candle-ends than all the sharpness in the world.

'And a nice-behaved set of children, too, seemingly,' the good lady remarked to her husband; 'and no fear of catching nothing from them, I should say. They're as 'ealthy as can be, and don't look a bit like London children, unless it is the eldest young lady, as do seem a bit delicate and quiet. But there! you might have told they was London, too, to see them pegging in at them shrimps and watercresses, as does my heart good to see 'em.'

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I was a child I used to be told, that if I wished to be happy I must be good; but my experience in life, as far as children are concerned, has taught me, that if they are to be good they must be happy: but whichever may be the cause, and which the effect, certain it is that the young Brights were perfectly happy in those sunny days at Saltgate, and very tolerably good. Even Brian was able to combine much enjoyment with pig-minding, and Honor almost forgot there were any pigs to mind, everything went so smoothly. There was so much room in that great new play-ground of theirs, that there was no fear of treading on one another's toes, and their big playfellow, the sea, was quite impartial and untiring in his attentions, and would run after Peter's pink, dimpled feet on the sand, or fill the moat round Paddy's great castle, or float Pat's fleet of little boats, or bring treasures of shells and bright seaweeds to fill Molly and Nora's buckets, treasures which made a horrid mess in the sitting-room when they went home. And all the time this very same playfellow was sitting for his portrait to Honor, laughing, sparkling, and mocking at the colours in her box, which made her very best attempts the merest caricature of his mysterious beauty, and yet luring her on to try again. He was always whispering, too, in the girl's ear of pleasant things in a fair future, and of finding the four-leaved shamrock, and prosperity and happiness for every one along with it, but somehow, the sea never said anything about the potato-patch. And his story was very different from Aunt Bell's. He had a good deal to say to Brian, too, as he lay at full length on the sand with his hat

tilted over his eyes, basking in the sun, with half an eye on the bathing-machine horse and Peter. I think he said a good deal that was comforting to him about not going to Oxford, and changed prospects in general. But it was at night that he tried the allurements on Brian that Honor found so fascinating. When the children were in bed, and Peter's red, curly head was burrowing into Brian's pillow, so that you could only see the round sunburnt cheek, flushed with sleep; then Brian would lean out of the window and watch the broad, shimmering, silver streak of moonlight on the water, and listen to the murmur of the little waves and the story of the sea: and he would have at last to pull himself up with a jerk and come back with a strong effort from moonlight on the sea and fancy to candle-light on Peter's apple cheek and reality.

It was a good thing, indeed, that Mrs. Hopkins was a motherly sort of person, or, even with Brian's best endeavours, the family might have fared badly as to food. You see, in Aunt Bell's time they had lived in the happy land of 'Ready-made,' as most children do, where dinner appears on the table at one just as the sun rises in the morning; and tea-time, with its bread and butter, is an event in the course of nature like noon with its shadowless heat. The very first morning they forgot all about dinner, and were half-way down the Esplanade before they remembered it. So Brian had to post back to Seaview to mollify Mrs. Hopkins, while Honor went on after the boys, who were off to the fish-market, for there were a lot of fishing-boats coming in, and that is certainly a sight worth seeing.

That was how it happened that the ordering fell in Brian's hands, for as he began it that day Mrs. Hopkins always applied to him in future, and spoke of Honor as 'little Missy,' much to that young lady's indignation.

'To be sure, it do seem funny to take orders from a young gent; but it only shows what men-folk can do if they put their minds to it.'

So Brian won golden opinions from Mrs. Hopkins, and made acquaintance with the butcher, baker, and grocer, and learnt many important facts which are not generally taught at our public schools; such as that rice puddings cannot be made without milk, or roley-jam puddings without suet, and that stale bread goes farther than new, and that sea-air gives wonderful appetites, before which joints of meat and loaves of bread disappear like snow in the sunshine. He also realised the general principle, that the very simplest dinner requires some thought beforehand. He had, however, a very easily-contented company to provide for, and though Peter sometimes regretted that jam pudding did not happen oftener, and that shrimps were only rarely invested in, when that smiling woman put the basket so close outside the window, still there were few grumbles altogether.

Brian also had pangs now and then about the appearance of the girls: as for the boys, they did not matter, they lived half in half out of the water all day, and it did not signify how wet they got their serge suits; they might even go in over their heads—which did sometimes happen—without hurting anything, for Pat, Paddy, and Peter were each provided with a red woollen night-cap, with a tassel at the

peaked end, which were not injured by salt water. Brian only objected to their appearance in this costume, with bare feet and trowsers tucked up to their utmost, in the town, as once happened when he was trying to be dignified at the baker's, when the three boys appeared suddenly in this attire to tell him that they could not find Pat's shoes anywhere.

But what would Aunt Rosa have said to Molly and Nora with their petticoats pinned up, with more regard to comfort than elegance, climbing about bare-footed on the slippery green rocks, splashing into deep pools after crabs and sea anemones, or standing perched on ledges of rock with the tide creaming and curling about their ankles, and their hair all tangled and wet flying in the wind, mixed with the long ribbon sea-weeds which they held in their hands, with their hats battered and stained, and their faces and necks sunburnt to the last degree?

'I don't think,' Brian used to say to himself uneasily, 'that you often see such big girls as Molly and Nora up to all these larks. I wonder what Aunt Bell would say? Honor doesn't notice it, she's altogether different herself, and she always looks nice and that kind of thing; but those little girls in Marina who go on the pier in the afternoon, are always dressed up no end, and they are not so big as Molly and Nora.'

He took Peter down on the pier one afternoon to hear the band play, both of them got up in their best with gloves on; but they neither of them enjoyed it very much, for it was hot and Peter got sleepy, and took a great dislike to the man who played the drum, who, he declared, made faces at him when no one was looking. Brian trod on a lady's dress by chance, and was hot and crimson for hours after from the withering glance he received.

He did not think, after all, that the little girls dressed up like fashion-book plates, who minced about on their high heels with all the airs and graces of their elders, were what Aunt Bell would have wished Molly and Nora to be like; and when he came back and met the others returning from the rocks, after a most successful collection of periwinkles for tea, all more wild and untidy than ever, he said no more of appearances, and snapped his mental fingers at Aunt Rosa's imaginary criticisms.

(To be continued.)

'ACQUA FRESCA!'

A 'ACQUA fresca!' 'Acqua fresca!' It was a delightful sound. The day was hot and dusty, and so were the railway carriages, when along the platform stepped a pleasant, busy-looking, bare-footed woman, with fresh water on her head in a quaint bottle, and a two-handled cup out of which to drink it.

It is difficult to find ill-shaped pottery in Italy. The common ware of the country is made after the graceful patterns of olden days, and pleases the eye while it answers its purpose.

So we stop the good woman and partake of her fresh water, and think a sou not too much to give for that and the pleasant smile with which she receives it.



Acqua Fresca.



Quarrel of the Rooks. By HARRISON WEIR.

THE QUARREL OF THE ROOKS.

SCENE — *The Precincts.* TIME — *Past Midnight.*

S AID the old rook to the young rook,
 'Will you get out of that nest?'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'No; I like this place the best.'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'Do you hear me? Go away!'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'Yes, I hear; but mean to stay.'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'We are too many here.'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'Then go yourself, my dear.'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'I am king of this elm-tree.'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'That matters not to me.'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'Take that long bough to the right.'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'I am sleepy; so good night.'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'For the last time, will you go?'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'For the last time, no, no, no!'
 Said the old rook to the young rook,
 'I shall make you feel my beak.'
 Said the young rook to the old rook,
 'Grandfather, did you speak?'
 So the old one pecked the young one,
 Till he fairly turned him out;
 And that was why I could not sleep—
 The rooks made such a rout.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 215.)

CHAPTER XII.



ONE day, when Aunt Bell had been hearing Honor read in the course of her lessons an account of the sufferings of the early Christians, she remarked, perhaps with some special intention, that, their fortitude ought to be an example to us under the daily trials of life. Honor's back being just then occupied by the well-known 'black monkey,'

owing to a sharp skirmish with the juniors before lessons, she expressed her opinion on the subject with some warmth.

'Martyrs, indeed! Well, Aunt Bell, I dare say they were very good, but I don't believe the torture of "horrid children" was invented then, or they would not have been so patient.'

Poor Honor! Selfish as the assertion was, there was a grain of truth in it after all: for, as the stable philosopher observed, 'It aint the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses; it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard

'igh road.' Honor would have taken a fence and been in at the death nobly, but as yet she helped little in drawing the family coach.

One morning she had strayed away alone to a favourite corner by the pier; not the promenade where the band played and the rank and fashion spread their plumes in the sunshine, but down at the foot of the slippery steps to the landing-stage, among damp green timbers and beams fringed with brown sea-weed, where the clear green water lapped and splashed, lazily cool, out of the noonday glare. Over her head tramped the gay world to and fro, and the wash of the water at her feet mingled pleasantly with the music of the band: between the piers she could see on one side the broad sands and the children paddling and digging, and little groups of nursemaids gossiping under sunshades; on the other side the dazzling, dancing sea, with yachts and fishing-boats, and big vessels far away in the hazy distance.

Honor was by no means worldly, but somehow to-day as she sat with her book lying idle in her lap, and her eyes gazing out into the horizon, it seemed as if the gaiety and ease of that life above her was borne in on her mind more strongly than ever before. She was leaving childhood behind her, and a girl's eyes gazing from outside into the world's charmed circle are apt to grow wistful.

'I wonder,' she mused, 'if I shall ever be like other girls, having pretty dresses, and going out to parties, and having good masters, and going abroad? No, I suppose not! I suppose I shall go dragging on in a shabby cotton frock and a tail of rough children behind me to the end of the chapter—always shabby, always poor, always obliged to pinch and screw, and go without what other girls have!'

Honor had lingered at the entrance to the Pier for a few minutes watching the lively scene, and had retired rather hastily in consequence of becoming suddenly aware that she was being watched rather curiously by a graceful-looking young lady standing near her, beside a tall military-looking man.

'I wonder if that is his wife?' Honor thought. 'She must be very young, I should think. How pretty she is, to be sure! and what a stylish dress! She would make a pretty picture.'

At this time she had become aware of the earnest gaze of the soft brown eyes, and had shrunk back feeling shy and awkward, and thinking, 'I suppose they wonder what business I have here.'

Down in her cool retreat, with her hat thrown back and her hands clasped round her knees, Honor recalled enviously the details of the simple but costly morning dress, fitting so well the slender, girlish figure, and the charm of the lovely, childish face, with its delicate features and complexion, and beautiful dark eyes.

And all the while the very subject of her thoughts was looking down upon Honor with still greater interest.

'Yes, Harry, she is the same girl we saw yesterday. Is not she pretty? I should like a picture of her just now.'

Colonel Wilmott agreed that Honor was 'an uncommonly pretty little girl,' as indeed he would have

agreed to almost any opinion of his wife's: adding, however, that 'she wanted a little brushing up to make her quite the thing.'

'Oh, Harry! what an old dandy, to be sure! I like her just as she is, in that blue frock, with the straight yellow hair about her shoulders, and that quaint face and great eyes. Do not the black beams and green water make a perfect frame and background to the picture?'

Honor mused on, quite unconscious of the interest she had awakened, till a wish seized her to try and draw the pretty face that had charmed her so much, and opening her sketch-book she was soon absorbed in the task.

'May I see what you are drawing?'

Honor started at the sound of the soft voice at her side, and turned round surprised and confused to find herself face to face with her model.

'I saw you drawing yesterday,' Lady Jane Wilmott said, smiling, 'and as I sometimes try a little in that way myself, I am afraid it made me very inquisitive, and I have been wondering what you can find to sketch down here.'

'Oh, I wasn't sketching anything particular,' Honor stammered, feeling very uncomfortable; 'at least, I was only trying to draw some one.'

'A portrait? oh, how nice! Are you staying in Saltgate? I wonder if you would mind making a sketch of my little boy in his sailor suit. He would make such a pretty picture! I had thought of having him photographed, only he never seems to come out well.'

Honor was flushed with pleasure now, and she showed Lady Jane some of her attempts at Peter and the other children.

'I have not done many heads,' she said; 'so, of course, I cannot do them very well yet. Those are only things I just tried of my brothers and sisters.'

'What pretty children they must be! Do look, Harry! isn't that a bonnie boy? How old is he? Six? Why, what a fine fellow! He looks nearly as old as my boy, and he is more than eight!'

So Honor found herself gradually drawn into talk with her fascinating new acquaintance, while Colonel Wilmott strolled away to join some other gentlemen, leaving his wife to amuse herself with her new fancy. Honor was quite surprised to find how suddenly attractive all the details of home and children, which a few minutes ago had seemed so dull and irksome, became now in the interest of her listener. She did not know how much of it was owing to her own quiet, childish manner, and the shy gleam of pleasure that flushed her face and brightened her eyes as she talked.

'It must be very nice to have so many,' Lady Jane said with a sigh. 'My little boy is very lonely sometimes, all by himself. He is too delicate to go to school yet, and, besides, I could not bear to part with him.'

The soft eyes were full of tears now as she went on: 'I had a little girl once—little May; but oh! it was so hard to lose her! That is what makes me think so much of my boy, I suppose.'

'I should like to see him,' Honor said.

'Oh, that you must! for you know I want you to sketch him. I wish he would make some friends on

the beach: it would do him so much good to be with other boys, if they were not too rough for him. We are staying at the "Victoria," you must come and see me—will you?'

When she had gone away, saying lightly that she must go and talk to those dull people on the pier, or the Colonel would wonder what she was thinking of, Honor sat still, thinking and wondering over it all. It seemed to her like an angel's visit from a better and happier world than her own; and yet this beautiful, wealthy, brilliant creature, had in the midst of all her good fortune found something to envy in the lot of a poor, shabby, discontented child like herself.

CHAPTER XIII.

HONOR was not the only one of the family who made a friend that afternoon, and she was rather vexed when she came home full of Lady Jane and her beauty and elegance, and the lovely little boy she was to sketch, to find that no one paid any attention to her descriptions, they being all so taken up with talking of a boy they had fallen in with on the beach, whom they called 'the Spider.'

I am afraid Honor was a little cross, but can you wonder at it when she had found her washing-basin full of sea-anemones, and that there was treacle for tea, with the usual effects on the faces, fingers, and pinafores of the family? Oh, dear! Lady Jane could not know what a large family really was, and especially a family with a taste for treacle!

'I am sure, Brian,' she said, rejecting with disgust a sticky morsel pressed upon her by Molly, 'that father would not like the children making all sorts of low friends on the beach. I saw Molly this morning all among the donkey-boys, and as for the bathing-machine boy—'

'Well, Honor,' interrupted Molly in explanation, 'he's Mrs. Hopkins' nephew, and she says he's a very good boy and goes to the Sunday-school, and never uses bad words like some of the donkey-boys do: and I only went this morning to see the new little donkey, such a darling little thing, with such a rough head!'

'And oh, I say, Brian!' sang out Pat; 'do you know what Paddy did this morning when you were gone to the butcher's? He got Joe, that's the bathing-machine boy, you know, to let him have a ride on the horse; and there were some ladies wanting to have their machine drawn up, and he went right off into the sea to them, and tried to catch hold of the ropes, and nearly tumbled off! Oh, it was such a lark!'

'I'd have done it as right as a trivet,' said Paddy, 'only that great duffer of a Joe began screeching and hallooing as if he was being murdered.'

'He was in a rage, just about,' went on Pat: 'and he says he'll never let any of us ride the horse again.'

'Well, he changed his mind soon enough,' said Paddy, regardless of threatening looks from Molly and Nora, 'for he took Nora for a ride after dinner.'

'What's that?' asked Brian.

'Why, he took up Molly behind him, and she clung on tight; and then he made that old horse go jolly fast, galloping along like anything, past Belvidere and Marina, nearly as far as the pier. Oh, stunning! I only wish it had been me!'

Honor looked at Brian, and he got up from his seat



"May I see what you are drawing?"

by the tea-tray and went to the window with his hands deep in his pockets, and whistling softly to himself, as he did when in a puzzle. Surely the potato-patch was running wild, and the pigs were beyond his power of minding?

'Brian asthore!' Two very treacley, sunburnt hands, are suddenly clasped round his neck, and Nora's face, very sweet with the tears shining in the blue eyes, in spite of the sticky smears round the mouth,

is reaching up to his. 'Dear old B. B.! don't you look like that, or it will just break my heart entirely. I'll never ride that nasty old horse again, never! or speak to Joe or any of the donkey-boys. What will I do to make you smile?'

Who could resist Molly when she tried her sweet Irish coaxing? She was a rare hand at 'the blarney,' the boys said. So Brian laughed and thought no more of it, but Honor could not forget it so easily.



“Hullo, old chap! what’s up?”

But ‘the Spider’ was no donkey-boy or low acquaintance, though they would have liked him none the less if he had been.

It was low tide that afternoon, and while Honor sat on the pier steps all the rest of the family, including Don, had gone off some way along the beach, to a large pool left among the rocks by the receding tide, which was a first-rate place for trying the shrimping-net which the boys had made, with

the help of Brian. Peter carried a large basket to bring home the shrimps in, and he had told the shrimp-woman when she came to the window that morning that they should never want to buy any more shrimps, as they were going to catch them for themselves, which did not seem to please her.

Brian was as much interested as the others, and stood on a rock directing operations, while Pat pushed the net in front of him across the pool.

Peter altogether declined to believe that those hopping, shadowy, transparent things, more like insects than anything else, were those substantial brown shrimps in the woman's basket, still less that they might come out bright pink in boiling; and even Molly and Nora were rather doubtful about it. As for Don, he kept watch over the basket, pricking his ears and starting when they hopped, and retiring with a growl when one came right into his face.

While they were all thus absorbed Pat said,—
 'Hullo! what's the row? What a hullabaloo!'

A little boy was coming along the shore by himself, sobbing and crying. He had a beautiful model yacht in his arms, and on the dainty sails and ropes and masts his tears rolled down, and he looked a woe-begone little object altogether, in spite of his boat and his pretty little sailor suit, which made a miniature man-of-war's man of him.

Brian was so used to fly to the rescue when he heard signals of distress from any of his crew, that it came natural to him to cross the rocks with a few strides of his long legs towards the little boy, saying, 'Hullo, old chap! what's up?'

He was a boy of about Peter's size, but a great contrast to that sturdy young ruffian. He had a delicate white face, now tear-stained and puckered up; and his light, almost flaxen hair, was cut across his forehead and hung down in long silky curls behind, 'just like like that large doll at the Soho Bazaar,' said Molly.

His crying stopped at Brian's words, but began again when the other children came up, and Don gave a short bark at the new-comer. Indeed, the boys looked desperate characters in their red caps and tucked-up trousers, and the girls not much less so.

'Oh, I say,' said Pat, 'you mustn't make such a row here, you'll frighten the tide out!'

'Or scare the shrimps into fits!' suggested Paddy.

'What a darling little ship!' said Molly: 'are you coming to sail it in the pool?'

'Come along! wipe up!' said Brian, offering a pocket-handkerchief out of the shrimp-basket for that purpose. 'I don't believe that craft of yours has ever been in the water. Let's see how it goes.'

The child's alarm began to subside under this welcome, and Brian was able to make out at last that Sarah (supposed to be the nurse) had stopped to look in at the bonnet-shops on the Esplanade, and that he had got impatient and had run on to the beach, but she had not overtaken him; and then he thought he saw her a long way off along the sands, and had gone after her, but could not find her, and had got frightened at being alone.

'Oh, Sarah! she'll turn up all right,' said Pat: 'and it don't much matter if she don't.'

So the tears were wiped away, and Molly took one hand and Paddy the other, and Pat carried the boat with great reverence, and they made off to the pool. But here a difficulty presented itself.

'You'll spoil that togger of yours,' said Brian; and even as he spoke there was a slip, and, in spite of Molly and Paddy's help, the little boy sat suddenly down on a slimy green rock, which left evident signs of the event on his 'white ducks,' as Paddy called them; and Pat only made matters worse by trying to

rub off the marks with the before-mentioned handkerchief, and Molly expressed an opinion that they would wash all right.

'Isn't he a swell, just about?' said Pat. 'Shan't you get into a row at home if you get in a mess?'

'Perhaps,' said Brian, 'you'd better not come on the rocks, you don't seem rigged out for that kind of thing. Here, Molly, take him back before he gets wet through.'

But Pat could not bring himself to give up the boat without a struggle.

'Can't he take off his boots and turn up those white ducks? and then he'll be all right. Oh, I say! there goes his hat!' for a sudden gust of wind had whisked off his broad-brimmed straw hat with a blue ribbon round it, bearing the words, 'H.M.S. Dreadnought,' and had carried it safely into the middle of the pool, where it was floating and bobbing about as if it enjoyed the joke.

No sign of Sarah being visible along the beach, and the young Brights being all of them anxious to sail the boat, and Brian himself rather wishing to see how it would go, and the stranger himself favouring the idea, Brian helped him off with his shoes and stockings (for he was as helpless as a baby) and rolled up his trousers, which were tight at the knee and very loose at the ankle, and turned up his sleeves above his elbows; and Pat lent him his scarlet cap while the straw hat was drying, tying the handkerchief round his own head instead. The children all laughed at the wonderful change produced in his appearance, and the little boy himself seemed delighted, and danced about on the sand with such very white legs that Brian was not surprised to hear that he had never had his shoes and socks off out of doors before, or to hear him say, 'Oh! it is nice!'

'Perhaps your people at home wouldn't like it,' Brian said, doubtfully; but it was too late for such thoughts.

'Oh, my eye! what thin legs!' cried Pat. 'Peter's would make half-a-dozen of yours. You're like a spider.'

'Not got much understanding,' said Paddy. 'Come on, Spider!'

The yacht went splendidly; there was just enough wind to take it across the pool 'stunning,' and there were little natural harbours in the rock that seemed made on purpose for their play, and there were sand-banks and sunken rocks that gave variety to the voyages, and there were crabs who made first-rate passengers and sailors. An hour slipped away like five minutes, and the children were far too much absorbed to notice a young woman coming along the shore, looking in all directions for something she did not find.

'Have you seen a young gentleman in a sailor soot pass by?' she asked Brian. 'I was told he come this way.'

'Hullo, Spider! you're wanted!' sang out Paddy.

And then a little red-capped figure in the middle of the pool, with the water above his knees, turned round a laughing, dirty face. The 'sailor soot' was wet through, and stained with green and brown slime; there was a long, flapping piece of sea-weed tied round his neck, and hanging down over the broad collar that had been so spotless an hour before; and

he was just fastening his blue neck-ribbon to a stick, to act as a signal on a dangerous sand-bank that had wrecked the boat more than once. Was it not enough to give any respectable nurse 'a turn,' or 'to strike her all of a heap?'

'Oh, Master Duke! you naughty, naughty boy! Whatever will your ma say?'

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ANTONIO CANOVA.

From the Italian of Cantie.

THE way in which one person benefits another is often worth far more than the benefit itself. If, before helping anybody, you have made them humble themselves, have forced them to tell their misfortunes, and ask for assistance with reddened cheeks, how can you expect them to be grateful? True pleasure and real virtue are his who seeks out the indigent man, and spares him the shame of asking; who, like an angel of God, consoles the afflicted and dries his tears without being seen.

Antonio Canova (who died in Venice at the age of sixty-five, October 13th, 1822) was the greatest sculptor of modern times. But this praise would be slight if we could not add that he was a man of a most noble disposition.

The constant wars and numerous political changes in Italy at the end of the last and beginning of the present century had reduced many persons to poverty, more particularly artists, painters, engravers, and sculptors, who found no one to furnish them with work during the disturbances and expenses caused by that most terrible scourge—war.

Canova was born of poor parents, but it is not high birth, but the noble nature, that makes the man. By study and labour he had risen to eminence, had acquired wealth, and had obtained vast influence with princes and nobles. This wealth and this influence he used in benefiting artists, persuading the rich to employ them, and himself giving commissions for pictures, and making large purchases of statues. In his native place, Possagno, he erected a large temple, in order to give work to a number of people, and to attract foreigners there. Not content with this, he eagerly sought out all cases of hidden want.

One day he heard that a certain painter living in Rome, a man of no great talent, but striving and industrious, had become very poor. Hastening to the clergyman, Canova learnt that this artist, being too proud to ask for charity, was, with his aged wife and his only daughter, suffering the direst want; that not being able to sustain themselves otherwise, they unravelled the threads from the woollen counterpanes to make socks with, by the sale of which they procured a crust of bread, scarcely enough to stay the pangs of hunger.

Canova was deeply moved at this recital, and knowing that the painter would refuse any money he had not earned, what do you think he did? He wrote the following letter:—

'Honoured Sir,—For a long time I have been wishing for a picture of yours. May I therefore ask

you to choose some subject, and paint me one at your earliest leisure? I cannot, however, give more than four hundred crowns. Half of this sum will be counted out to you by the bearer, the rest you can send for when you like.

'Your humble servant,

'CANOVA.'

The painter on receiving this was quite overcome, knowing well that it was the great sculptor's goodness and not his own merit that had led to this order. Tears of gratitude from the rescued family blessed their generous benefactor, who spared a sensitive man the pain of accepting mere alms, and rendered his kindness all the more precious by doing it in this graceful manner.

CARLO VITI.

PITY.

THROUGH narrow bars
The miser peeps;
Beneath the stars
A maiden weeps,
Outside the gate
So desolate.

'Bury me, Frost,
Sighs hapless Rose;
'Bury me, Frost,
Beneath thy snows;
Bury me kind,
True winter wind!

'Weary of pain,
I wish to die;
Dying is gain
To such as I.
The good are dead,
And Love is fled!'

'Not so,' he cries;
'Kind hearts yet live;
To my surprise
I too can give:
I will, God knows,
Befriend poor Rose!'

So Rover feels,
Ye motherless,
Your sad appeals
Of deep distress;
Though quite unused
To brood and roost.

He is a brute—
Yet Pity blesses,
With her sweet fruit,
Strange wildernesses,
And desert places,
With her soft traces.

If Rover there
Foregoes his tricks
To lavish care
On friendless chicks,
How kind should we
To orphans be!

G. S. O.



Rover and the Chicks.



Balls "spinning a yarn" to the Boys.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from p. 223.)

CHAPTER XIV.



HERE he is! that's him! Oh, Honor, doesn't he look a pretty little fellow?' "

Mrs. Hopkins' brother, the attractive boatman, had taken Brian and the boys off to see some rocket practice on the cliff, while the two girls rather unwillingly consented to remain at home with Honor, and write to father and Aunt Bell an account of

their doings. They had both secured commanding situations near the window, which, though possibly a suggestive spot, was not one favourable to rapid composition.

Molly had not got beyond 'My dear Aunt Bell, we saw each a very large jelly-fish—,' and Nora had stuck fast over the spelling of 'Scaview,' when the appearance of their new acquaintance on the Esplanade brought them both to a standstill altogether.

Honor raised her eyes slowly from her book, to inspect the miniature dandy passing sedately along the Parade, under the care of a fashionably-attired maid.

'It is what I call downright vulgar,' was her somewhat disappointing comment, 'dressing up a child like that! I expect he belongs to some tradesman in the town, or some rich London shopkeeper; they always beizen them out so. Those sailor suits, like you saw him in yesterday, are dreadfully snobbish.'

Molly and Nora remained abashed, but still not converted by the crushing opinion: still watching with eyes of secret admiration the little fellow's carefully-curled flaxen locks and dainty velvet dress, while Honor continued her oration.

'I do wish you would be more careful, Molly; it's all very well for boys and babies to go playing about with any one on the beach, but it is different with girls. Perhaps, now, that child's mother might see you playing with him, and come and call, or something, and whatever should we do then? Of course, nice people would never have anything to do with us,' she concluded, thinking dolefully of Lady Jane.

After this, finding the girls unusually tractable in the absence of their aiders and abettors, Honor proceeded to relate what had taken place on the pier the day before. She was a good hand at description, and her highly-coloured sketch of the lovely, fashionable lady she had met, produced a deep impression on her hearers.

'Oh, Honor, how *very* interesting! I expect she is somebody very, very grand. Suppose you were to see her again, and she were to invite us all to dine at the "Victoria!" Pat says it's awfully grand inside. He looked in through the glass-doors when Brian sent him down about the omnibus yesterday. He could see right in through the coffee-room, you know. Such a splendid place! and such lots of

waiters! and such jolly things to eat! just like what we had at the "White Hart," when father took us to Windsor with Aunt Bell. Do you remember, Molly?' "

'Yes, I remember we were both awfully sick after dinner. There were cutlets all done up in paper, and horrid stuff called "omelette," and we were too afraid of the waiter to leave anything.'

Nora had an awkward way of remembering facts too distinctly to suit Molly's romantic Irish mind, to which the glories of an hotel were wholly unclouded by such drawbacks. She went on, however, undisturbed in her castle-building, in a strain which rather suited Honor.

'Do you think we should all go, Honor? Perhaps it would be too many. Perhaps it would only be just us three, and Peter to play with the little boy. I wonder if he is as pretty as our little boy?'

'A great deal prettier than that little dressed-up doll!' Honor said, scornfully. 'I am afraid Lady Jane will never let him play with you while you are so rough and rude.'

The conversation had had such a solemnising effect, and led to such neat and proper epistles being written, that Honor suggested a walk on the Esplanade before the boys returned and the reign of misrule began again.

Honor did not look half so picturesque in her best frock and hat, sitting on a seat on the Parade, as she had done in her blue cotton on the damp steps of the pier the day before. The case, too, was much the same with Molly and Nora, who would have been far happier on the beach with Joe, or on the rocks with the crabs and periwinkles.

They were rewarded, however, and Honor experienced a thrill of sudden pleasure, as a pretty little chestnut hack was reined in close beside them, and Lady Jane's voice exclaimed, in a tone of real pleasure,—

'Oh, there you are! I thought, perhaps, I should see you. Those are the little sisters, I am sure; they are just like the sketches.'

Yes, there she was, looking sweeter and prettier than ever in her dark riding-habit and dainty little hat; the exercise flushing her cheeks and brightening her eyes, so as to heighten her beauty still more.

'Are you walking up this way?' she asked. 'I am just going in myself. Could you not come in and see my boy? I shall never be satisfied till I have a sketch of him now; and you will be sure to see him, for he always has his tea with me at five o'clock. Do come. My husband is out this afternoon, so I am quite alone.'

There was no resisting the soft, coaxing voice, even if Honor had wished to do so, and in a few minutes more the three girls found themselves inside the wonderful glass-doors of the big hotel, and Lady Jane, with her habit thrown over her arm, running lightly in front of them up the broad, shallow, softly-carpeted staircase. Now they stood in the lofty, stately-looking room, with its tall mirrors and velvet sofas, and wide bow-windows opening on to a broad balcony, overlooking the sea and gay hotel garden.

'No, your ladyship,' the waiter replied, in answer to Lady Jane's rather impatient inquiry for Master Wilmott; 'the young gentleman isn't in yet, I think,

your ladyship. He went out about an hour ago. We can send and make inquiries, if your ladyship wishes.'

'Oh, never mind; I dare say he will be in soon. I wish she would not keep him out so long. Do you know,' she continued, turning to Honor, 'he got wet through yesterday, and it makes me so terribly anxious lest he should take cold. His nurse was in such a fuss about his spoiling his clothes; but, of course, I did not mind that as long as he was safe and happy. He should have a new suit every day if it would please him, the darling! Ah, here he is!'

But it was only the waiter, with a face of profound concern and suppressed laughter.

'If you please, your ladyship, the nurse did not like to lose sight of the young gentleman, or she'd have come to you herself; but she thought perhaps your ladyship would be so good as to send word to him to come in at once. Your ladyship need not feel alarmed; but the fact is, your ladyship, the Punch-and-Judy show has stopped just down the road, and it appears the young gentleman found some friends, and the nurse could not get him to come on anyhow.'

Further explanations were, however, rendered needless by the clatter of feet on the staircase, and in another minute Lady Jane had clasped to her heart the flaxen, curled head of—oh, sad downfall for Honor's verdict!—the 'Spider' of yesterday and the 'overdressed little shopkeeper' of to-day! while close on his heels, like three attendant fiends—oh, sadder downfall to Honor's dignity!—as usual, wet through, battered, breathless, the three *p's*—Pat, Paddy, and Peter!

CHAPTER XV.

THE boys had had a very interesting afternoon altogether. Mrs. Hopkins's brother—Balls by name—was one of the crew of the Saltgate life-boat, besides having one or two little pleasure-boats of his own, which he let on hire to the visitors at Saltgate. He had been a sailor in his youth, and had been all round and over the world, and had had adventures of all sorts—at least he said so. He had been shipwrecked several times, and had had the narrowest escapes of death from drowning, fire, hurricanes, sharks, starvation, dirks of mutinous seamen, guns of slavers, poisoned arrows of savages, ill-treatment of brutal captains! He had done deeds of daring almost incredible to the boys and quite incredible to any one else. He had seen the sea serpent, the Flying Dutchman, and plenty of mermaids; and he was, in fact, Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights rolled into one. He had a jolly little house, that he had built for himself, about a mile off along the cliffs, just beyond the coastguard station. The high white cliffs give a sudden dip there, and form a glen, where a little stream makes its way to the sea; and there is a steep pathway down to the beach of the snug little bay, which is shut in on either side by the projecting cliffs, impassable except at very low tide.

Balls' cottage stood in this glen, and was built against the cliff, in whose chalky sides he had scooped endless cupboards, and holes and corners for storing

things away. It was thatched with gorse cut from the glen behind, and built of wood, most of it drift-wood, timbers of vessels that had foundered on that dangerous coast. Over the porch was fixed part of the figure-head of a ship—a woman's figure, battered and dented; but still keeping the wooden smile on its lips, and the colour of the calm blue eyes, and the top of a gilded anchor on its shoulder.

'She were the *Hope*,' Balls would say; 'a Liverpool brig as went down in a gale in '48, afore the life-boat was thought of hereabouts.'

He could point out many another part of his cottage, and tell the ship it came from or the storm that had supplied him with building materials, till the boys sometimes wondered that he was not afraid to be there all alone with things that seemed full of dead men's secrets.

He had a little flower-garden in front of the cottage, gay with red valerian, nasturtiums, and thrift; and he had part of a boat set up on end, with a seat inside, where he smoked his pipe; and higher up the glen was another bit of garden, where he grew potatoes and cabbages. It was a snug little place altogether, and a very favourite object for the young ladies of Saltgate to sketch, with Balls himself looking through his telescope in front, and seagulls overhead. The only thing the young ladies objected to in the glen was 'those horrid trees;' and they were certainly rather dwarfed and stunted. They looked as if some great, boisterous winter storm had scared them, and they were trying to run away, but could not get free, though they tore at their roots, and the wind had turned their petticoats over their heads. No skill could make them look well in a sketch.

Balls' nearest neighbours were the coastguards, and he made himself very useful to them. He knew every inch of the coast for miles, and every trick of the tide or current, and every sheltered nook where boats could be run in safely on moonless nights, or snug hiding-places for mysterious barrels and bales. Ill-natured people said that no one was so well up to the tricks of smugglers as he was, from personal experience. They say no one makes such a good gamekeeper as an old poacher; and so, I dare say, a smuggler would make a first-rate preventive officer if he set his mind to it. Anyhow, the coastguards found Balls' knowledge very useful, and, in return, they did not ask inconvenient questions about the tobacco and brandy in his cottage, which were always of the best.

'But there is no trade done now,' Balls would say. 'In my young days, when the duty was so high, all the young chaps were in it. The coast was lively enough then, I've warrant! and a gauger's life weren't child's play, neither; and when it came to a brush, a chap thought no more of taking a shot at a gauger than of knocking over a cat. Ah! those was days, sure enough!' Balls would say, rubbing his hands with a chuckle: 'but now folk hasn't half the pluck, and the duty's not high enough to make it worth while, and it's only done in a sneaky sort of way, with a few pounds of 'baccy under a woman's crinoline, or bits of lace hid in her shenong. Poor kind of work, to my mind!'

(To be continued.)



MISTAKEN AFFECTION.

THE following is a singular case of mistaken affection on the part of a chicken. A spaniel had nine puppies, and during the temporary absence of their mother her place was taken by one of the chickens from the yard. The chicken gathers the pups under her wings, and clucks to them with the same care as if they were her own brood; while the pups, conscious of the warmth given them, nestle

together in one happy family. The mother of the pups is equally anxious with the chicken about her little ones, and although the chicken will not suffer intrusion from the mother, the barking of the latter always brings assistance, when the chicken is removed and the dog allowed to suckle her young. As soon as the dog leaves her place is again taken by the chicken, and the same round of motherly care goes on.



“Flee for our lives!” the stag, affrighted, cried,
 “For hidden dangers lurk on every side!”
 And forth they fled far o’er the waste so wide.’

FOREST LORE.

FORESTS are generally composed of several sorts of trees, but sometimes they are made up of one particular kind. Thus, in Lapland you will find great forests of birch, without any underwood, and without the mixture of any other tree. Asia has forests of cocoa-nut; Norway has forests of pine; while

groves of date-palms grow in the oasis, or fertile parts, of Arabia. But, generally, English forests consist of some twelve or fifteen sorts of trees, with much underwood.

England was once nearly all forest. Much of it has disappeared, but much yet remains. The best wooded counties are Hereford, Warwick, Stafford, North-

ampton, Bucks, Sussex, Essex, Worcestershire, Oxford, Berks, Gloucestershire, Hants.

Cheshire has a great deal of hedge-row timber, while Surrey, Herts, and Derbyshire, are noted for coppice woods.

Scotland has some fine fir woods. The pines of Braemar are splendid fellows. In Ireland timber is rather scarce, though the island was once, most likely, covered with woods.

The Norway fir-trees sometimes grow to 160 feet. The forests of Germany cover nearly one third of the land. One oak forest in Westphalia is 32 miles by 20, and well stocked with famous pigs. Who has not heard of Westphalian hams?

France has hardly forests enough for her own wants, for she burns a great quantity of wood. Italy is not so rich in forest trees as she might be. Spain, too, is below the mark. Many of her noble forests have gone, and we are sorry to hear her cork-trees are dying out. Turkey has great forests of fruit-trees—yea, even of apricots! But Russia is the richest of all European countries in forests. In her three northern governments alone there are 216 million acres of fine trees. The forest of Volkonsky is the biggest in Europe. In these great wilds are found plenty of wolves and bears, elks and bisons.

Arabia has no forests, properly speaking; and the woods of Australia are few, and the trees of bad quality. India is well wooded; so is China, with valuable trees. Some of the Asiatic islands grow perfumed and coloured woods.

Certain parts of hot Africa, where it is moist and steamy, bear the richest possible forests; but it is the New World which bears away the palm. In the Russian territory of North America pines grow 300 feet, and cypress-trees are found eight feet in diameter.

The Canadian forests are immense, but the United States beat Canada, and possibly whip the world for the variety, vigorous growth, and size of their trees. The United States boast of forty different sorts of oak; some being evergreen. There are whole forests of red and white mulberry-trees in Florida. Yucatan has mahogany, and California her tree-kings, which were discovered in 1852 by a hunter named Dowd. He wounded a bear, and followed the animal till he came to the big trees. He was so astounded that he forgot the bear, and went back to tell his mates. They laughed at his story, but he induced them to go and see, and they saw and were amazed.

About 200 miles east of San Francisco is a grove of these big trees. Here is 'Abraham Lincoln,' 320 feet high. Here is the 'Mother of the Forest,' 327 feet high. Her very bark is two feet thick, and her diameter at the bottom, thirty feet.

Near to the mother is the 'Father of the Forest,' who fell, it may be, hundreds of years ago. There he lies, grand in his decay. His first branch was 200 feet from the earth, and it is believed he was 450 feet high. The age of these forest monarchs is very great. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Todd, in his interesting *Sunset Land*, 'before Rome was ever named, these trees were lifting up their heads.'

Chill has apples as big as a dumpling, and peaches a pound in weight. Some of the wood grown in

Guiana is too hard to be chiselled, whilst other sorts found there are too soft for anything but the fire.

Forests are not only useful for fruit, medicine, dyes, building, furniture, fuel, &c., but they diminish the temperature, and play an important part in furnishing the rivers with a never-failing supply of water. If all the forests of the earth were laid low to-day, every animal would perish of hunger, heat, and thirst.

In olden times, the lands belonging to the King of England consisted in great part of forests, or wooded tracts, in which bucks or does, foxes, boars, hares, rabbits, pheasants, quails, partridges, and other sorts of game, were strictly preserved, for the purpose of affording the king the amusement of hunting. All other persons were forbidden to twang the bow in these wilds. The Norman kings increased the number of these hunting-grounds, and made the game laws more severe. It is said, William the Conqueror, 'who loved the red deer as if he were their father,' had 68 forests and 781 parks.

When King John signed Magna Charta, one of the provisions was that all the lands which had been turned into forest in his time should be at once changed again into their former state. And no additional forests were made afterwards, until that of Hampton Court in the days of Henry VIII.

The four principal forests of England were the New Forest, the Forests of Dean, Sherwood, and Windsor. Next to these came Epping, in Essex; Dartmoor, in Devonshire; Wychwood, in Oxfordshire; Rockingham in Northamptonshire; and Richmond, in Yorkshire.

One of the blunders of poor Charles I. was his attempt to revive the hateful forest laws. Large sums of money were drawn out of many people's pockets, as payment for their encroachments on the royal forests; though they who were fined, and their ancestors, had had peaceful possession of the lands for several hundreds of years.

So the Long Parliament, as it was called, passed an Act, by which no place was to be considered forest ground where a forest court had not been held for sixty years.

This Act did away with the old forest laws, and made the old forest officers, such as wardens, verderers, foresters, keepers, and bailiffs, as much a shadow as many parts of the old forests themselves, which are often fruitful fields of barley and turnips, while still retaining their time-honoured name. G. S. O.

A TERRIBLE ENEMY.

ONE of the most formidable dwellers in the great rivers of India is the alligator.

A lady in that country once sent a native lad to a friend at some little distance, with a letter, to which an immediate reply was needed. Being a trusted servant, some surprise and alarm was felt when hours passed and the boy never appeared.

Fearing some harm might have happened to him, his mistress sent a search-party out, who for some time could find no traces of the lad.

On a river-bank, however, they saw a dead alligator lying, with its jaws greatly distended; on examining it to discover the cause of so strange an

appearance, they found to their horror that it had devoured the missing boy, and endeavoured to swallow his head whole : this, however, it was unable to do, and it was suffocated in the attempt.

The lad's head was still covered by his turban, which, when removed, disclosed the answer to his mistress's letter, which he was faithfully bringing back.

It was supposed that he had been seized by the alligator when attempting to swim the river, since these huge reptiles are very clever in concealing themselves till their victim is well within reach, and then pouncing on their prey.

H. A. F.

HOLGER DANSKE. IN THE CASTLE OF KRONENBERG.

From a Danish Legend.

Holger Danske is a hero of the Danes, resembling the Frederic Barbarossa of Germany. He is said not to be dead, but to be asleep in a subterranean dungeon of the Castle of Kronenberg, where he waits to deliver Denmark in her greatest peril.

HERE stands an ancient castle
On Denmark's northern shore,
And Kronenberg that castle's name—
'Tis close by Elsinore.

There day by day the cannons
Roar from the castle wall;
And from the ships a loud salute
Re-echoes through the hall.

And in that ancient castle,
Far, far beneath the sod,
There lies a deep, dark dungeon,
That never mortal trod;

Save he who long hath slept there,
A hero good and bold,
Who served his country faithfully
In troublous times of old.

Right well-beloved of Denmark,
And wide-world is his fame;
A strong and stalwart warrior,
And Holger Danske his name.

He sees a faithful picture
Of Denmark's weal and woe:
Her loss, her gain, her conquest,
Does this brave warrior know.

And every year he waketh,
And smiles, and nods his head,
And saith, 'Ye Danes, remember,
I come in hour of dread.'

But though full many a danger
May threat his ancient home;
Though Danish men in terror
May hope that he will come;

Not till the last great danger
Shall come before his eyes,
When every Dane despaireth,
Shall Holger Danske arise.

While daily yet the cannons
Roar from the castle wall,
While daily yet the loud salute
Re-echoes through the hall,

Must Holger Danske sleep peacefully
Till other sound he hear;
Till other cannon roaring
Proclaim the danger near.

Then, from his sleep awaking,
His country he shall save,
And, faithful to his promise,
Its enemies enslave.

L. W. O.



WILLIAM HUTTON.

WILLIAM HUTTON, author of *The History of Birmingham*, and several other interesting works, was a self-taught genius. His life, written by himself in his seventy-fifth year, proves how indomitable energy and application can overcome the disadvantage of the most neglected youth and adverse circumstances. He was born in the town of Derby in the year 1723, and was the second son of a journeyman woolcomber. Hutton's father was given to drinking, and so his poor wife and children suffered much distress. William relates that at one time he fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and even then dined upon flour and water only boiled into a hasty pudding.

The only education he ever received was during his fifth and sixth years. At seven years old his days of toil began. He was sent to work at a silk-mill, and had to rise at five every morning and associate with rude and rough companions. During seven long years this drudgery continued, and terminated in his fourteenth year, after which he was bound for seven years more to his uncle, who was a stocking-weaver at Nottingham.

On one occasion he failed to complete a piece of work given him to do and received a flogging. Stung with the disgrace, and unable to endure the sneers of his comrades, he fled, taking his clothes with him in a bundle and two shillings in his pocket, and went towards Birmingham, where he arrived in great distress, little thinking that nine years later he should be a resident there, and after the lapse of more than thirty years should write its history. On the evening of his arrival he thus describes himself: 'I sat to rest upon the north side of the old cross, near Philip Street, the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which twenty-seven years after I should be overseer. I sat under that roof a silent, oppressed object, where thirty-one years after I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind angel comfort me with the distant prospect?'

This remarkable man died in 1815, at the great age of ninety-two. His daughter, speaking of him, says, 'The predominant feature in my father's character was his love of peace;' and she sums up his character by saying, 'He was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can effect.'



William Hutton's first visit to Birmingham.



The Indian refusing to take General Smith's hand.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

(Continued from page 211.)



HE General wished to go up the hill, but the interpreter begged him not to do so, and then rode to the bottom and called out, 'How?' Then a chief replied, 'How?'

General Smith.—Come down, I want to talk.

Chief.—Who are you, and what do you want to talk about?

General Smith.—I am the chief of the fort, and want to see you.

Three Indians then advanced, and came slowly down the hill to where General Smith and Boyer were. When the chief, who was in his war paint, came up, General Smith held out his hand; but the chief refused to take it, saying, 'My brother was killed over there at Phil. Kearney massacre, and I swore never again to shake hands with a white man.'

General Smith.—Who are you, and who are those Indians on the hill?

Chief.—I am a chief, and the warriors are part of Red Cloud's band. Here is his son (at the same time pointing to a young man who sat on a pony by his side).

General Smith.—What have you come here for?

Chief.—We have been on the Laramie road, fighting the Snakes.

General Smith.—You were expected at the big talk at Laramie by the Peace Commissioners.

Chief.—I was there, and they promised that this country should be abandoned by your troops in two months. The two months are up, you are still here, and I see no sign of your moving.

General Smith (sharply).—We have made some preparations to go, and will leave as soon as all is in readiness; but if your warriors commit depredations, or kill any more white men, we will not go at all, but stay here, kill you, and drive off your game.

Chief (not noticing this threat). I want you to give me something to eat for my young men, and I will go over there and camp on the creek to-night.

General Smith.—I have nothing to give you, but I want to warn you to restrain your warriors from committing any depredations around here.

At this stage of the interview, a company of cavalry, which General Smith had ordered to saddle up and stand ready for any emergency, was seen filing out of the gates of the post, and as soon as the Indians caught sight of the troops they whipped up their ponies and did not stop till out of sight.

General Smith was very much provoked at this interruption, by a stupid officer coming out when he had no business to do so,—and the impression of treachery on his part made on the minds of the Indians caused them to refuse to come back again to have another talk with him. Near sunset, the Indians were seen crossing the plateau near the creek where the chief indicated he would camp. The evening gun fired as they crossed the stream, and the whole party

halted and took a good look at the fort. After a confab among themselves, they seemed to think some sort of defiance had been shown them, and a warrior, aiming his gun at the fort, fired. The ball struck on the parade-ground, but did no harm.

The Indians then went into camp, but went off next morning for Red Cloud's camp, which it is thought was not far off. General Smith soon after gave up the post, as ordered through from Washington; and in like manner Reno and C. F. Smith were abandoned, and the troops marched down to Fort Russell. The Indians did not attack the troops, but followed and stole stock where they could. No sooner were the forts abandoned than the Indians came in and set fire to the buildings, destroying property that cost the Government over half a million dollars. They did this lest the troops should come back and occupy them again. But the giving up of these posts gave the Indians a false idea of their power, and they thought the Government did it from fear.

Many of the Sioux now actually believe that their nation is more powerful than the United States, and Red Cloud a greater warrior than Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan. One of Red Cloud's party said: 'If you are so strong and have so many warriors, why did you not keep your forts on the Powder River? The delegation to Washington will go back and tell the people not how many men, women, and children they saw, as evidence of our power and greatness, but how many horses, soldiers, guns, and corn they saw.' For thus they estimate the power and glory of a nation.

Red Cloud won great glory among all the Indians on the plains by his skill in manœuvring in getting us to give up four hundred miles of rich territory, pulling down three forts, and retiring back to the Platte River. No chief since King Philip or Red Jacket has achieved such a feat and a reputation as Red Cloud.

On account of repeated acts of hostility on the part of the Sioux, the Government refused to trade with them at the posts, or have traders sent among them. They need powder and lead, &c., but it would be used to kill our people instead of game,—they allege it is needed, for now it is more scarce.

Red Cloud came into Laramie and Fetterman several times to get leave to trade, but at last he said 'he'd go to the Great Father at Washington, and not treat with understrappers, with whom he will in future have nothing to do.' About the middle of April he left his hunting-grounds, and on the 24th appeared on the north bank of Platte, opposite Fort Fetterman. With him were some warriors, squaws, and children. They marched down to the ferry in state, singing their song of welcome, and shouted across that they were in a hurry! They were halted there till next day, and the warriors allowed to come over unarmed.

Colonel Chambers, commanding, received them at head-quarters. A long smoke all round followed, and then Red Cloud rose up and in a loud voice invoked the countenance and favour of the Great Spirit on his mission, shook hands with all the officers present, and went up to the council-table to have a long talk, as he had come a long way, and wanted to trade.

He said: 'I have been treating with you since

1851, and no good has come of it. Our treaties do not last, and now I want to go and see the Great Father, and make a treaty that will last. Tell the Great Father I am here and desire to see him, and take fifty of my people with me to see him. I will wait for his reply at my camp beyond the river.'

Colonel Chambers said he would '*blow the Great Father a message on his hollow wire*, and repeat all the chief had said to him,' which quite pleased Red Cloud. He said: 'I have waited for the soldiers to leave my country, and I want things settled.'

The Colonel intimated that the Father was at that time very far away in the East, and it might be many 'sleeps' before he could hear from him, and as soon as the Father blew back words by the telegraph, he would send to the chief's camp to let him know. He then asked to trade, and was allowed to buy tobacco and flour for robes left with the commissary, but nothing else.

He then spoke of his prisoner, John Richaud, and his wish to take him to Washington for a pardon. Also, that Richaud had some property in the fort locked up, which he wanted a chief to take care of. Colonel C. said he would not do that without orders from his chief (General Angur) at Omaha. This was satisfactory, and the chief sat down.

Speeches then were made by Man-afraid-of-his-Horses and Red Horse, and the council broke up.

Soon as it was known at Washington, and a consultation was had with General Sherman and Secretary-of-War Bellnap, the President sent word that he would be glad to see the chief, and would send a guide to show him the way to the Great Father's wigwam. This message came the 12th May, and the Indians started on the 14th.

(To be continued.)

FONTHILL.

IN a pleasant part of Wiltshire is a park called Fonthill, which, with a fine old mansion inside it, belonged about a century ago to a certain Alderman Beckford, a very rich man, and one not easily moved by great losses. One day when he was in town it was said to him,—

'Mr. Beckford, your house at Fonthill is burnt down.'

The Alderman said nothing, but took out his notebook and began to write.

'Is it possible,' said a friend, 'that you can take a loss like that so easily?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Mr. Beckford: 'I am just calculating how much it will take to rebuild the house at Fonthill. I have got a sum of money to spare that will do. It won't make much difference when all I have is divided among my children.'

So the Abbey was rebuilt, and the Alderman died, leaving to his one son, a boy of about ten years old, an immense fortune. In about twelve years, after seeing many foreign lands, young Mr. Beckford came to reside at Fonthill, and there he spent the bulk of his father's earnings. His chief passion was building, but besides that he had many other occupations. He was an author, having written a strange book called *Fathek*; and he was fond of reading,

music, and the fine arts. But to build a grander house than any yet built was what Mr. Beckford chiefly aspired to. The towers of Fonthill must overtop Lincoln and Canterbury, and so the Alderman's comfortable house was cleared away to make room for a third mansion, to be built in the true Abbey style.

This was begun and carried out in a feverish hurry, and by workmen who were supplied with ale and brandy to such a degree that they often worked in a half-drunken state. In consequence of this unceasing activity night was turned into day in Fonthill park, and Sunday was no longer a day of rest. It must have been strange, indeed, to see those armies of workpeople plying hammers and axes by torchlight, often at a very great height above the ground. The great tower, which was first built of wood, to see how it would look, was four hundred feet in height, and when Mr. Beckford was satisfied with its appearance it was pulled down, and another reared like it, also of wood, but coated with plaster. This tower fell down, and a third tower was erected, not so high, but probably more massive, and of stone and brick. This also fell, but not till it had stood several years, and after Mr. Beckford had left Fonthill for ever.

Thus busied with his Abbey buildings, and with the society of a few friends, the owner of Fonthill lived for more than twenty years a strange sort of life. He disliked being stared at, and to hide himself and his doings from the curious passer-by he caused a very high wall to be built round his park. This wall was seven miles in length, and twelve feet from the ground to the top. To make it still more a barrier, he placed sharp iron spikes along the whole length of the wall. Within this jealous barrier was the beautiful and varied park of Fonthill, where a man might ride about and fancy himself almost anywhere. Now he was in some wild forest glade, and in the next minute he would be among well-kept lawns and flower-gardens, with the monster tower of his gigantic toy peeping down upon him over the trees. After a time the rich man grew wearied of his solitude. He found he had shut the world out too much. By-and-by he sold the Abbey and all its treasures to a Mr. Farquhar. Such was the desire of people to see Fonthill and its galleries, its pictures and its painted windows, its furniture and its grandeur, that more than 7000 paid a guinea each for the privilege at the time it was sold.

What a pity it was Mr. Beckford lavished his vast fortune in such a manner! Even the work he did was done badly. The third tower, built in childish haste, and by workmen often stupefied with drink, fell with a crash soon after Mr. Farquhar had bought the place, and destroyed a great part of the Abbey. Luckily, it had given plain signs of being in a shaky condition, and so the family had removed to a wing of the house which the nodding tower could not reach. As it is, Fonthill must ever remain a melancholy instance of a rich man's folly. With much that was kind and estimable in Mr. Beckford, we cannot praise him for the way in which he spent his money. However, Fonthill towers are a beacon, even in their ruin, to all young men who are lucky or unlucky enough to be born with an extra-double-gilt gold spoon in their mouths. G. S. O.



THE MONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT.

From the German of Otto Schmidt.

HO! I will crush this elephant!" said a monkey, and he dropped from a tree on to the elephant's back. But somehow or other he missed his footing, and rolled to the ground stunned. The elephant, meanwhile, quite unconscious of the monkey's presence, passed quietly on its way, and disappeared in the forest. Then the monkey, seeing when he came to himself that the elephant was gone, cried triumphantly,—

'Hurrah! I have crushed the unwieldy beast!'

So saying, he sprang back chattering into the trees, and to the end of his life boasted of the glorious achievement.

CARLO VITI.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 227.)

BALLS lived by himself, and, as far as the boys knew, always had done so. It was only to Brian, one day, that Balls said something very gruff and indistinct of a certain 'old gal as was a good 'un, and no mistake,' and 'a little kid as took after her uncommon.'

Brian could not quite catch all he said, or the meaning of it; but he hazarded the question, 'Gone away?'

Balls nodded, and pointed over his shoulder with the stem of his pipe; it might have been towards Saltgate, or it might have been to the blue sky, against which the green line of the cliffs stood out so sharply.



Brian pondered, and then again hazarded a word: 'Dead?'

Again Balls nodded, and, taking out his pipe, blew a mighty cloud before he answered, 'Both on 'em in one week.'

And that was how Brian knew of Balls' short domestic life, and of his wife and child.

It was to 'Balls' Glen,' as most of the Saltgate people called the place, that the four Bright boys

went that afternoon to see the rocket practice. The lifeboat was launched at Saltgate, and rowed round to the glen in fine style; and here a good many people had come to see the trial of the rocket apparatus for saving life at sea. The apparatus was kept at the coastguard station; and although the lifeboat men always said that it belonged by rights to them, they none of them knew very well how to manage it; and when it came to the point, they were

glad to fall back on the superior knowledge of the coastguards.

The three boys were of opinion that it was rather a pity to have fireworks in the middle of the day; but then they did not understand that the rockets were something more than an amusement, and the lifeboat than a bit of fun.

Perhaps it may be new and interesting to others besides Pat and Paddy to know, that these rockets are brighter with hope to shipwrecked men than their brothers at the Crystal Palace are with red and blue and yellow splendours to thousands of admiring beholders, and that they leave behind them something more than smoke and a smell of gunpowder when the brief brightness is gone, for they leave across the wreck a small, strong line, one end of which the rocket carried. The other end of this line is on shore, and fastened to a cable, and a rope which the shipwrecked crew haul to them by means of the line, across the stormy waves and surf which lie between them and the land. On this cable is slipped what is called the 'cradle,' a life-belt with a sort of canvas bag underneath, and one after another the shipwrecked party get into the cradle, and are hauled to land along the cable by their friends on shore.

Of course, at the rocket practice there were no shipwrecked men or stormy waves, for they only tried it from one side of Balls' Glen to the other, just to make sure that they could use it when it might be wanted.

Part of the men crossed to the other side of the glen above Balls' cottage, and acted the part of a shipwrecked crew, and Brian was glad to let Pat and Paddy join this party, under Balls' care, as they could not keep their hands off the rockets, and so it was safer to put the glen between them and temptation. Brian and Peter stayed behind, watching with interest the men laying the line and cable out on the grass in a zigzag, that they might run out without offering any check to their fiery leader.

Then the word was given, and the match applied to the big mortar, and the next minute, with a bang, and a whizz, and a flash, and a smoke, the rocket rushed through the air. The first one went wrong; they had not calculated right for the wind, so the rocket was carried too much up the glen, and the line fell in the middle. But the second time it was better aimed, and before the smoke cleared off Brian heard a shout from the other side, announcing that they had hold of the line, and there was the cable running away from the grass at his feet. Then the cradle was slipped on the cable and pulled across; and then, after a moment's delay for one of the shipwrecked party to get in, they began pulling it back again; Brian also lending a hand in the 'long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together.'

In the middle of the glen, just over the stream, the cradle was some forty feet above the ground—a giddy height to look down on, and needing a steady head to stand it, even though there was not really much danger with the strong rope and stout cradle. It was just at this point that the cradle stuck, and for a minute or two no effort could move it. Brian was quite taken up with pulling; but Peter, who had been trodden upon several times in his wish to help, and so had retreated to a respectful distance, had

eyes to inspect the cradle and its contents; and very large round eyes they became by degrees as he looked, and his mouth followed suit, and opened wide in surprise and alarm, till it suddenly closed to form the word—'Pat!'

Yes; in that shaking, swaying cradle, full forty feet above the stream and the rocky bottom of the glen, was Pat; and there he seemed likely to remain, for the cradle stuck fast. I do not know how he had persuaded Balls and his party to let him go. The coastguard men on the other side were very angry when they found it out, and used plenty of strong language, which was lost on Brian, who, after Peter's exclamation, became unconscious of everything but Pat and his danger. He cried,—

'Hold fast, Pat! hold fast! It's all right! We'll have you safe in a minute! Don't look down! Look at me, and hold fast!'

Pat's face was certainly paler than usual, and though he shouted back 'All right!' to Brian, it was rather a quivering shout, and unlike Pat's natural voice. Indeed he confessed afterwards to Paddy, in a moment of strict confidence, that 'he was in a blue funk and no mistake!'

It seemed hours to Brian before the cradle began to yield to the strong pull of the coastguards, and I dare say it was quite as long to Pat; and when at last he stood on *terra firma* none of the boys cared to see any more of the rocket practice, but they went off all together across the cliffs in silence, Brian holding Pat's arm tightly, with a look in his face that made Pat feel more of a culprit than any amount of scolding would have done.

'I'd rather he'd have given me a jolly good thrashing,' said Pat.

So they were all rather subdued and solemn when they reached Saltgate, and it was quite a relief to all their feelings when a cheerful sound greeted their ears from the Esplanade, and Paddy started off with a run, saying,—

'Come on! there's Punch and Judy!'

CHAPTER XVI.

IF any of my readers have never yet seen the tragedy of Punch and Judy all through from beginning to end, I advise them to take the first opportunity of doing so. From the first cheery sound of Punch's voice coming round the corner to the last awful interview with Mr. Hokey-Pokey, the wicked fellow takes our sympathies with him all the way. And so it happened that the three *p's* forgot the perils of the rocket practice, and Brian laughed again; and the little 'Spider,' catching sight of his friends, forsook his nurse and forgot his tea in order to stand enthralled, watching the progress of Punch's light-hearted wickedness.

Punch and Judy must either be seen all through or not at all. If you cannot stay it out, it is far wiser to walk sternly on the other side of the way, shutting your eyes to the form of the hapless baby flying into the street, and your ears to the thwacks of that short but effectual bludgeon with which Judy, Shallallah, and many other worthies are laid low, while Punch sings a gay, heartless dirge over the slain.

Little Duke's nurse had herself been weak enough to lend a sympathetic ear to Punch's plaintive lament—

ation at the approach of Judy's ghost, and she only bethought herself of her duty just before the gallows scene, where Punch, having successfully strung up the hangman to the beam of that somewhat short erection, makes merry once more over the coffin with the still surviving clown. 'Whatever would my lady say to see her darling, in his lace and velvet, standing open-mouthed amid all the ragged street children, gaping at Punch and Judy!'

And thus it came about that, in answer to the little Spider's invitation to 'Come in and see mother,' Brian saw with dismay the glass doors of the grand hotel close behind the disreputable figures of his three brothers. What could he do? he thought, painfully conscious of his own rough exterior, and little cheered by the information he gained from the waiter.

'Colonel and Lady Jane Wilmott, sir. The young gent is their little boy. Perhaps you'd like to walk up, sir? I think the other young gents went with him.'

Yes; even the bland waiter recognised the three tattered and splashed little urchins as 'young gents,' after all; and Brian, too, in spite of his shabby boots and gloveless, sunburnt hands, and rough, sea-stained clothes. And pretty Lady Jane naturally recognised the same fact still more rapidly, and made her guests welcome in a graceful way of her own, that set them all at ease at once. Even Honor began to think less of dirty boots swinging dangerously near to satin and gilded chairs, and brown, tar-blackened fingers turning over elegant books and fingering costly toys, than of the bright, honest young faces, and frank, easy bearing, and that nameless something about all the children—the hall-mark which stamps the true silver be it never so ill-kept, and separates it from the most highly-polished electro in the world.

It was, nevertheless, rather mortifying to Honor to remember how she herself had failed in a like discernment in the case of little Duke. 'How was it,' she wondered, 'that she had not seen at a glance where the child got those soft dark eyes, and little sensitive mouth?' Every dainty, expensive detail of his dress, now spoke plainly enough of the adoring young mother, and seemed to the girl's partial eyes to be the perfection of taste and refinement.

'Ah, I knew you would be delighted with him!' Lady Jane said; 'and I am delighted too—as I knew I should be—with your little ones, Honor. Indeed, you must let me call you so, please; it is such a pretty, quaint name. And so this is the good brother Brian, who takes such care of you all? Fancy my actually catching you all together, like this! We shall have quite a famous tea-party! I have a good mind to keep you all to dinner, and introduce you to my husband.'

This, however, was quite out of the question, as dinner was not till eight o'clock; so Lady Jane had to content herself with an elegant tea-table, spread with the daintiest china and silver; and little Duke was charmed to hand round dangerously fragile cups, and ply his hungry guests with fruit and all sorts of wonderful cakes and preserves; while Brian sat on thorns, expecting a smash every moment, and wishing his crew all safe back to willow-pattern and bread and treacle.

'Cannot some of you come with us on Thursday?'

Lady Jane said to Honor, as they rose to take leave. 'It is my little man's birthday, and that is a grand day always—is it not, Duke? He will actually be nine years old, and we generally have a little party for him at home. We have never missed it once since he was born: the Colonel has a dinner for the tenants, and Duke and I look after the village children on the lawn, and we have some fireworks in the evening. I don't know what they will say to us for being away this year; but we must try and amuse ourselves in some way, and keep it properly when we get home. Duke and I were planning a picnic to Scarsbrook. We could take our luncheon and start early, and perhaps you and I could do a little sketching. The old keep and gateway would be charming.'

Duke clapped his hands with delight, and Honor glowed with pleasure, while she looked anxiously to Brian.

'I'm sure it's very kind of you,' he said. 'I know Honor would like it very much; but I am afraid I could not very well leave the children, you see, and—'

'Oh, but they'll come—won't they, mother?' exclaimed Duke, eagerly. 'Pat, and Paddy, and Peter, and Molly, and Nora: you see I know all the names! There will be lots of room in the break, and there is your pony-carriage, too!'

(To be continued.)

HEARING OF DOGS.

THE question has sometimes been raised, 'Do dogs understand remarks made about them in conversation?' I think that some, at least, certainly do. I had once an English terrier, called 'Frisk,' whose eye was accidentally injured. I remarked to my brother that I intended to call in the veterinary surgeon. The dog, which was lying before the fire, shortly after got up and left the room. The surgeon arrived, but nowhere could his canine patient be found. I called repeatedly without avail, and at last, after a long search, I found him hid under one of the sofas; and even then he had to be carried to the surgeon, for whom he showed every mark of dislike, and would scarcely allow himself to be touched.

A friend of mine has two small English terriers. He is in the habit of washing them now and then, and they much dislike the operation. If, on the appointed morning, he happens to make the most casual remark with reference to his intentions, his dogs disappear for the rest of the day. I knew a dog which had rather an unusual method of frightening beggars. If its master saw a disreputable-looking character coming in at the gate, he would say—'Tiff, go and make a face at that man.' Instantly 'Tiff' would dash off, and on coming within a few yards of the beggar would throw himself down at full length, turn up his lips so as to show his teeth, and roll up the whites of his eyes. It is needless to say that this exhibition had always the desired effect. His master also used him for frightening the pigs when crying for their dinner; he assured me that a glimpse of 'Tiff's' face was always quite sufficient for that purpose.

R. W. R.



"Tiff" frightening the Pigs.



Brian was on the box-seat with Colonel Wilmott.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 239.)



It was impossible to withstand Duke's coaxing, and Lady Jane laughingly declared that 'Duke always had his own way in everything on his birthday, so there was no more to be said;' and the young Brights returned to Seaview Terrace in a tumult of delighted expectancy.

Brian was rather silent and anxious; while Honor, for once in a way, turned her thoughts to practical matters.

'It is a good thing Molly and Nora have some clean frocks,' she said; 'but whatever shall we do about the boys, Brian? They have not a decent jacket between them, except their Sunday ones, and they don't seem exactly the thing for a picnic. And then there are their boots, and Peter must have some new socks and a tie.'

'I wish we were not going,' Brian said, wearily. 'I'm sure it is bad enough, the way we go on spending money. I do think we eat more and more meat every week, Honor; and I'm sure they ought not to want new rigs-out already, when we have not been here a fortnight.'

'Yes; but father would not like them to go untidy, and it must be good for them to be with nice people, instead of always running wild with boatmen and donkey-boys. Isn't Lady Jane a dear, Brian?'

Brian was, however, in no mood for enthusiasm just now, and Honor began to fear that the picnic would be given up after all. Indeed, it was very nearly so when he found Mrs. Hopkins' weekly account and the butcher's bill awaiting his return, and I don't know what might have followed if Peter's fat arms had not suddenly been flung round Brian's neck, and a round cheek pressed against his own.

'You'll let us go Brian, won't you? we'll all be so good!'

The result of this and other wheedling of a like kind was a solemn procession, next morning, to the nearest hosier's shop, where the three p's sat stuck up very stiffly on three very high chairs, while Brian surveyed gloves, and collars, and socks. What with the difficulty of stuffing Peter's fat fingers into any sufficiently short gloves, and fitting any properly-shaped collar on Pat's scraggy neck, and persuading Paddy's crisp brown curls to keep a tidy straw hat on them for two minutes together, Brian's task was no light one, and they all returned to dinner in rather a melancholy state of mind, more than half wishing Thursday were over, or that there were no such things as show-castles and picnics with smart folk.

CHAPTER XVII.

At that period the subject of the weather became a matter of much importance to the Bright family.

Pat was always tapping at Mrs. Hopkins' barometer, which was old and amiable, and had stood at 'Set fair' for many a day of storm and sunshine.

Molly squeezed the ribbon seaweed that hung on her bedroom door, and actually cried because she found it decidedly moist; which was to be accounted for by Paddy having dipped it into the water-jug when she was not looking.

Peter got hold of the Gothic residence which stood in the middle of Mrs. Hopkins' shelf, with a soldier or sailor appearing at the two doors, according as the weather was fine or wet; and he tied a string round it, so as to prevent that ill-omened blue-jacket from making his appearance to throw a damp on the picnic.

As to the cat, a dignified black person, who had frequent misunderstandings with Don, Nora and Paddy interfered constantly with her toilet, for fear of her washing over her left ear—which, I need not tell you is a sure and certain sign of rain.

Such minor matters as the sky and clouds, and the moon, and the colours of the sunset, also came in for their share of observation; and Peter consulted Brian as to whether it would be very wrong to add a petition to his other prayers, that it might be fine on Duke's birthday.

However, all these fears and anxieties were set at rest when Thursday morning arrived, and the sun rose in a perfectly cloudless sky, smiling down on a sparkling sea that was rippling with laughter at the whispered joke of a fresh little breeze.

'If we had had the making of the day for Duke's birthday,' said Peter, solemnly, 'we couldn't have made a better.'

'Nor one half as good,' said Pat.

Dressing was a serious matter that morning, and breakfast, too; and after breakfast there was still a full hour and a half before it was any use starting for the 'Victoria Hotel,' and that was allowing twenty minutes for the walk down the Esplanade, which usually took five minutes at the most.

Pat suggested after breakfast that he and Paddy should just run round and see if they were beginning to put the horses into the break. But Honor altogether objected, on the ground of the bad effect it would have for the guests to be hanging about the hotel so long before they were expected; and Brian also objected, on the ground of possible damage to well-brushed jackets and spotless collars if they were out of his sight for a moment. So there was no help for it but patience; and the boys sat up in their new straw hats and gloves, and watched the hands of the clock, regretting very much that Lady Jane had not appointed an earlier hour than ten for the start, and imagining all sorts of disasters that might even now put an end to their expedition: that Duke had got the measles; that Lady Jane was ill; that the 'Victoria Hotel' had been burnt down in the night; or that all the horses in the stables had gone lame.

But at last the hands of the clock crawled round to twenty minutes to ten, and Brian took a last review of his troops, which was satisfactory on the whole, and gave a few final injunctions as to behaviour during the day, and then he gave the order to march. Before the word was well out of his mouth the children were off and away, leaving one of Paddy's gloves under the table and Molly's pocket-handkerchief in the passage.

'Stop!' shouted Brian; but it was too late, they

were out of hearing, and, with a resigned glance at Honor, Brian prepared to follow them.

'Did you ever see such children?' Honor said.

'Never mind, Honor Bright! it will work off some of the steam! I do believe they would have burst if they had sat there much longer! Ah, you'd better have done what I said, and gone with Lady Jane, and left me and the rabble at home! They will spoil all your pleasure!'

But Honor slipped her hand under Brian's arm as they walked soberly along in front of the Marina.

'No, Brian,' she said; 'I'm not such a horrid, selfish wretch as that, to go off and enjoy myself all alone!'

When they reached the 'Victoria Hotel' they found the children in the seventh heaven of happiness; for where else can you find such perfect bliss, when you are under fourteen, as at the top of a coach?

The break was under repair, and so it had been replaced by the coach that runs to Millbury and back every Wednesday and Saturday. It was painted bright yellow, and, as Pat remarked, 'There was room for everything inside and everybody outside.' Colonel Wilmott was going to drive, and there were four spanking bays harnessed in, which appeared to the boys wonders of beauty and spirit; though the Colonel spoke of them to Brian as 'poor screws!'

Duke ran to meet Brian and Honor as they drew near the hotel, the prettiest little Highlander in the world, with a kilt of Stuart tartan, and a plaid of the same fastened on the shoulder with a large cairngorm set in silver. He had a silver-mounted sporran, and the jolliest little dirk you can imagine, and big silver buckles on his shoes, and a little bonnet with an eagle's plume in it mounted on his fair curls. His face was a regular birthday face, too; and as he led Brian and Honor in, holding a hand of each, he had all the manner of a young prince who was master of the whole world.

The picnic party was gathered in the hall, and Honor felt suddenly shy, and awkward, and childish, when she found three fashionably-dressed young ladies, at whose costume she glanced nervously, comparing it with her own, which all at once appeared unsatisfactory. There were also two gentlemen, who looked at Brian and Honor through their eye-glasses, and made her feel hot and angry, while Brian longed to be back pig-minding in the potato-patch.

But in a minute more Honor's ruffled feathers were smooth again, for Lady Jane had come forward and taken both her hands, with sweet words of greeting; and then, still holding her hand, introduced her to the rest of the party; adding, with a smile,—

'And you must know, young ladies, that Honor and I are going on business as well as pleasure, for while you are amusing yourselves we are going to do wonders in sketching.'

And then she carried off Honor to her room to inspect her sketching materials, which were luxurious beyond Honor's wildest imaginings.

As they came down again to the hall Lady Jane was drawing on a pair of dainty driving-gloves, and she said to Honor,—

'I am going to take you with me in my pony-carriage, if you don't mind giving up all the fun on the coach and jogging along quietly with an old dowager?'

Honor only answered with a radiant look. What could surpass the delight of driving with Lady Jane in that perfect little pony-carriage, with the pretty pair of cream-coloured ponies trotting away briskly in front, with their silver bells jingling as they went?

The coach started first, with the waiters hard at work up to the last moment packing hampers and baskets into the coach, and the man in the scarlet coat behind blowing a long blast on the bugle-horn, which brought every one to their windows as the coach passed along High Street, and made the street-boys shout 'Hurrah!' and wave their hats in a manner delightful to behold.

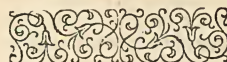
Brian was on the box-seat by Colonel Wilmott, and just behind were Duke and Peter, in a safe central position, with Pat one side and Molly the other, and then two grown-up people at the ends, to prevent any accidents. Nora and Paddy were behind—Paddy having chosen that position with a view to the horn, which he had designs on if he could get on the blind side of the man with the scarlet coat. Paddy was much gratified at meeting the bathing-machine boy in High Street, and he shouted out, 'Joe, hullo there!' in a very friendly manner, which caused one of the eye-glassed gentlemen to look at him in languid surprise. But what cared Paddy?

A flick of the long whip at the near leader and off they go! past the old church and the market-place, and up the hill to the turnpike, and then out on the Scarsbrook road, where the houses get fewer, and smaller, and with longer names—Montpellier Villa, Belvidere House, and such-like. And then began the washerwomen's houses and the market-gardeners', and in another minute they were clear out into the country, with cows looking up from the rich pastures with mild eyes at the noisy crew who went by with such a dust and clatter, and sunburnt reapers, stopping in their work and wiping their hot foreheads as they stared.

Up hill, down dale, dusty hedges, turnpike gates, pretty villages with rose-covered cottages, and picturesque churches; troops of indignant ducks, who flew flapping and quacking from under the horses' feet; obstinate pigs, who provoked a good smack from the Colonel's whip by their impudent faces and tight, shiny bodies; a traction-engine, which offended the horses not a little, and made Colonel Wilmott glance back along the road to see if Lady Jane were in sight, and wonder how her ponies would like it.

These were some of the incidents of the road, with fun, and laughter, and chatter, all the time, and baskets of fruit and bags of sugar-plums circulating constantly to beguile the way, and to throw to the children when they passed through a village. It was quite a surprise to all the party when, not a mile away, they saw, rising through the trees on a hill, a grey, stately-looking building, which Colonel Wilmott pointed out as Scarsbrook Castle.

(To be continued.)





ABOUT DONKEYS.

NOW-A-DAYS we have got the habit of speaking with contempt of this useful but much-abused animal, yet it was far differently mentioned by ancient writers; the patriarchs and prophets of old had them for companions in their long journeys, and the ass figures in the records of the wealth of kings.

Princes do not glory now in having thousands of asses, costermongers and market-women are most frequently their owners, and many call the donkey a stupid animal. Is it fair to him? and ought we not rather to remember his patient labour and constant service?

I heard an anecdote once which showed me that the ass is not so dull and senseless as we say.

A long time ago, a family in the country bought a young ass for three shillings and sixpence, and being no larger than a lamb he became a pet, and was even permitted at times indoors. However, as he grew

older Neddy showed such an appetite for bread and butter, pies, apples, and everything which he could find on the larder shelves, that it was necessary to banish him to the stable. Being carefully groomed and fed, the donkey grew up as handsome as he could be, nor did he ever show signs of sullenness. He was clever, too, and I can prove it to you. A team of horses, which had been turned loose after their day's work, went to the gate which led to their stable. Usually it was open, but upon this night it had been fastened by putting a wooden plug in a staple driven into the side-post. The horses pushed and pushed at the gate in vain. Suddenly Neddy appeared on the scene, walked to the gate, took out the wooden plug with his teeth, and threw it open for his friends with a triumphant 'hee-haw.' The stupid donkey was for once wiser than the intelligent horse!



Natural Scenes.—No. II. A Bay.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. II.—A BAY.



THE wisdom and foresight of the Almighty are very apparent in the shape which the coast lines of continents and islands assume. Bold capes lift their storm-beaten heads on high as landmarks to the sailor, and each pleasant bay seems to open wide its arms and offer him a welcome. The bay is Nature's harbour—the headland her breakwater. Some bays, however, are vast and stormy, owing to their peculiar shape. This is peculiarly the case with the celebrated Bay of Biscay, one of the most unquiet seas known to commerce. The map of the world will show you more bays than you will care to number or remember—bays of all sorts, sizes, and shapes; bays crowded with sail, and icebound bays where ship has never been.

Every bay has a history of its own—its thrilling stories, which fathers tell and tell again to their children on stormy nights—tales of shipwreck and daring rescue, or, it may be, stories of pirate or invader landing and wasting the undefenced fishing villages; or, perhaps, some stubborn sea-fight has taken place within sight of the land. It was into the Bay of Cadiz that the English fleet moved in two stately lines, led by Admirals Nelson and Collingwood, towards the combined fleets of France and Spain. The sails of the enemy were brightened by the morning rays of the October sun, and the beauty and splendour of the scene caused the English sailors to say, 'What a fine sight yonder ships will make at Spithead!' That Bay of Cadiz was ere long a scene of desperate bravery and destructive carnage. Nearly seventeen hundred English sailors were killed or wounded, and how many Frenchmen and Spaniards lost their lives and their limbs we know not. Amid the firing of more than five thousand great guns the greatest hero of modern times breathed his last. Just before Nelson's death, the captain of his ship, whose name was Hardy, came down into the midshipmen's berth, where the wounded Admiral was lying. After Hardy had taken the dying hero by the hand, and had told him that the English fleet was victorious, Nelson expressed his thankfulness, and, like a child going to sleep, said, 'Kiss me, Hardy.' Hardy, with a bursting heart, knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.'

But glorious as was Trafalgar, it was a glory full of horrors. Let us hasten to a more peaceful scene. Let us drop anchor in a bay not far from that great naval arsenal where Nelson's good old ship, the Victory, still shows her wooden walls.

The bay we are about to notice is a quiet spot, but no doubt it has had its stirring scenes in those times before Britannia ruled the waves. Formerly, the people in the Isle of Wight were obliged to keep a cannon in every village church, and the farmers had to draw the big gun out with their teams, and all the village folk learned to load, present, and fire!

On turning the point of Headon Hill you find yourself in Alum Bay—a bay worth seeing. It is called Alum Bay because alum is picked up on its shores. On one side it is bounded by lofty cliffs of a pearl-white colour; on the other side the cliffs are striped with red and yellow ochre, black flints, and white and grey sands. You may have seen little bottles in which these coloured sands are arranged in patterns. On the south side of this curious bay are the Needle Rocks, five in number, where the sea-fowl roost in vast flocks. These Needles are white with a black base, and streaked with black marks. It has been said 'thimbles' would better describe these rocks than 'needles.' There was, however, one, more than a hundred feet high, very slim and needle-like, which fell down about a century ago. It was the furthest from the island, and its base still forms a dangerous reef in tempestuous weather.

Italy has a bay which boasts something even more wonderful than Alum Bay can show. A wonder it is, which cannot always be seen, but only now and then. A certain monk, named Antonio Minasi, saw it three times. One morning, about sun-rise, he chanced to be standing on an eminence in the city of Reggio, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, when suddenly he saw in the blue water pillars without end, arches, castles, lofty towers, splendid palaces with balconies and windows, avenues of trees, plains with flocks and herds, and so forth. All these phantoms passed rapidly, one after another, along the surface of the sea, and then vanished.

When this strange and beautiful sight appears, which is but seldom, the people of Reggio run down to the shore, clapping their hands and shouting, 'Morgana! Morgana! Fata Morgana!'

It is supposed that this vision is caused by the air being greatly charged with electrical vapour, but no one has ever yet explained the cause of it, so as to satisfy those learned in such matters. G. S. O.

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

I AM going to write a poem!
Do you hear?
In the hope that you may like it,
Arty dear.
Now my story, as I heard it
From another,
And have told it very often
To your brother:—
Once there lived a pretty squirrel
In a wood,
Filled with spreading oaks and beech-trees,
Full of food.
There was everything he wanted,
You would think—
Stores of beech-nuts and of acorns;
And to drink,
There was water from the streamlet
Trickling by;
And his nest and frisky young ones
Safe on high.
Pleasantly he spent his life-time,
And in joy

Used to gambol 'mid the branches,
 Sport and toy;
 Till one eve he saw the sunset
 Rosy bright,
 Shining like a golden dreamland
 To his right,
 Shining forth behind a mountain,
 Whence he saw
 Glowing hues of gold and ruby
 From afar.
 Then his present life seemed to him
 Dull and tame,
 And a discontented squirrel
 He became.
 Thus he spake: 'I cannot longer
 This life bear,
 I shall leave this dreary woodland.'
 Do you stare?
 Well you may, my little reader,
 For he had
 Everything this life-time wants
 To make it glad—
 Food and frolic, home and young ones,
 Dearly loved:
 Till this vain and dreamy fancy
 Idly moved.
 So off he started one fine morning
 At the dawn,
 Leaving there his nest and young ones
 Quite forlorn;
 And in haste began to scramble
 Towards the west,
 Where he'd seen the dazzling sunset
 From his nest.
 Thus he travelled, travelled,
 All the morn,
 Through the mountain brier and thicket,
 Through the thorn;
 Till the storm-clouds gathered thickly
 Dark and dread.
 Flashed the lightning, rolled the thunder
 Overhead;
 Down the rain poured, mingled ever
 With the hail,
 Smeared his fur, with mud bespattered,
 Drenched his tail.
 Till he half began to wonder,
 'Am I right?
 Shall I ever reach the mountain
 Ere the night?
 I am tired now! I really
 Seem to wish
 I had never left the forest.
 Folly this!'
 But too late his cogitations,
 For, behold,
 High above him soared a falcon
 Fierce and bold.
 Down he swooped upon the squirrel!
 Clasped him tight!
 Bore him up, and ever upward;
 Dizzy height!
 Till the wood and rushing rivers
 Down below,
 Looked mere specks, with silver cording
 Running through.

Then the squirrel faintly murmured,
 Weeping sore,—
 'Ah! my children, I shall never
 See you more!
 Never see my home, my woodland!
 Woe is me,
 That so foolish, discontented,
 I should be!'
 While he spake, behold, a-rushing
 Through the air
 Comes an eagle, swift and cruel,
 From afar;
 Strikes the falcon, who to ward
 The foe's attack,
 Drops the squirrel! down he tumbles
 On his back;
 Down and down he whirls and hurtles
 Through the air;
 Losing sense, and thought, and feeling,
 Then and there!
 Till at length his fall's arrested
 By the trees,
 Where he lies confused and bleeding;
 Till the breeze,
 Fanning soft his aching forehead
 With its breath,
 Brought him back to life and reason,
 Back from death!
 Aching sore, and sorely puzzled,
 Opens his eyes!
 And—but wonder! can you think it?
 Glad surprise!
 Finds himself upon the summit
 Of the tree
 Where his nest is and his young ones!
 Can it be?
 Yes, in truth, once more he rested
 On the thorn
 Where his young he'd left behind him
 In the morn!
 Then, indeed, in joy and wonder
 Thus he said,—
 (Lucky squirrel! so to light
 Upon his bed):
 'Never thus again I'll wander
 From my home;
 Ne'er shall foolish fancies lead me
 Thus to roam:
 For "*It's not all gold that glitters*"
 In the sun;
 And you learn it when with follies
 You have done.'

This my story—do you like it,
 Arty dear?
 See the lesson that it teaches?
 Read it clear?
 Nay; I think you know the gist
 Of my romance,
 Understand it, comprehend it
 At a glance!
 But remember, oh! remember,
 To be brief,
 How the discontented squirrel
 Came to grief.
 ARTHUR P. MOORE.



The Discontented Squirrel. By HARRISON WEIR.



A Dog Highway Robber

A DOG HIGHWAY ROBBER.



N the autumn of 1817 a complaint was made at Hatton Garden Police Office, in London, by two ladies, who stated that they had been robbed in the following singular manner:—While walking near Battle Bridge (now called King's Cross), about six o'clock in the evening, a dog, all by itself, sprang suddenly from the roadside, and seizing hold of the reticule which one of the ladies held in her hand, forcibly snatched it from her, and turning off the road made his escape. A constable stated that a dog answering the same description had also robbed a poor woman of a bundle containing two shirts, some handkerchiefs, and other articles, with which he got clear off. Several other instances were mentioned of a similar kind, and the general conclusion was that the animal had been trained up to the business, and that his master was at no great distance to receive the plunder.

THE BOY-KING.

IT is sometimes pleasant in this matter-of-fact world to picture to ourselves how things looked in what are called the 'good old days,' when minstrels roamed from castle to castle singing of noble knights and fair maidens, and when there were no books, little learning, and much injustice and tyranny. Well, then, let us fancy ourselves in the thirteenth century. It is the 3rd of July, 1249, and a warm, sunny day, in the village of Scone.

Something very important is going to happen, I am sure, for look at all those people assembling round the old grey Abbey; in such excitement, too! What can it be? Perhaps there is a fair? No; at this time in Scotland the people are too wild and uncivilised for that: no one would think of *buying* cows and sheep, for what can be simpler than carrying off your neighbour's cattle if you are in need of them? And he, of course, will act on the same principle. Let us mingle with the crowd and we shall soon hear.

'Ah! *puir bairnie!*' says one old woman. 'But eight years old and all the cares of a kingdom to fall on him!'

'Aye, in truth, *Morag,*' rejoins another. 'Poor child! God bless him! 'Tis said, too, he has foes already; King Henry wishes little good to him.'

'Let the King of England come,' said a stalwart Highlander; 'but if he thinks to make our young king his prisoner he little knows the Scots.'

Now a whisper runs through the group—'He comes! he comes!' and through the centre of the crowd, which sways back on each side, ride first two heralds, clad in coats of mail, blowing trumpets and calling aloud in Gaelic: 'Room! room! room for Alexander of Scotland!' A little way behind comes, riding on a fine black horse, a little boy of eight years old. This child is to-day to be crowned Alexander the Third, King of all Scotland.

After the little prince are a number of bishops

and priests, clothed in white vestments; then all the nobles and knights of Scotland; and finally the crowd we have seen waiting round the Abbey door. The little prince dismounts, a knight holding his stirrup; and now the whole procession sweeps up the dimly-lighted aisle of Scone Abbey. Now the good old Bishop of St. Andrew's knights the noble child, girding him with his father's belt, and fixing spurs on his feet: for in those days it was not thought right to be a king without having been knighted. The old Bishop now takes the horn, in which is contained the sacred oil, and pours it out on the boy's head, on which he now places the crown of Scotland. A loud shout of joy bursts from all the people.

But the ceremony is not yet over. The old Bishop takes him now by the hand and leads him up to the coronation-stone of Scone, on which all the kings of Scotland sat when crowned, and which King Edward I. of England afterwards brought to Westminster Abbey, where it still remains. Over this stone is now thrown a splendid scarlet cloth, embroidered richly with gold. The little prince is placed on this, clothed in a purple mantle, and the sceptre of Scotland is put in his hand. Now all the great nobles of Scotland kneel around him, pay him homage, and swear to serve him. Is not the child, his face flushed and excited, and his dark eyes sparkling with delight, a pretty picture sitting there among all those grim warriors, over whom he was now made ruler?

As his vassals kneel around him, there suddenly comes forward from the crowd a venerable old man, with long silver hair; a scarlet mantle is flung round his shoulders, bent with the weight of years, and extending his withered hand towards the boy-king he traces his genealogy to Fergus, the first Scottish monarch. The whole ceremony now being ended, the long procession passes down the aisle again, amidst the shouts of the people.

This little prince grew up to be a wise and good sovereign, and was greatly beloved by the Scottish nation. When he was only thirteen he was married to the child-princess, little Margaret of England, daughter to Henry III., and the child-wedding was as pretty and curious as the scene we have witnessed. I dare say some of the readers of *Chatterbox* have read a famous ballad called *Hardy Knute*, which Sir Walter Scott said was 'the first he had learned and the last he could forget.'

The events on which that ballad is founded occurred in this reign, when Haco, king of Norway, was defeated by Alexander, in a terrible battle, at Largs, in 1263.

There is another fine old ballad, *Sir Patrick Spens*, belonging to this time; for the king having lost all his children, and his only heir being a little granddaughter, a child of the king of Norway, sent Sir Patrick 'to fetch her hame;' but the ship was wrecked, and Spens and all his crew were drowned.

Another famous Scotchman lived at this time. His name was Michael Scott. He was looked on as a magician in those dark ages, because of his great learning. Many absurd stories are told of him, and much will be found about him in Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. He is men-

tioned by the great Italian poet, Dante. He was skilled in all the sciences, and was learned in Arabic and the languages of the East.

Much might be said of the reign of Alexander III. It was a very prosperous period, for the king ruled wisely, and there was a good deal of trade carried on between Scotland, and Italy, and France. Alexander died young. His death was caused by his horse stumbling and falling with him over a cliff one dark night. The Scotch mourned much over their young king; and well they might, for after his death it was long before there was peace. Perhaps some of you would like to see a little bit out of Wynton's *Chronicle*, the earliest Scottish attempt at verse. It is about this king. It is difficult to understand, owing to the curious old words and strange spelling, but I think it shows how much the want of a good and wise ruler was felt by the poor Scotch:—

'Quhen Alysandyr oure kyng was dede
That (who) Scotland led (ruled) in luive and le (loyalty),
Away was sons (sounds) of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn (pleasure) and glee.
Our gold was changed into lede.
Chyrst, born into Virginitie,
Succour Scotland, and remede
That stad (which came) is in perplexitye.'

F. M.



THE NEW FOREST.

WILLIAM, called the Conqueror, was a gallant and able warrior, but he was a proud, selfish man. War was his calling, but sometimes peace would come, and then the Conquering King was obliged to fill up his idle hours with hunting. He was very fond of this pastime, and he had plenty of it; for there were forests and parks scattered all over England's broad breast, where he could hunt for ever. There was Sherwood, and the Forest of Dean; there was Epping, and Richmond, and many another. But, like Ahab, the king was not satisfied; he wished for a larger forest than any he had yet got, and one which should be near to his favourite city of Winchester.

When he had decided on his plans he seized a great part of Hampshire, a tract measuring ninety miles in circumference, and turned it into a wild wood. In doing this he pulled down thirty-six parish churches, and drove away all the villagers, without giving them anything for the damage done to their property. Some names still linger in the forest, such as 'Church Place,' and 'Church Moor,' which mark the sites of ancient houses of prayer, pulled down to gratify a haughty monarch's whim. Beside this act of wrong, William made some new wicked laws, by which he forbade men to hunt in any forests, and punished with the utmost severity those found so doing. The savage king loved the wild stag as if he were its father, and whoever killed one was to lose his eyes.

But God punished the selfish Conqueror. His second son, Richard, was gored to death by a stag in this very forest. Others say he was killed by a pestilent blast that crossed him while hunting there.

The people believed that the glades of the New Forest were haunted with spectres, and it was said, 'Thrice must the blood of the cruel Conqueror's family be poured out here.'

A son of William's eldest son, Robert, was killed whilst hunting, in May 1100, and men said he would not be the last of the Norman princes to die in the forest.

On the 1st of August in the same year, William Rufus slept at Malwood Keep, a hunting-lodge in the forest, attended by a train of knights, and accompanied by his brother Henry.

In the dead of night the Red King was troubled by an awful dream. He woke and shouted for lights. His servants hurried to his room with tapers, and found their master pale and trembling. Their presence calmed him, but he would not suffer them to leave his bedside until the morning.

Day came, and cheerful stir, and laughter, and eating and drinking. The king drank much wine, and was very merry. Just as he and his hunting party were leaving Malwood Keep a monk came up in the greatest haste, and earnestly requested to speak with the king on matters of the utmost importance. The monk had come from Gloucester, to tell the king how one of his brethren in the monastery had dreamed a dream, foretelling an awfully sudden death to him.

King Rufus laughed at the warning, and bade his treasurer give the monk some money. 'And,' said he, 'go, tell thy brother-shaveling to dream some better dream of us next time.'

All that August day the sport went well until the shadows began to lengthen. Just about sunset a hart came bounding between the king and his favourite companion, Sir Walter Tyrel, who had been hunting together with him all the day. They were some little distance from each other, hidden in the underwood. The king aimed an arrow at the hart, but as he was drawing his bow the string snapped. The hart, hearing the noise, stopped and peered about, as if he did not know what to do.

'Shoot, Walter!' cried the king; and the next moment Tyrel's arrow was in his bosom.

There lay the evil king, stone-dead in the forest. When Tyrel found what he had done, he fled to the coast without saying a word to any one, and embarked for Normandy.

It was not until late in the evening that a poor man, named Purkess, came to the place with his horse and cart. The body lay where one of the churches had stood. Finding a corpse, Purkess placed it in his cart, and carried it to Winchester. And there it lay, defiled with charcoal and blood, until the next day, when it was buried, none lamenting, in the Cathedral quire.

The year after a tower fell with a crash, and covered the Red King's grave with stones and dust. 'Ah!' said the people, shaking their heads, 'it is because they gave that impious man Christian burial. Surely God is angry, and so He hurled the tower down upon the bad king's grave.'

G. S. O.



The New Forest.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

A DORMOUSE crept out from his snug little hole—
 It was cosy and warm as could be;
 He took a short turn in the wintry sun
 (He was too drowsy, by far, to run),
 'Oh! it is cold! very cold!' said he;
 'My teeth fairly chatter; my feet, too, are wet;
 I think I will sleep for a month or so yet,
 At the foot of my dear old oak tree.'

Two little finches were perched on a bough,
 They were merry and blithe as could be;
 Said one to the other, 'If you'll be my mate,
 I will love you and work for you early and late:
 As is the fashion of birds in the Spring,
 You shall lay eggs, I will chirrup and sing,
 In this very delightful oak tree.'

'I am well pleased,' said the blushing young finch,
 'You have set your dear heart upon me;
 But it is not Spring yet,
 I should greatly regret
 Imprudent or hasty to be!'



Dormouse.

But Spring came at last, and with it the wedding.
There were just a few birds to see;
And the nest was made,
And the eggs were laid;
And all the day long
There was twitter or song
In that very delightful oak tree.

Then came the rain. There was soaking and
pouring,
Dripping and dropping, so drearily.
'I am wet through,' said a frolicsome lamb;
'I want an umbrella.' 'Nay, nay,' said her dam,
'My coat is as dry as dry can be;
Why don't you come and lie with me
In the excellent shelter of this oak tree?'

One day there came a most terrible storm,
And the lightning struck the tree;
The trunk was blackened, and all around
The leaves and splinters strewed the ground:
'Twas a piteous sight to see.

The dormouse is gone, but I do not know where;
The sweet little finches are fled;
The sheep get so wet,
They sigh with regret,
When they think of the tree that is dead.

And the children wander in search of shade,
They are panting and hot as can be;
'And oh!' they cry, 'for the days when we played,
The dear old days, when there always was shade,
At the foot of our spreading oak tree!' A*.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 243.)

CHAPTER XVIII.



N the Guide-book of Saltgate there is a long description of Scarsbrook Castle, with all sorts of interesting details, historical and architectural, giving an account of sieges and restorations, battles and conflagrations, royal captives and wicked governors, with dates and illustrations, and adding a short treatise on the geological formation of Scarsbrook Hill and the botany of the neighbourhood. I have not the book by me at present, or I would make a long extract; but I advise my young friends never to visit Scarsbrook without a guide-book, so that they may not fail to combine instruction with amusement.

I am sorry to say that, perfect as all the arrangements for the picnic were, this important thing had been forgotten, and nobody had put the guide-book in his pocket; and as Colonel Wilmott declined the services of a persistent old woman, who generally made visitors' lives a burden to them, by imparting information to them whether they would or no, the picnic party were quite thrown on their own resources. To most of the party the present was quite interesting enough. It was fun enough to climb the ruined steps to the ramparts: to explore the fine old keep; to wind up the worn, corkscrew stairs of the turrets, and peep through the narrow loopholes; to dive down into the mysterious, underground passages, and look into gloomy dungeons, where rusty chains lay on the damp stones; to scare the jackdaws out of the ivy, and to drop pebbles into the deep, dark well, and feed the swans in the moat with crumbs.

For those who needed more than this, imagination took the place of history, and filled the courtyard with the clank of armed men and the clomp of battle-horses; showed the glimmer of steel corslets and helmets on the battlements, and archers at the loopholes; painted a knight in shining armour, with his lady's token in his helmet, riding out under the grand old Norman gateway, while the portcullis creaked as it was lowered behind him, and his horse's feet made a dull clatter on the wooden drawbridge.

Honor could have dreamed all day there if she had been alone, and she made slow progress with her sketch. She and Lady Jane had settled themselves in the shadow of the gateway, where they got a charming view of the east window of the little chapel, still retaining some delicate tracery, while long, graceful bramble-sprays and tufts of fern did their best to hide the ravages of time and tourists. Out of the wall itself a sturdy young ash sapling had grown up, casting soft, changing shadows on the green turf where the altar had once stood. You could hardly have wished for a prettier subject for a sketch, and even Lady Jane made a pretty picture of it, though she had not half Honor's skill and talent. It rather interfered with the foreground of the sketch, luncheon being spread just outside the chapel, for salad-bowls

and dishes of cold fowl, though a pleasing sight, are not strictly picturesque.

The children espied the very first sign of luncheon from the top of the keep, and came pelting down the steep steps in very break-neck fashion, much to Lady Jane's alarm; and they all took a very active share in unpacking the hampers, though Colonel Wilmott advised its being left to the servants. However, Duke, incited thereto by Pat, said the great fun was doing everything themselves, and of course Duke's word was law.

So they all turned to, and Pat somehow assumed the direction of everything, as if he were the giver of the feast, and ordered every one about in fine style. It was not only the children, but the grown-up people as well; and there was Lady Jane turning out jellies in a masterly way, and Colonel Wilmott making the salad, assisted by one of the fashionable young ladies. It was wonderful how it took the starch out of every one. The Miss Wedgwoods turned up their long trains, and pulled off their *abricot* gloves, and fell to work with a will, dishing up under Pat's direction; and Captain Dawes let his eye-glass drop out of his eye without noticing it, he was so intent on slicing the cucumber; and Mr. Chalmer laid the cloth, with Molly's help, with great style and ceremony.

Of course a few mistakes were made, such as putting powdered sugar instead of salt to the cucumber, and Colonel Wilmott pouring salad-dressing over his greengage pie instead of custard; but this only made more fun.

And after lunch there was a really splendid game of hide-and-seek all over the castle, in which every one took part except Lady Jane and Honor; and I cannot think how any one could have called the Miss Wedgwoods stiff or stuck-up. They were certainly 'regular bricks of girls,' as Pat said; and he quite lost his heart to one of them, and, when he was hiding with her in the dungeon under the keep, he told her that he should not mind marrying her one of these days.

And she said, 'You must see what Captain Dawes says to that.'

And Pat burst out, 'Why, you don't mean to say that you are engaged to such a —'

'Duffer,' he was going to say, but Nellie Wedgwood put her soft hand over his mouth, and he kissed it instead.

He contemplated making a ferocious attack on Captain Dawes, and pushing him down the keep steps or into the well, and so putting an end to the engagement; but he came to the conclusion that, after all, he might see some one he liked better than Nellie Wedgwood, so he did not carry out his blood-thirsty intentions.

During the course of the game all the girls got their dresses torn more or less, and Pat's new straw hat went down the well, and had to be wound up in the bucket, and Duke's velvet cap was blown over the ramparts into the moat, and was not improved by the adventure. They were all very hot, moreover, and Lady Jane was trying to devise some quiet amusement to cool the children down when Paddy announced, from a perilous height at the top of the keep, that there was a circus, or wild-beast show, or

something, going on near the village of Scarsbrook, which lies about half a mile from the Castle. He could see a great, big tent and flags, and hear a drum.

'Oh, I say,' said the lively Pat, in spite of Brian's threatening look, 'what a lark! Let's go!'

Brian was painfully conscious of the very small sum of money in his pockets; but no such considerations affected Pat.

'If it's a circus,' he said, 'I know they'll let you in for a penny, if you don't mind sitting close to the ring! Some people don't like sitting there, in case the horses kick up, or tread on your toes; but it's a capital place for seeing! Never seen a circus, Duke? Oh, it is awfully jolly! far away better than Punch and Judy—though, of course, you see that for nothing if you dodge the woman when she hands round the tin cup! But at a circus there's all sorts of fun—horses, and performing dogs, and a clown, and jumping through hoops, and no end!'

Lady Jane looked rather anxious; but Pat had infected Duke with a wish to go, so what could be done?

'Come along!' said the Colonel; 'we may as well go if Master Birthday wishes it. Now then, Dawes, don't you sneak off with Miss Nellie, there! I won't let one of you off! I'll stand treat, and we will all go and see the fun!'

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a grand piece of good fortune which befell the managers of 'Minotti's Great International Hippodrome' that day, in the patronage of Colonel Wilmott and his party. For some time past all the blank walls round Scarsbrook had been adorned with bills bearing monster clowns' heads, and thrilling pictures of 'Dick Turpin's Ride to York,' together with notices of the 'world-renowned Kismet Ali and his inimitable company of Oriental Acrobats,' and 'Mr. Collie Poynter's extraordinary troupe of Performing Dogs,' and like attractions. Then there had been a grand procession in the morning, when 'Dick Turpin' drove ten piebald steeds single-handed through the town in front of the 'car of victory,' where Britannia jolted along, resplendent in tinsel and green and red calico, under a painted canopy, surrounded by four substantial nymphs in very short, pink, tarlatan petticoats.

But, unfortunately, Scarsbrook Fair had been only a few days before, and the Scarsbrook folk had spent their money, and somewhat quenched their thirst for excitement in the roundabouts, peep-shows, and Cheap Jacks of that festival, so that the circus tent filled slowly, and Kismet Ali began to look ferocious as the benches remained bare, and nothing but coppers clanked into the tin mug which was held by the woman at the door.

Altogether, matters within the arena were looking somewhat doleful. A boy with nuts and toffee found a few customers among the occupants of the inner penny circle; the orchestra, stationed in a waggon at one side, turned up disconsolately; while Britannia, having temporarily laid aside her helmet and other insignia of office in favour of a battered black bonnet and check shawl, held up a favoured infant to bang at the big drum with its tiny fists.

'Reserved seats, 2s. and 1s.; unreserved, 6d.' To an ordinary eye the presence or absence of certain pieces of red baize or green carpet, very partially covering the rough plank seats, marked all the difference between these places; and Professor Minotti had seldom seen the red baize of the two-shilling seats so satisfactorily concealed as it was this afternoon by the picnic party from the Castle.

The effect of the arrival was wonderful. The band struck up 'See the conquering hero comes!' Britannia hurried the baby into a corner, and hastened to equip for the tight-rope; while the Professor himself—a stout, red-faced man, in a tail coat and enormous white necktie—bustled about with a long whip in his hand, keeping up a smart flow of repartee with a sharp youth in the penny circle for the amusement of the grandees.

The party was not quite perfect, as Lady Jane (being quite sure of Duke's safety with his father) preferred finishing her sketch with Honor; while Captain Dawes and Nellie Wedgwood declared their intention to remain and help pack up the plates and dishes; a rather unnecessary piece of self-devotion considering the numerous servants employed, so that their share of the work resulted in what Pat called 'a sudden and mysterious disappearance of two best spoons.'

As for Mr. Chalmers, the boys agreed that no one could have guessed what a trump he would turn out after all; and the eye-glass did such good service in staring at the clown, that Peter nearly blinded himself with trying to make a halfpenny produce an equally impressive appearance.

All the children agreed that it was a splendid circus—even little Duke, who had been to a pantomime every Christmas since he could walk, and had seen Maskelyne and Cooke, and no end of other wonders, enjoyed himself vastly more sitting tilted up on those rickety planks, with Pat on one side and Paddy on the other, and Molly and Nora keeping up a shrill chorus of giggling behind, than he had ever done alone between father and mother on a softly-cushioned velvet stall, with no one to laugh with him.

I am sure I do not know what the children liked most—whether it was the fat cream-coloured horse with white eyelashes, who thudded patiently round and round, while lovely creatures in gauze and spangles pirouetted and jumped through hoops on its long-suffering back; or whether it was the tall piebald steed, who danced on his hind legs and picked up pocket-handkerchiefs at the bidding of the Professor's talented son, M. Eugene Minotti; or whether it was 'Joey,' Mr. Merriman's fat black pony, who stood square and stolid while that funny gentleman convulsed his audience by getting up behind and falling off the other side—it would be difficult to say.

Pat and Paddy were much engrossed by the surprising contortions of Kismet Ali and his comrades, who tied themselves up in knots, and hung on by their ears, and walked on their heads, in a most gratifying style; and Brian's life was rendered a burden to him for weeks afterwards by efforts to rival these accomplishments.

(To be continued.)



'The Picnic.



"Make hay while the sun shines."

**'MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN
SHINES.'**

THE farmer goes out to his work in the morn,
And gathers his men together;
Hark how their scythes ring while they merrily sing
In the bright sunshiny weather!
They work all day in the balmy hay, and know nought
of repining;

For they make no delays, but seize the fine days,
And make hay while the sun is shining,

And while we're at school we will follow their rule,
Nor the time of our youth be wasting,
But be hoarding a store of wisdom and lore,
And the pleasures of industry tasting.
We'll remember the day is passing away,
That when gone it's no use repining;
So we'll make no delays, but seize the fine days,
And make hay while the sun is shining.

**HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-
LEAVED SHAMROCK.**

(Continued from page 255.)



ON, too, had to suffer much from Molly's attempts to educate his fat, obstinate body and contrary disposition to the docility of Mr. Collie Poynter's highly-trained poodles, and he ran a narrow risk of being shaved, according to the eccentric fashion of those animals. Mr. Poynter's poodles were indeed wonders of education, and tottered about on their poor little frilled hind-legs, and whisked their little tufted tails, and jumped over sticks, and balanced biscuits on their short black noses, with a solemnity worthy of a better cause. Don could not see the joke at all; preferred walking on all-fours like a rational dog, and snapped at the stick and ate up the biscuits in a most commonplace sort of way; till Molly had to make a virtue of necessity, and declare that 'he shouldn't learn any horrid, stupid tricks—that he shouldn't!'

And while the children laughed over Mr. Merri-man's jokes, and shuddered at Dick Turpin's feats of daring, Honor sat with Lady Jane in the cool shadow of the old grey walls, pouring out a flood of confidences into her friend's sympathetic ear. How they had been all rich once—or, at least, quite well off—and how Brian was to go to Oxford and take high honours, because he was so clever and industrious; and she was to give her life to study painting, because mother had been an artist and father wished her to be the same. But now all was at an end,

because father had been robbed and cheated out of all his money, and Brian must give up his hopes, and she must relinquish all she most cared for and mind the children.

'Of course, it is holiday time now,' the girl said, 'so that one can have a little peace sometimes; and Brian is so good, and manages the children much better than I do: but when he is gone I must leave it all off, and learn to do housekeeping.'

'But what a pity that is!' Lady Jane said. 'I am sure you ought not to leave off drawing just now, when you are getting on so well; and you might be a great painter in time, you know. But then you must begin while you are young, and give your life to it, like all the best painters have done. Why, the Colonel and I know lots of R.A.'s and great people in that way in London. I always like to know clever people, and lady-artists especially. I could give you some good introductions, and you would have to study in London, and go abroad and see the great galleries in Rome, and Paris, and Florence. There was a girl we used to know, called Ida Schlegel—such a lovely girl, and so clever; if she had lived she would have been famous before now. She supported her old father entirely by her painting, and had the most charming studio of her own—quite a little gem in its way.'

Honor sighed at the picture of such bliss, and Lady Jane went on:—

'Old Lady Tufton, an aunt of my husband's, took her up when she was quite a child, and far worse off than you, Honor. Lady Tufton is such a dear old lady, and quite a patroness of geniuses. She used to take Ida abroad with her every winter, and it was wonderful to see how the child came out, like a flower in the sunshine.'

'But I have no Lady Tufton,' Honor said, mournfully. 'Some people are born with golden spoons in their mouths.'

Lady Jane smiled.

'You have not a Lady Tufton,' she said; 'but you have at least a friend in poor me, you little disconsolate Honor! Who knows, but that between us we may yet be able to hit upon some plan for you . . .'

' . . . They have to begin training when they are very young, you know; all the secret is beginning soon enough; and then they can jump over their own heads as easily as anything!'

It was the returning circus party, deep in the discussion of poodles. I suppose it must have been the curious mixture of ideas that caused Honor to dream that night that she was trying to jump over a ruler held by Lady Jane, with all the children tied on to her tail; while Brian was patiently balancing a piece of India-rubber on his nose, and won the prize after all!

CHAPTER XX.

It was curious to see the difference made in Duke by his acquaintance with the Bright family, and especially by the great friendship which sprang up between him and Pat. Though he was no bigger than Peter, and in some ways far more babyish, and though Paddy was nearer his age and Pat was three

years older, still it was Pat he took to from the first, and to Pat he stuck through thick and thin—though there was a good deal more of the thick than the thin in Pat's society, if thick may stand for teasing, mischief, and scrapes.

But, under Pat's skilful pilotage, Duke's little bark emerged from the quiet harbour of babyhood, where it had been kept too long, into the chopping sea of boyhood. Colonel Wilmott laughed at Lady Jane's nervous anxiety over her darling, and said that her one duckling was taking to the water, and that that broth of an Irish boy would lick him into shape for school life.

Lady Jane sometimes sighed for the peaceful old days when Duke was content to pace up and down the Esplanade, holding Sarah's hand, dressed like a wax doll in a baby-linen warehouse, or play quietly with expensive toys in her drawing-room, admired and caressed by lady visitors. Now all was changed: muddy boots and wet, torn clothes, were the order of the day; sunburnt cheeks, freckled nose, and hair all tangled and rough.

Sarah's feelings were beyond expression, and she gave warning three times in one week; for Duke declined her company out of doors altogether, and behaved 'so shameful' when she was curling his hair in the morning that Colonel Wilmott came in to see what was the matter in his shirt-sleeves, in the very middle of shaving, and threatened to cut off those curls there and then with his razor if there was any more row—which was exactly what Duke wished and Sarah dreaded.

You would scarcely have believed him to be the same little boy who came crying along the sands only a week or so before, and who said it was 'nice' to have his bare feet on the sand. *Nice* is such an entirely girl's word, and it was very soon supplanted by *jolly*. Duke was an apt pupil in schoolroom slang, and amazed Lady Jane by his extensive new vocabulary.

She was fain to confess, however, that he was all the better for the change; that the sunburnt cheeks were rounder and firmer, and the eyes on either side of the freckled nose brighter and clearer, and that the head under those tangled curls never ached or drooped, and that the step in those muddy boots was lighter and gayer, and the little spider body in those torn, wet clothes, more full of life and vigour than before; and she could hear his voice laughing and shouting on the beach as strong and loud as any of them.

It is a great epoch in a boy's life when he first has his head punched, and it is a great test of friendship if it survives that process when it takes place between two boys, and it certainly sealed the friendship between Pat and Duke. Pat, being three years older than Duke, would not willingly have done it, but would have left it to Paddy or Peter, if they had been at hand, as being more of Duke's size; but as they were not there, and justice demanded Duke's head to be operated on, Pat did it.

Duke was teasing the goat in one of the goat-chaises. The goat-chaises stood on the beach, not far from the 'Victoria Hotel,' close under the wall of the Esplanade, and the goat-chaise boys had left them to go off and play at marbles with the donkey-

boys. One of the goats was old, and rather feeble and tired, and Duke kept tempting it to get up, under pretence that he had something for it to eat, and then giving it a pebble. He had done it once before, and Sarah had treated it as a great joke; but Pat took a different view.

'None of that!' he said; 'leave the poor brute alone!'

And when Duke repeated the performance he jumped up, saying,—

'If you do it again I'll punch your head for you!'

Duke was not used to treatment of this kind, and did not understand that Pat always kept his word; so again the poor old goat staggered to her feet, only to be disappointed again; upon which Pat quickly and decisively boxed Duke's ears.

Duke stood a second aghast, and then flew at him like a young tiger-cat, nearly blinded with rage, striking out wildly in all directions. He did not hurt Pat, and Pat did not wish to hurt him, but just to hold him till he came to himself a bit; but in his struggles his foot slipped, and he fell down on his face, making his nose bleed and bruising his lip. If Lady Jane could have seen her boy then, I am afraid she would have set down Pat as a murderer, or something worse: but, luckily, they were out of sight, and Pat took Duke down to a pool among the rocks, and washed away the blood, and cleaned up the traces of the encounter from his clothes, and the boys parted greater friends than ever.

His swollen nose and cut lip could not be concealed from Lady Jane, more especially as Honor was to have begun her portrait of him that evening; but no questions could wring from Duke how it happened, and he only stuck to it that it was no fault of Pat's, and that was all he would say: but he never could be a baby again after that.

On the Wednesday following the picnic to Scarsbrook Castle, Balls had invited the boys—which term generally included Molly and Nora—to come to tea at his cottage, and inspect some of the caves in the cliffs, artificial and natural, which used to be made use of by the smugglers. It was a most charming idea, and much more interesting than 'that stupid old rocket-practice,' as Pat said: and he described all the delights to Duke, who listened with envious ears to all Pat's glowing accounts of what they were to do and see.

'I do wish I could go, too,' he said; and Pat blazed up at once with the idea.

'Why shouldn't you come along with us? I'm sure Balls would be awfully pleased to see you! Oh, I say, what a lark! Duke's coming with us on Wednesday, Brian!'

Brian looked doubtful.

'Do you think Lady Jane would like it?'

'Oh, bother Lady—! I mean,' said Pat, 'couldn't you come round her, Duke, somehow? Tell her Brian is going, and he'll look after you. Lobsters for tea, you know!—hot lobsters, just out of the sea! Oh, stunning!' said Pat, smacking his lips.

But Duke could not get Lady Jane to agree. It was the very day of Duke's battered face; and when such an accident had happened in Pat's company, however it might have occurred, it did not encourage her to entrust him to the same guardianship. So



Duke fell down on his face.

Lady Jane was firm, and promised that he should go out in Colonel Wilmott's yacht for the whole day instead.

Brian was much relieved at this decision. Honor, also, vexed Pat by declaring that if she were Lady Jane she would not let Duke come near him. Pat took the announcement very quietly, and Duke was quite disappointed at finding how little he seemed

to care about what was a severe disappointment to himself.

Lady Jane asked Honor to go with them on the yacht, and on Tuesday evening, after the rest had gone to bed, she and Brian went to the 'Victoria,' to find out what time she should be ready to start the next day.

(To be continued.)



Natural Scenes.—No. III. A Mountain.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. III.—A MOUNTAIN.



HERE is something very attractive in a mountain, and he must be a stupid boy who has no desire to climb one. But it is slow and tiring work sometimes—anything but child's play. However, let us throw legs aside, and as we sit by our own fire let us spread our thought-wings, and stand on a few of earth's peaks. Here is one, almost in the middle of France, a mountain shaped like the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and called Puy de Dôme. It is a green hill, towering up among its bare and rocky brethren, almost all of whom were once volcanoes. The villages about are built of lava, which in days gone by flowed down the mountain sides. Here the women suffer much from great swellings in their throats, which are sometimes as large as a child's head.

On the Puy de Dôme the great Blaise Pascal, 'one of the sublimest spirits in the world,' weighed the air.

A little hut used to stand on the mountain, and it was set on fire one night by some mischief-loving people; and the folks all around were in great fear, for they thought the Puy de Dôme was going to become a volcano.

From France to Ceylon by the nearest overland route would be a fatiguing journey, but we can stand on Adam's Peak in a twinkling. It is a holy mountain, called by the natives 'The Hill of the Holy Foot,' because on the top there is a stone with an impression like a gigantic foot, a foot more than five feet long. And the simple folk ascend the peak in crowds for the purpose of worshipping the holy foot, which they call Buddha's foot. Buddha left his footmark here when he strode across the ocean into Siam. The Arabs, knowing nothing of Buddha, changed the name, and called it Adam's foot. The ascent up the peak is very steep, and the path winds sometimes over bare, slippery rocks, where the traveller would be in great difficulties if it were not for strong irons fastened to the mountain side.

Stepping like Buddha across the Indian Ocean, we stand on a strange mountain, called by the peculiar name of Peter Botte. Peter Botte was a bold but unfortunate man, who climbed a very steep mountain in the Mauritius, and lost his life in doing it. As he came down he fell, and was killed, but lives in history by his achievement. This mountain is no great height, but it has a remarkable head, placed on a neck. The head, which is over thirty feet high, overhangs the neck, and therefore an ascent to the summit is a work of great hazard. Four adventurous Englishmen, who would not take warning by Peter Botte, managed one day to scramble to the very top, and there drink the king's health.

They slept on the neck, which is a ledge about six feet wide. At the edge is a most awful precipice. They kindled a fire, and had plenty of brandy (perhaps too much), and were well wrapped up in coats and shawls, yet they were too chilly to sleep. In the

morning they rose from their uncomfortable couch stiff and hungry, and after climbing once more to the head they made a hole in the rock, and there left a flagstaff with the old Union Jack fluttering merrily. You will be glad to hear they did not meet with the sad fate of poor Peter Botte.

The highest mountains in our globe are those which separate India from Thibet, and go by the name of the Himalayas. For a thousand miles there is a continuous line of mountain masses, eight miles in breadth: out of which no less than twenty-eight peaks soar up to the immense height of twenty thousand feet and more. If you would ascend one of those snowy pinnacles from the burning plains below you must first cross a most unhealthy border, twenty miles in width. It is, in fact, a swamp, caused by the waters overflowing the river banks. The soil of this swampy border is covered by a mass of trees, and grass, and shrubs, where the tiger, and the elephant, and other animals, find a secure retreat. If you can cross this girdle without falling a victim to fever or wild beasts, you will come to smiling valleys, romantic hill-sides, and noble forests. Still advancing onwards and upwards, you get among bolder and more rugged scenes. The sides of the glens are very steep, sometimes quite naked, and sometimes well wooded; and the traveller has to be content with three ropes for a bridge. The towns have to be perched as best they may. The streets are simply stairs cut out of the rock, and the houses rise in tiers one above another.

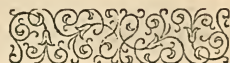
The pathways into Thibet among the Himalayas are generally mere tracks by the side of foaming torrents. Often as you advance every trace of the path is gone, being swept away by falling rocks and earth from above. Yet the love of gain and adventure laughs at dangers and hardships, and goods, placed on the backs of goats and sheep, are briskly carried to and fro. Sometimes, where it is impossible to walk along the mountain-side, posts are driven in, and branches of trees and earth are spread, so as to form a trembling foothold for the passenger.

In the Andes a mule is used, a very sure-footed beast. Often the wayfarer comes to a chasm, several feet wide, and ever so many hundreds of feet in depth. Across this the mule will leap, but not until he has taken every care to insure a safe jump.

'One day,' says Major Head, 'I went by the worst pass over the Cordillera mountains. The height above me seemed almost perpendicular, and beneath it sloped steeply down to a rapid torrent, raging far beneath. The path for seventy yards was only a few inches broad, and at one particular point it was washed clean away, while the stones thereabout were evidently loose. On one side the rock brushed my shoulder; my other leg overhung the precipice; above my head were loose stones, which it seemed the slightest touch would dislodge.'

After the Major and his party were safely over, he was told by the guide that, to his knowledge, four hundred mules had fallen at that terrible spot.

G. S. O.



JOHN BACON, THE SCULPTOR.



JOHN BACON, the son of a cloth-worker, was born in Southwark, London, in the year 1740. After receiving a good education he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Crispe, a manufacturer of china, in Lambeth, where he was employed in painting on porcelain. Closely and studiously observing the models furnished by various artists, he imbibed a strong liking for the art, in which he afterwards rose to so high a rank; and became so expert in modelling shepherds, shepherdesses, and other ornamental figures, that in less than two years all the work of the department was placed in his hands. His future career may thus be briefly told:—

Devoting himself with eager diligence to sculpture, Bacon's success was so rapid that when only eighteen years of age he gained a prize of ten guineas from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts for a small figure of 'Peace.' He also gained nine other prizes in succession. He invented an improved method of copying clay models in stone; as also a most useful machine for 'getting out points' of the model upon the marble or stone, both of which inventions were adopted by other sculptors.

In the year 1769, Bacon became one of the earliest students of the Royal Academy, and took its first gold medal for sculpture in the following year. His public reputation may be dated from the year 1770, when his statue of 'Mars' led Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, to employ him in making a bust of George III. for the hall of Christ Church, Oxford. While modelling this bust the King asked him 'if he had ever been out of the kingdom; and on being answered in the negative, 'I am glad of it,' said his majesty; 'you will be the greater honour to it.'

From this time Bacon was employed to execute numerous statues and monuments, amongst which may be mentioned the Halifax and Chatham monuments in Westminster Abbey; and in connexion with the latter monument the following anecdote is told, and which is an excellent lesson to would-be critics:—

Walking one day in Westminster Abbey, Bacon noticed a gentleman standing before his monument of Chatham,* and who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and was loud in his remarks.

'This monument of Chatham,' said he to Mr. Bacon, whom he evidently mistook for an ignorant stranger, 'is admirable as a whole, but it has great defects.'

'I should be greatly obliged to you,' said Bacon,

* Chatham's monument in Westminster Abbey is considered one of the sculptor's finest works.

Bacon there gives more than female beauty to a stone, And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.—COWPER.

The Parliamentary grant for the monument was 6000*l.*; but out of this the sculptor paid 700*l.* in fees to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

mildly, 'if you would be so kind as to point them out to me.'

'Why here,' said the critic, 'and there; do you not see?—bad, very bad!' at the same time rubbing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence likely to injure the work.

'But,' said Bacon, 'I should be glad to be informed why the parts you mention are bad.'

The gentleman, however, would give no precise reply, but only repeated his assertions, and finished off by saying, 'I told Bacon of these faults while the monument was forming. I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him.'

'What! you are personally acquainted with Bacon?' said the sculptor.

'Oh, yes,' replied the gentleman. 'I have been intimate with him for many years.'

'It is well for you, then,' said the artist, 'that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow; for he would not have been pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled,' and he walked away with silent contempt from the lying critic.

Bacon died in the year 1799. He ordered the following inscription, which he wrote himself, to be placed on his tombstone:—

'What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived, but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now.'

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND DAVID GARRICK.



AFTER several years of youth passed in the country as usher, teacher, and an occasional writer for the press, Johnson, at the age of twenty-eight, came up to London with a half-written tragedy in his pocket; and David Garrick, late his pupil, and some years his junior, as a companion: both were poor and penniless; both

came, like Goldsmith, seeking their fortune in the metropolis. 'We rode and tied,' said Garrick, sportively, in after years of prosperity, when he spoke of their humble wayfaring.

'I came to London,' said Johnson, 'with twopence halfpenny in my pocket.'

'Eh, what's that you say?' said Garrick; 'with twopence halfpenny in your pocket?'

'Why, yes, with twopence halfpenny in my pocket; and thou, Davy, with but three halfpence in thine.'

Nor was there much exaggeration in the picture; for so poor were they in purse and credit, that after their arrival they had with difficulty raised five pounds by giving their joint note to a bookseller in the Strand.—From Washington Irving's *'Life of Goldsmith.'*



Dr. Samuel Johnson and David Garrick.



Exploring the Cave.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from p. 260.)



I was a beautiful moonlight night, and they sat down on one of the seats on the Esplanade, and watched the light on the sea, and Honor told him some of what Lady Jane had talked of at Scarsbrook, and of the happy young artist whose career might have been so triumphant but for her death. They were so engrossed with their conversation that they did not see some one run by close behind them, and as they had seen everyone of the children in bed before they started, they would not have taken any notice if they had seen it.

When they reached the 'Victoria,' they met Colonel Wilmott at the door, coming out for a cigar in the moonlight, and Brian turned and went with him, while Honor went in alone.

'Lady Jane has a visitor,' Colonel Wilmott said, with a laugh; 'but you know, don't you?'

'No,' said Honor. 'Perhaps I had better not go up, then?'

'Oh, yes, do, if it's only to play propriety. They were flirting so outrageously when I came away, that I told them my feelings as a husband would not allow of my remaining any longer.'

So Honor went up and opened the door, which fell back softly, unheard by those within. Lady Jane was sitting at the window, making a graceful picture, with the background of the moonlit sea and sky, and the stone balustrade of the balcony. She was talking to some one on the balcony outside; but Honor could not see who it was, and Lady Jane was so turned away that she could only see the outline of her cheek and the diamond earring glittering in the lamplight. As she entered Lady Jane was saying,—

'Well, I suppose I must say yes, if you wish it so very much.'

And then Honor gave a cough, and there was a sudden movement on the balcony, and Lady Jane turned and came to meet her.

She certainly had been talking to some one, and Colonel Wilmott had spoken of a visitor, but Lady Jane said nothing to her of any one being there, and, as far as she could see from where she sat, the balcony was empty. Honor felt it was no business of hers; but she could not help feeling that there was a want of confidence in her, and it gave her a little sore feeling at her heart, and reserve and constraint to her manner. There was a half smile on Lady Jane's lips, and her attention was evidently distracted as she talked, which vexed and annoyed poor sensitive Honor not a little. So it was not so much of a disappointment as it might have been when Lady Jane said,—

'You must come yachting with us another day, dear, for we have been persuaded to alter our plans for to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said Honor, a little stiffly; 'it is all the same to me.'

There was a sound on the balcony, and Lady Jane smiled and went on.

'Do you think your good Brian would take care of little Duke to-morrow? My boy has set his heart on going, and I am very weak with him, you know.'

'I am sure Brian will take care of him, if you like him to go; but Balls is a very rough old man, and—'

Another noise from the balcony.

'I think I will run the risk,' said Lady Jane. 'One must not hope to keep him under a glass case always.'

'I suppose,' said Honor, 'that if it rains he will not go? I shall not let Molly and Nora go if it is wet.'

'Not much chance of rain,' Lady Jane replied, glancing at the window. But even though the moment before the moon had been shining serenely, a little scud had come up, and heavy drops were falling on the balcony.

'There is going to be a shower,' said Honor. 'I had better get back before it gets worse. Brian is just outside with Colonel Wilmott.'

'Come and see Duke asleep,' said Lady Jane, linking her arm in the girl's, who had never felt less warmly to her.

So they went into the bedroom, leading out of his mother's, where Duke lay in his dainty little bed, looking very fair and pretty, in spite of his bruised face. But while they stood there Honor heard the drawing-room door bang, and quick footsteps on the stairs; and she hastened away under pretext of the rain, and was very silent to Brian as they walked home.

As she was undressing to go to bed, Brian tapped at her door.

'Just come and look at Pat, Honor,' he said. 'His face is as red as fire, and his hair quite wet. I can't think what's the matter with him.'

Pat was apparently fast asleep and snoring, and, as Brian had said, his hair was wet and his face flushed.

'Do you think it's the scarlet fever, Honor? Perhaps I had better put Paddy into my bed.'

'I don't think it can be that,' Honor answered; 'he seemed so well to-day. But his breathing sounds odd. Shall we call up Mrs. Hopkins, and see what she says?'

So Brian and Honor debated over Pat's bed with anxious, pale faces; but just as Brian was going off to Mrs. Hopkins, Pat opened his eyes quite wide, after a prolonged snore, and said,—

'You see there is no cover to that stupid old balcony at the "Victoria," and I had to run so jolly fast to get back before you!'

CHAPTER XXI.

'VARIETY is charming,' as Aunt Bell used to say when she reviewed Peter's copies of pot-hooks and hangers on the slate.

It is surprising to find what a long list of totally different occupations came, in the children's dictionary, under the heads 'Lark' or 'Jolly fun.'

Going to tea with Balls or Lady Jane were equally exciting: a ten-mile drive on the top of a coach, or a scrambling walk through Balls' Glen—raised pie and champagne, or hot lobster and tea—all is grist that comes to the strong, healthy, young mills of such children as the Brights.

I think it was rather a blow to their minds to find that Balls took his tea much like other folk, after all, and that there was nothing especially eccentric in his way of life. I don't quite know what they had expected, but I do not think any of them would have been surprised at a promiscuous meal out of a seething black cauldron, accompanied by clasp-knives and drinking-horns.

Balls, however, thought otherwise, and prided himself on showing the young gentlefolk that he knew what was becoming. Molly and Nora even scented out Mrs Hopkins' assistance in some of the arrangements, though that good lady fortunately did not appear on the scene, and Balls did the honours alone, looking somewhat solemn and abashed in a clean canvas jacket, with a very shiny face and unnaturally smooth hair.

There was just space enough in the little room for the guests to squeeze in round the table, which was covered with a coarse but very white cloth, and adorned with a fine nosegay of sweet-peas, and southernwood, and marigolds, stuck in a brown jug. They were all provided with very small blue plates and very large black-handled knives and forks, with two prongs, like a pitchfork, which Duke found puzzling and even dangerous when applied to lobsters' shells, and led one to feel that the often-quoted invention of 'fingers before forks' spoke little for the progress of civilisation.

As for the cups and saucers, I think they must have been bought on purpose, as they had each of them a very strong black view of the Esplanade on one side, and 'A present from Saltgate' on the other.

Hot lobsters formed the main feature of the repast—such great, fierce-looking, scarlet fellows, who but two hours ago had been defying the world with their strong black nippers under the fresh green waters of the cove. It was a sight to make a dyspeptic shudder to behold the mighty piles of shells left after the feast, and think of the quantity of new bread and butter which had vanished during its progress. But no evil results ensued, and by the time tea was over Balls and his young guests were on the best of terms, and prepared for any adventure that might turn up.

'Now, young masters—begging your pardon, ladies, young misses and masters—I haven't got nothing to amuse you here, without it's them old caves—that is to say, if you don't mind a bit of a scramble. Just what you likes, is it? Very well, then; but mind you, young gents, you mustn't get up to none of your tricks while I has the charge of you, but just do as I tell you.'

I think if Balls had bidden the children follow him straight up a mast at that moment, they would have done so most willingly; and, indeed, as Balls afterwards observed, 'It was surprising how good they could all be when they were in a mind for it!'

The high white cliffs between Saltgate and Sandhaven are famous for their curious caves and pretty little coves and creeks, mostly accessible only at low tide. There was Shingle Bay, and then Silver Bay, so called for its smooth, firm, white sand: and, further on still, Smugglers' Cove, a deep recess shut in by low-lying, slippery green rocks, and overhung on all sides by the high cliffs, in whose clefts and ledges the sea-birds built their nests in vast numbers. Here

was the Smugglers' Cave, a dark, mysterious place, running far back under the cliff, and full of hidden nooks and corners, where kegs of spirits and bales of cotton and tobacco had lain stowed safely away in the bygone days of contraband traffic.

Molly and Nora were pleased enough to climb about the rocks, peering and splashing into the little crystal pools, where, over smooth silver sand and many-coloured shells and pebbles, waved mimic forests of feathery pink and crimson seaweed, and sea-anemones spread their dainty plumes and fringes in the clear water. Overhead, companies of sea-gulls caught the evening sunshine on their broad white wings as they sailed home to their nesting-places, far up among the cliffs, while black cormorants perched on the pointed crags or dived for fish in the shining waves. Duke had so set his heart on possessing a young sea-gull that Brian began to fear that Balls would feel bound to risk his neck in doing the honours of the place; and it was quite a relief when the boy's thoughts were distracted by the excitement of exploring the wonderful cave.

Balls had brought a bit of candle with him, and it was delightfully awful to penetrate into the gloomy depths, cautiously feeling their way, and seeing the mouth of the cave getting smaller and smaller behind them, like a round bright moon in a black starless sky. Then, when a light was struck, it was strange to see the faint flickering gleam falling on dark archways and turns, leading no one knew where, and the long gloomy passage still stretching away before them.

Duke got rather frightened, and clung tightly to Balls' arm; and even Pat and Paddy agreed that it would be no joke to get in there alone, though it was jolly enough exploring the place all together.

Balls told them that at one time there had been an opening at the other end, and that a great part of the smuggled goods was conveyed inland that way; but this entrance had been closed long ago by order of Government, so that there was no exit on the land side.

'Did any one ever get lost here?' asked Duke.

'Well, I never heard tell of any one being lost outright here,' Balls said; 'but it's surprising how silly some folks is, to be sure. Why, its just upon three year ago as a young gent took into his head to come here alone, without knowing the place, just for a bit of fun—I think it was a wager, or something of that—but he soon found out his mistake; for he got his light put out someway, and then he was in a pretty pickle, I can tell you. If me and my mate hadn't been watching him, to see what he was after, he might have come to a bad end, for you might shout yourself hoarse in here and no one would be the wiser. He was in a precious mess, to be sure, when we found him! He had lost his hat, and tore his coat, and knocked himself about dreadful. He'd pretty near stunned himself against the rocks, and bruised his face, and cut his knee open with a fall. I reckon he had a pretty smart lesson that time.'

It was rather a relief, after this awful warning, when the children found themselves once more, blinking and dazzled, in the open daylight again.

'I wish Honor could see it!' Molly said. 'Wouldn't she enjoy painting that big rock, Brian? It is not so

PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS.



"I'm Grandmother!"

PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS.



"I'm Grandfather!"

very far to walk, and now we know the way we could easily come some evening at low tide—could we not, Balls?

But Balls did not receive the suggestion with approval.

'You see, Missy, it's easy enough to get here along the sands—and back, too, for that matter—if you keep your eye on the tide. But then you must pitch on the right time, just as we have done to-night, for it's a wonder how soon the place is covered when the turn once comes. Then you might get straying on to the next bay, and that's not safe nohow without you had some one with you; and that's an ugly place to get shut up in, that is; worse even than this, and this is lonesome enough.'

'You'll take us round, Balls, won't you?' the boys exclaimed, eagerly. 'It will be hours yet before the tide is up, and there's a jolly cave there, isn't there? Do you remember reading it out of the Guide-book? Wizard's Cave, isn't it called, Balls?'

'Yes, they do call it so,' Balls said; 'though I don't rightly know why, unless it is because no common folk couldn't bide there. Indeed, I'd like to see anyone who could—wizard or no—for it's all covered half the year, and even now it's only for about half an hour you can get to it. It runs down deep, you see, under the rock, so that the further end is always full of water, and the tide runs in in a few minutes when it comes. No, Master Pat, I can't take you to-night: we must look sharp and get back as it is. It's not much to see, after all; only some folks seems to think nothing's worth looking at if you don't have to break your neck for it.'

'I should like to see it awfully!' Pat said.

(To be continued.)

A CLEARING SHOWER.

SUCH a miserable day at Brighton! Outside, the rain driving against the window, the wind howling, and the dull thud of the waves breaking upon the beach. Inside, a bright blazing fire. A pretty drawing-room, with three people in it—two visitors, and a young girl doing her best to amuse Granny's guests this terribly wet day.

Julia was only thirteen, but even girls of thirteen can be very useful in helping to make a house pleasant, if they like. Julia lived most of the year with Granny. Her mother was dead, and her father, a retired military man, was thankful that she had such a kind relation to care for her. Julia had been rather a delicate child, and so she had not had much regular education, yet, from listening to Granny's talk and reading, she was growing up a well-informed girl on many subjects.

'See, this is my cabinet; everything in it is my very own. Father brought it for me from Japan. It has six secret drawers, and everyone has a present in it to surprise me—studs in one, a ring in another, and . . . I really forget what was in the rest. Look, this is a piece of a monk's gown; that is the oldest curiosity I have got. It came from St. Edmund's Priory, the house Granny used to live in before she came here. She knew the house was an old monastery, but when it was last used as such no one could tell. New

stables were being built when, one day, the butler came in to say that the workmen had just found a long stone box, would her ladyship like to come and see it opened? All the house assembled to see what it contained, and there lay the skeleton of a monk, in the gown of his order. Of course Granny had him put back carefully in his grave, but she kept this bit of his robe to show. Isn't it a funny yellow-brown colour?'

So we went on turning over the little treasures, Julia telling us something interesting about nearly everyone. 'Oh, Cousin Clare, here is the prettiest thing of all! Granny brought it from Leipzig when she was a girl. They don't make such toys now.'

It certainly was a very pretty plaything, a copy of a German fair in tin, all the different stalls and booths—not two alike.

Julia could not resist the wish to set them up in a regular square, with rows of shops, as they really are seen in Germany. My thoughts meanwhile flew back—oh, so many years! to when I was a little girl, and lived in a German town, where this very sort of fair, which came regularly four times a-year, was looked forward to with the greatest excitement. You must not imagine it was like the common English fairs, which are generally only visited by servants and farm-labourers; to these German fairs everyone goes, and everyone buys a fairing for everybody else. No child thought of buying anything at a shop if 'fair time' was near. It was always, 'Oh, keep your gulden till the fair comes; you know it will soon be here, and then you will be able to ride as often as you like on the merry-go-round, and buy presents for everyone else as well.'

One fair specially I remember. Some one had brought us word that it was an extra good one this time, more peep-shows than usual, and a delightful gingerbread stall. This warning put us all on our guard against frittering our pocket-money away; for had we not always a special half-holiday in fair week, on purpose to spend our pocket-money and enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content?

There had been some whispers of fever about the town, but no one we knew had been attacked by it, when, on the Saturday before fair week, little Jackie complained of headache and sore throat.

'I hope it won't be anything serious,' said nurse.

'What a pity it would be if he could not see the wild beast show!'

The next day Jackie was no better, and to our dismay the disease was pronounced 'scarlet fever!'

We were not afraid of the fever, but mother said, 'I cannot let you children go about as usual; our friends would not care to meet you in the streets, people are so afraid of infection: but Fräulein Schmidt can take you out for country walks. Mind you do not go into the town!'

'Not go into the town!' That was just as good as saying, 'Not go near the fair.'

Oh, how we fumed and sulked! Yes, bitter tears were shed. Little Jackie was not ill enough to make anybody anxious, only bad enough so to 'spoil all our pleasure,' as we selfish children said. How thankful we ought to have been that he had the disease so lightly!

'What can we do?' 'I quite hate our holiday!'

'It was to have been so jolly, and now all is spoilt!'
'What a horrid bother this all is!'

'You girls had better look up your sweetest tempers, as I shall make a point of teasing you all the afternoon to work off my rage,' said brother Tom.

Mother came in just then, and heard about Tom's intentions. She was heartily sorry that we should be so disappointed, and racked her brain to find a place to keep us all well employed for this afternoon, that we might forget the unlucky fair.

'Children, do you remember the cobbler's family? You have often been to his door with nurse. Well, it seems they have had the scarlet fever, too, and are now in sad trouble. Their eldest girl of sixteen has died of it, and besides all their distress the father is so poor that he has to go on cobbling as hard as he can, that he may be able to spare an afternoon to attend the funeral; and the mother, poor thing! almost blinded with tears, is stitching away at some old black rags, to make the children tidy to go, too. Don't you think we might help them?'

We felt quite sobered now, and thoughtless murmurs were hushed at hearing of this real trouble. Tom knew the girl by sight, and he remembered seeing her only last week helping her father with the finer parts of his work. I think we were now all in a minute ashamed of our grumblings, and very thankful that little Jackie was spared to us.

Bertha at once jumped up. 'Mother, do let us buy some black stuff. I have not spent my fairing money. If nurse would cut them out for us, Rosa and I could easily make frocks for the two elder girls. Tom isn't much good, to be sure, but I know what he can do. May we have a saucepan up here and make some toffee? He can do that while we are sewing, and then I don't think one of us will long for the fair. Do say yes, mother?'

I am sure mother said 'Yes,' for I remember how good that toffee tasted. Tom managed to supply us well with it all the time we were sewing, and I don't believe those frocks were at all 'stickied' in spite of it.

Here my recollections were broken into by Julia's cheerful voice,—

'Cousin Clare, it has cleared up, I do declare! Shall we try a walk? The sea does look so lovely when it is rough, and if it is too windy for the shore we can turn into the Aquarium.' C. A. F.

A FATHER RESCUING A CHILD FROM AN ALLIGATOR.

TWO little girls, daughters of Mr. Elam R. Blackwell, living on the bay of Biloxi, while bathing in front of their home, were attacked by an enormous alligator.

The eldest, a girl of about seven years of age, was holding the youngest, an infant of two years, in her hands, and was quietly enjoying her bath, when suddenly her little sister was snatched from her and borne swiftly away from the shore. Terrified beyond measure, and unable to render any help to her poor little sister, the elder girl uttered a scream, which reached the ear of the father, who was passing within

thirty or forty yards of the spot where his daughters were bathing. Mr. Blackwell, who is an active and athletic man, rushed to the spot just in time to see his little daughter being borne out into the bay by an alligator. Nerved to almost superhuman effort by the desperate situation of his child, the father leaped into the water in pursuit of the would-be destroyer of his daughter, which was then some twenty-five or thirty yards from shore. The water, for a distance of forty or fifty yards out into the bay from the point where the children were bathing, ranges in depth from one and a half to two feet, and then suddenly has a depth of forty or fifty feet. Both the alligator and the father seemed to realise that if the deep water in front of them were once reached, pursuit and recovery would be alike impossible; both, therefore, did their utmost, the one to reach the deep water the other to prevent it. In this struggle, although sinking to his waist in the soft mud at the bottom at each bound, the father was successful. He grasped his child by the arm about ten feet from deep water.

The alligator, which all the while had held the child's foot in his mouth, alarmed and confused by the boldness of the assault, released its hold and made its way rapidly into the deep water in front of it. The father, almost exhausted, raised his child out of the water, and seeing that it still lived, by desperate efforts reached the shore, and placed the child safely in the arms of its mother. The little girl was unhurt, with the exception of a couple of bruises on its foot, made by the teeth of the monster.

A CLEVER GANDER.



SOME years ago I went with my sister to call at a cottage. In approaching it we passed a goose and gander, with a thriving family of young ones; the gander being at the time busy in inflicting punishment, with beak and wings, on one of his goslings. My sister went into the cottage, and while I waited for her I saw the old man who lived in the cottage walking along a footpath leading from it, followed by the gander, which had left its family and its quarrel to walk meekly at his heels like a dog. When it saw, however, that he was going off the open ground it mounted an eminence, watched him till he was out of sight, and then returned to its proper sphere.

When his daughter came out I asked her to explain matters, as to whether the gander was in the habit of following her father, and how she accounted for it. In answer to my questions she said, that it had not been reared as a pet, but had been bought when grown up; and that it was not by giving it food that her father had gained its affection, for if he gave it any it stood at his side while the rest ate it. 'How, then, does he tame it?' I asked. The reply was, 'He just claps it on the head, and says, "My man."' J. E.



A Clever Gander. By HARRISON WEIR.



American-Indian Dance.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.



(Continued from page 235.)

A GREAT dance was celebrated among the tribe of Ogallallas, and repeated at Fort Laramie for the officers and families.

To this point Red Cloud's son and wife came, but they returned with the others to their hunting-grounds in the Sioux country.

When the party under General Smith left the post in ambulances, &c., some felt 'seasick,' never having rode in a waggon before!

Once on the cars, it was kept as quiet as possible. At Fremont, forty-seven miles from Omaha, it had leaked out, and much excitement prevailed there, as it was reported that the Pawnees, the old and inveterate enemies of the Sioux, were coming in from their reservation (near there), and would attack the train and kill the Sioux chiefs. A number of them were there when the train came along, but they kept very quiet. One or two of the Pawnees went up and shook hands with their old enemies (with whom a deadly feud had existed for years), but they were closely watched by General Smith, lest a stab should be given with their knives. Although the Sioux chiefs were told of the danger, they were 'as cool about it as a cucumber.' They looked at their knives being all right, and that was all. Of course all along their route they were objects of curiosity to everybody; and had the Government declined to have them go (as it was said at first they would), a war would have ensued soon after!

LEGEND OF 'CRAZY WOMAN'S FORK.'

THE Absarakas, or Crow nation, have the reputation of being good friends to the whites, and it is also said they have never warred with them.

Iron Bull, the renowned chief of the Crows, relates the following legend:—

In the journey through that most delightful region of Montana from Fort Phil. Kearney to Fort C. F. Smith (in the Powder River country), one of the most favoured camping-grounds is the one called 'Crazy Woman's Fork,' the name of a pretty little stream of water that rises in the Big Horn Mountains, and emptying into the Little Horn River. About three miles from the mountains this stream crosses the trail between the two military posts mentioned.

This camp on the fork is noted for its danger from Indian attacks, as an abundant supply of game being found in the valley, brings the Indian there to replenish his larder of wild meat. Notwithstanding the dangers attending a journey through this region, it has its attractions in the beautiful and diversified views of lovely scenery, which hasten the parties travelling in that region to encamp, for a night at least, on the banks of a limpid stream that refreshes man and beast from an unfailing source in the mountains. The banks are spotted with cotton-wood trees, and to the west one sees the tall spurs of the Rocky Moun-

tains rising up, as it were, from your feet, their dizzy heights covered with snow; while the haze that surrounds them gives to them a halo of glory and weird-like appearance, that the imaginative might compare to the garments that mantle the spirits of the blessed in Paradise!

Iron Bull said that about two hundred years ago, when the moon shone brighter, and there were more stars, his nation was a great people, and they roamed all over that country from the Missouri River to the west of the Yellowstone, and no dog of a Sioux dare show himself there. But the people had been wicked, and the Great Spirit had darkened the heavens and made the sun to shine with such heat that the streams were dried up, and the snow disappeared from the highest peaks of the mountains. The buffalo, the elk, the mountain deer, the sheep, and the rabbit, all disappeared and died away, bringing a great famine upon his tribe, and the spirit of the air breathed death into the lodges, so that the warrior saw his squaw and papooses die for the want of food he could not find on all the plain, or on the mountain-sides; so that the whole nation grieved and mourned in sorrow of heart.

Still, they kept up their wars with the Sioux, and fought many a bloody battle with them when they suffered most, and the game had entirely disappeared. Their great medicine man called a council, and when the head men had assembled he told them a wonderful dream that he had had, when he was bidden by the Great Spirit to gather the chiefs of the tribe at the fork of the stream where they lived.

Their ponies had all been eaten for food, so the proud Indians were compelled to make the journey on foot to the place of meeting.

But when they arrived at the bluffs, on the edge of the valley, they were surprised to see a bountiful supper spread on the bank of the stream, close by the Forks, and a white woman close by, standing up and making signs to them to descend from the bluffs.

Having never before seen a 'white squaw,' they were greatly astonished. The medicine-man descended to the valley. The white woman told him that the Great Spirit would talk through the council to her. She told him that the wars of the tribe were displeasing to the Great Spirit, and they must make peace with the Sioux nation. When that was done, the great chief, 'the Bear-that-grabs,' must return to her.

They sent out runners to the Sioux, and peace was declared between the tribes for the first time in one hundred years.

She then followed the great chief to the mountain in a westerly course, until he came to the Big Horn River, and where the rock was perpendicular he was to shoot three arrows, hitting the rock each time.

The chief pursued his journey, and, arriving at the place told him by the white squaw, he discharged his arrows. The first one struck the rock. The second flew over the mountain. The third was discharged, and a terrible noise followed: the heavens were aglow with lightning; the thunder shook the mountains; the earth trembled, and the rocks were rent asunder, and out of the fissure countless herds of buffalo came, filling the valleys and the hills. The hearts of the Indians were glad, and they ate and were merry, and

returned thanks to the Great Spirit and to the good white woman.

The great fissure in the rocks is the canon of the Big Horn River.

Iron Bull avers, that when anything of note is about to befall the tribe the image of the white woman can be seen hovering over the peak of the mountain at 'Crazy Woman's Fork.' He says the Crows have never killed any of the whites, and his people say and believe 'that they are treated by the Government agents worse than the tribes who give us all the trouble.'

In other words, because they are peaceable, we need not, as with others, to buy them off with presents. And they say we have taken some of their lands and given them to the Sioux, who were fighting and destroying the whites as often as they could.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. IV.—A LAKE.



THE largest artificial lake in England is said to be Virginia Water, in Windsor Forest. It is a singularly pretty spot; lovely with verdant walks, choice evergreens, ashes, larches, weeping-birches, and other trees, among which stands a fishing-temple fit for a king, with spires and columns that are reflected in the calm surface.

How different is this pretty plaything of a king to its sister, the dreadful Salt Lake, whose waves roll like a sea of lead over Sodom and Gomorrah! The Arabs call it 'the Sea of Lot,' and probably have done so since the home of Lot was strangely ruined. Its waters are remarkable for their buoyancy. A piece of wood in this lake will not go under, unless a good amount of pressure is put on it. Great lumps of pitch rise to the top, and are gathered and sold. Sometimes columns of smoke are seen to rise out of the water, and there are pits near the lake which it is dangerous to approach. The wild Arab robbers, however, make the neighbourhood yet more perilous. Very bold and craggy mountains frown darkly on each side of the lake.

But we doubt whether the Dead Sea, with all its sterile dreariness, has a spot so dreary as one on the beautiful lake of Geneva. We allude to the Castle of Chillon and its dungeons. This famous fortress is built on a flat rock, and its white walls may be seen far off. In one of the prisons in that strong castle a certain unhappy man, named Bonnivard, was once confined for six years. That is about three hundred and fifty years ago. The Duke of Savoy, a great enemy of the Reformation, had put Bonnivard in prison on account of his religious opinions. The Duke tried to put down the Reformation, but instead of doing that he roused the spirit of the people of Geneva, and they, with the help of their friends from Berne, drove the Duke and his men away. The Castle of Chillon was the last stronghold which held out for the Duke, and when it was captured Bonnivard was found in one of its dungeons. Lord Byron, who has written a fine sonnet,

tells us he saw, across one of these dismal cells, 'a beam black with age, on which the condemned were executed.' He also saw 'seven pillars, of Gothic mould, in Chillon's dungeons deep and old,' in some of which are rings for the fetters. He also says that Bonnivard had worn a path across the rocky floor of his cell, by pacing up and down so many weary days and nights. The poet tells us also that Bonnivard's dungeon was below the surface of the lake, and the prisoner could distinctly hear the waves rippling over his head, and feel the winter spray wash through the bars when the wind was rough. A French writer, Monsieur Simond, says, 'It grieves me to contradict poets, but really the dungeon of Chillon is not under water, and is a comfortable sort of dungeon enough.' Well, be it what it may, we cannot be too thankful we are outside its walls.

Another lake rises up in our memory—the lake Thrasymene. The mighty Hannibal—the patient, noble, manly Hannibal—has crossed the everlasting Alps. Their snow and ice are safely passed, and the rich, well-watered plains of Lombardy, are also passed, and the brave men at Rome are anxious—they quail at the approach of the great soldier. One Roman general, named Scipio, has been beaten at the river Ticinus. Another Roman captain, named Sempronius, has been vanquished at the Trebia, swollen by a winter flood; and now a third Roman leader, named Flaminius, thirsting for glory, has met the conquering Hannibal at the lake Thrasymenus. Hannibal, by far the cleverer man, entrapped Flaminius in a narrow passage formed by mountains on one side and the lake on the other. When the Romans had ventured too far to turn back safely, they found themselves suddenly assailed in front, in rear, and in flank. All was wild confusion. The brave Flaminius put himself at the head of his troops, and did what a Roman might; but while trying to hew a way through the hostile ranks he fell, and his men fled as well as they could. Great numbers leaped into the lake, and perished there. Others scaled the rocks and carried the doleful tale to Rome, filling all hearts there with grief and terror.

It is a curious fact, that an earthquake, which happened on that day and buried whole cities, was not felt by a single soldier in either army, so intent were they on the battle that was raging.

But let us end as we began—cheerfully. It shall be in sweet Italy—not that we will allow Italy to be sweeter than our own dear land, but she has charms of her own, such as her pure skies, into which the lofty Alps and Apennines lift their coronets of dazzling snow. In the lake called Maggiore there are four islands called the Borromean islands, from the noble family to whom they belong. Their names are 'the Small Island,' 'the Mother Island,' 'the Beautiful Island,' and 'the Fisherman's Island.' The latter owns a church and about 250 people, though only half a mile in circumference. As the other islands have no parish church, the inhabitants go on Sundays in their boats to the 'Fisherman's Island.'

Island-life is very pleasant to dream about and talk about, but they do say the 'Fisherman's Isle' is prettier at a distance than close to; the people and their houses being dirty and slovenly. The 'Beautiful Island' is deserving of its name, for it is covered by a



Natural Scenes.—No. IV. A Lake.



AN ARAB TOILET.

grand palace, with its gardens and terraces rising one above another, and adorned with statues and marble vases. It is said Napoleon cut the word 'Battaglia' (which means battle) on the bark of a laurel tree, a few days before he fought and won his splendid victory at Marengo.

The palace on 'Beautiful Island' is a fine house, and a delicious retreat in the dog-days. This paradise of a place was once nothing but a naked rock, but Count Borromeo covered it with earth at a vast expense, and by degrees made it what it is—an enchanted island.

G. S. O.

HERE are two Fellaheen, Arab date-growers living in Egypt. They have come from far to sell their fruit at the market of the nearest town. The dates are in wicker panniers, long and narrow; a string of camels are laden with the sweet merchandise. Now they are nearing the town they must make themselves look respectable, remove the dusty traces of the journey, bathe in the brook beside which they halt, and shave one another. They shave not only their beards, if they have any, but their heads. Hair grows quickly in hot countries. You see that good-

tempered-looking fellow has quite a crop of black hair under his cap; it is all to come off. No, not quite all; they leave a tuft on the crown which is never cut off, though as a rule their heads are shaved once a-week. The first time this is done is when a boy is about three years old; they make quite a holiday of it. A party of relations and friends go out to some pretty spot, near the tomb of one of their saints if possible, and there they sacrifice a goat or sheep in honour of the event; then they roast and eat the animal; and there are cakes and sweets, and fruits and sherbet, for the women and children. They take care to choose what they reckon as a 'lucky' day, and the little man's head is shaved with much pomp and some prayers. But our two Arabs are performing the operation in a very simple manner. How funnily they are squatting! An Arab never stands to do anything if he can help it, and he never has his shoes on unless he is walking. Presently, when the washing and shaving are finished, they will twist snowy muslin round their caps to make handsome turbans, put on their long white cloaks, and stalk into the gates of the city with all the dignity of Arabs.

A. M. B. Y.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 270.)

CHAPTER XXII.



MR. HOPKINS, please, Brian wants his boots; and if they're not cleaned yet he says it don't matter, and he'll put them on as they are, for he wants to go out.'

'Hasn't he got another pair? They're not fit for him to put on, what with getting them wet through and cutting them about on them nasty stones.'

Mrs. Hopkins was surveying Brian's boots severely, and when she turned them over and found the soles dilapidated, and one of the upper leathers unsewn on one side, she felt that the time had come for speaking a bit of her mind—as 'aving 'ad boys of her own, and knowing their ways and 'abits.'

'And you with that nasty cough a-nights, as often and often I've laid and listened to, till I'd 'arf a mind to come in, as did ought to be seen to—which a tallow plaster on the chess is a capital thing, as my poor mother always said, and wore one 'erself the very day she died.'

The application of the corner of her apron to her eye, in memoriam of her mother, here gave Brian time to put in a word.

'Oh, my cough is all right—only a noisy sort of a bark I often have of a winter; and as for the boots—well——' he looked at them ruefully, rubbing up his hair, 'they are baddish; but I suppose they could be patched up a bit just to wear on the beach.'

'They'd be best patched up by a new pair, Master Brian,' said kind-hearted Mrs. Hopkins, who had a warm feeling for the distracted, anxious young head of such 'a 'owdacious family!'

But Brian shook his head.

'Look here, Mrs. Hopkins, couldn't you get them mended up strong for me by some fellow who would do them quick?—and I'll stop in to-day and coddle a bit.'

So Mrs. Hopkins carried off the boots to an obliging cobbler, who promised to make a thoroughly good job of them by that very evening; and Brian established himself at the window with his books and writing so as to command a good view of the beach, where the rest of the family were amusing themselves in various ways.

In the afternoon Lady Jane called, in her little pony-carriage, to fetch Honor for a drive; and Duke joined the children on the beach, as he did almost every day now.

Lady Jane nodded gaily at Brian as he sat in the window.

'Duke enjoyed himself immensely yesterday, and I am much obliged to you for taking such first-rate care of him. It was that wicked brother of yours, Pat, who coaxed me into it, you know.'

And then Honor got in beside her and they drove away, and Brian listened, smiling, till the sound of the ponies' feet and the jingling bells died away. He rather enjoyed his quiet, solitary afternoon, for a change: he wrote a good long letter to Aunt Bell, which always refreshed and did him good: and he was quite surprised at the quickness with which the afternoon had slipped away when the children came clattering in, very hungry, and anxious for their tea.

'We shan't wait for Honor; shall we, Brian? She may be ever so late.'

'All right—ring the bell. Where's Pat?'

'Oh, he's gone off along with Duke. He'll turn up all right if he wants his tea!'

So they had tea, and the children rushed out again to a very elaborate model of Scarsbrook Castle which they were constructing, and which was to defy the incoming tide altogether.

Brian got his book, and pushed back his plate, and sat reading among surroundings of spilled tea, crumbs, and smears of treacle, waiting for Honor and Pat.

Honor came in before long, and her first words awoke an uneasy feeling in Brian directly.

'Where's Duke?' she said. 'Has he been to tea? Sarah was asking for him at the "Victoria," and I thought the children had brought him in. I really think, Brian, that we might have buns or cake for tea when Duke comes; he is used to everything so different.'

But Brian got up and looked uneasily down at his feet, in the worsted-work slippers Molly and Nora had made for him last Christmas.

'Duke has not been in to tea, nor Pat either,' he said. 'Where can they have gone to?'

The children were still working at their castle in front—Paddy and Peter, Molly and Nora, but no one else; and Brian caught up his hat, and, regardless of appearances as to feet, ran down to question them about Pat and Duke.

'They went off together along the beach almost as soon as Duke came out,' Paddy said; 'but they are such awful chums that they don't let any one into their secrets.'

'Which way did they go?'
'Oh, I don't know! Look out there, Brian, you are knocking down the keep!'

'Which way did they go?'
'Oh, that way!'—with an impatient jerk of the head towards the part of the shore where Brian's fears had already flown long since—the direction of the coastguard station and Bells' Glen, of Smugglers' Glen and Wizard's Cave, with accompanying dangers and horrors, that turned Brian sick and cold just for a moment even to think of. One glance along the beach was enough to show him that it was no use attempting to go that way, for the tide was already washing against the point of rock that forms the limit of Saltgate Bay in that direction: and among the groups of children still on the sands Pat and Duke were not to be seen.

'They have gone to see Balls again,' Brian said to himself, choking down the fear which all the same was urging him on at the top of his speed up the cliff path; sometimes running, sometimes walking, never stopping to take breath or look about. 'They are all safe,' he kept saying to himself, 'and I will give Pat a good thrashing for going, and taking Duke, too. If I didn't know where they are, I should be in an awful fright; and Lady Jane, too! Balls ought not to have kept them—he ought to have sent them straight back; but they are all safe—all safe!'

There is the coastguard station at last, with two of the men sitting out on the bench in front, smoking their pipes, and they wish Brian 'Good evening' as he goes by, but he is too out of breath to answer; and one of them points with the stem of his pipe to the bright colours in his slippers, and the other laughs: but Brian is looking down on Balls' Glen, and all his senses are fixed on that, so he does not notice the joke. There is Balls' cottage, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimney, and Balls himself muddling about among his flowers in front, all by himself.

'They have seen me coming and are hiding,' Brian said; and he thought that Balls was in the plot, and that the start of surprise he gave when Brian came plunging down the steep side of the glen was just a bit of good acting, and that he should hear Pat's chuckle from behind the summer-house, or catch a glimpse of Duke's velvet jacket or curls in the porch.

So Brian forced up a smile as he asked, in rather a gasping voice,—

'Where are the boys, Balls?'

'The boys?' said Balls, pushing back his hat and looking straight at Brian. 'What boys?'

'Oh, you know well enough!—my brother Pat and little Master Duke. They have been here this afternoon, haven't they?'

'Master Pat and little Master Duke?'

'Yes, yes!'

Brian could have shaken Balls to get the slow words out faster.

'They've neither of them a-been here,' said Balls.

Brian caught at the low wall to steady himself.

'Are you sure,' he said, 'that they did not come this afternoon?—while you were out, perhaps?'

'No,' said Balls; 'for I've been putting a coat of paint on my old hulk of a summer-house, so I've

been out nowhere since noon. Can't you find the young gents, then?'

'I made sure that they had come to you,' said Brian, almost hoping still that Balls might be keeping the boys out of sight for fun.

But no actor could have counterfeited the sudden look of terror that sprang into Balls' eyes all at once, as he dropped his spade and struck his hand sharply against his thigh.

'Well,' he said, 'if I didn't think as I——' And then he stopped short. 'Now, then, Master Brian, lad, don't you look so scared, for it mightn't have been they two after all—more likely than not.'

'Where did you think you saw them?' Brian gasped.

But Balls was pinching up the skin on his blue, bristly chin, and looking beyond Brian at the beach, and in answer to Brian's repeated question he only said, 'High tide at nine, and it must be seven by now,' and shook his head.

'Tell me,' said Brian, 'what you saw.'

'Well, it mayn't have been them—most like not—but about four, while I were hard at my painting, I heard a call down on the beach, and I says to myself, says I, "There's them young gents agin, come to try and get over me to take 'em to the Wizard's Cave; but I can't be bothered to-day, nohow." So I didn't take no notice, and by-and-by a little pebble come right agin my back, and I grinned to myself, but went on with my painting as if I hadn't a-felt it.'

'Well?' said Brian.

'Well, I didn't hear no more of them, and so I set it down to one of the men up there at the station yonder up to a lark.'

'If they have gone along the shore——' said Brian, trying to speak calmly, and Balls took up his words.

'If they've gone on along the shore——' said Brian, them two babies, as you may say, they've got caught by the tide in one of them ugly bays; and please God to save them, for I don't think man can do it.'

(To be continued.)

A TIMELY JOKE.

GENTLEMAN calling on Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, was unfortunate enough to be the cause of the breaking of a weather-glass worth twenty guineas, the servant throwing it down while reaching him a chair.

Much distressed, the visitor tried to apologise for the servant and himself as the occasion of the accident, when the

Bishop smilingly interrupted him. 'Be not under any concern, sir,' quoth he; 'for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have rain, for I never saw the glass so low in my life.'

Such good humour under misfortune is much to be admired, especially when we find that the Bishop was much advanced in years at the time. H. A. F.





"I never saw the glass so low in my life."



The Match Boys.

THE MATCH BOYS.

[This little poem shows how low in ignorance some of the poor may be. Shall we not find them out, and lead them to tell their sorrows to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry?]

ARE all your matches sold, Tom?
Are all your matches done?

Then let us to the open square,
To warm us in the sun—

To warm us in the sweet, kind sun,
To feel his kindling glow;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom;
We'll call the sun our mother;
We'll call each little pleasant beam
A sister or a brother.

He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom;
We'll upward turn our face;
We'll lock his heat within our arms—
Our arms in fond embrace;
We'll give him a sad parting tear
When he is sinking low;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom;
We'll tell him all our care,
We'll tell him where we sleep at night,
We'll tell him how we fare:
And then, oh, then, to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow!
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

From the 'American Child's Paper.'

HIDDEN TREASURE.

LONG ago, at the close of the last century, a poor old soldier left his regiment to take up the quieter life of a settler in North Carolina. He felled trees, built his house of the rough trunks, cleared the ground, and planted corn; but still the desert country hardly yielded a living to himself, his wife, and his motherless, hardy children. They played about, almost a dozen of them, and found the world delightful because they had air, space, and liberty. One day, roaming along the banks of a stream, they found a yellow stone which struck the fancy of one of them, since it was different to all other stones. The little finder carried it, with the assistance of his fellows, to the log hut, and showed it to his father. The old man smiled at the panting possessor of the treasure: what were stones to him who needed bread for his flock? Still, not to disappoint the child, he bade him place the stone near the hut door; it would serve to keep it open or closed at pleasure, since lock there was none to the primitive dwelling. The stone was heavy, nigh on fifteen pounds, and useful for the purpose.

Now and then a distant neighbour dropped in, to whom the old soldier, by name Reid, showed the stone, bidding him mark its unusual weight. But years elapsed before any one thought of suggesting to the owner that the stone was possibly a mineral of value—maybe a treasure. Then Reid took it (a little scoffing at himself all the while) to a goldsmith in the neighbouring town of Fayetteville, who, asking to be permitted to test it, at once pronounced it to be gold! So simple, however, was the old soldier, and so ignorant of the value of the precious metal, that he allowed the goldsmith to buy the stone of him for fifteen shillings; and a mean fellow the goldsmith must have been so to cheat an old man, for the real value of the nugget was 875*l.* sterling! The mountain at the foot of which this costly stone was found afterwards became so rich a field for gold-seekers, that the Americans called it the Ball of Gold Mines.

History does not tell us if the old soldier ever found out his mistake, or whether he peaceably ended his days on a golden soil without having felt the fever for gold, which afterwards and for long ravaged the district.
H. A. F.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

By the Bishop of Moosonee.

MANY of my young friends have doubtless seen some of the beautiful English lakes—those lying among the great hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and on their placid bosoms have glided along under the influence of the sail with which their boat has been furnished, and they have wondered at the mighty lake, at the vast expanse of its waters: if so, what would their thoughts be could they enjoy a trip on Lake Superior, whose water is so pure and clear that one can look fathoms below the surface; and so cold as to be always near the freezing-point; whose surface is not measured by miles only but by hundreds of them, for it is more than four hundred miles long, being, indeed, quite large enough for a bath in which the whole of England, with its mountains, hills, lakes and rivers, might take a good swim.

Is not this, then, the 'Kichikumme,' the great sea? It is, indeed, and its mighty waters are frequently lashed into fury by fierce storms, which are of frequent occurrence on it. Fogs, too, often cover it, and make travelling on it dangerous. With its southern shore I have not much acquaintance; it belongs to the United States of America; along the northern shore I have had occasion to pass in some of my long journeys. This was the case last summer, when I went to Red River, or, as it is now more generally called, to the province of Manitoba.

I embarked on board a steamer at Michipicoton, and found the steamer contained quite a large party of gentlemen and ladies, some on business and others on pleasure bent. We went westward, enjoying the bold and rocky coast; here rising wild and bare, there covered to the top with spruce and pine: but it did not seem inviting in an agricultural point of view: in some of the valleys a little farming might be done, but I fear that the crops would make but a poor return for the capital and labour expended on them.

But if the agriculturist would find it no paradise,

the miner would; within those rocks lie hid wondrous treasures of silver, iron, and copper, and by-and-by almost every valley will be well peopled by those engaged in digging them out: now, excepting at a few places, all is silent, hill and valley are alike untenanted, from its shore to the north pole the country is given up to wild animals and to various tribes of Indians.

We first stopped at the mouth of the Pic River, where the Hudson's Bay Company have an establishment for trading furs with the Indians; a large number of those collected round the steamer in their little canoes, affording a great deal of amusement to the passengers on board the steamer, who threw baskets of bread and cakes among them, for which they scrambled. Their language is the Saulteux, and here is a specimen of it—'Wayooemekoyun keshekonk ayayun;' which means, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'

At Nipogo River the Company have another establishment, but I did not see it as we stopped there in the very early morning, but I had an opportunity of inspecting the works connected with the great silver mine of Lake Superior, which belongs to an American company. Its richness seems almost fabulous; its possessors have literally found it a mine of wealth. It first belonged to a Canadian company, who carried it on, but, through lack of enterprise, very unsuccessfully, for several years; it was then sold to the American company now in possession; yes, 'Chatterbox' may buy a share if he will, and has the money. He might have bought one for fifty dollars once, but now he must pay twenty-five thousand dollars for one.

In the year 1871 thirty men only dug out silver to the value of 1,200,000 dollars; the island Silver Island, on which the mine is situated, is an insignificant-looking rock in a bay filled with islets similar in appearance. The crushing-mills are erected on the mainland, in a large wooden building; here the ore is crushed, pulverized, and washed, then stored in barrels for exportation. I fancy there may be many a silver island hereabouts, which will, by-and-by, reward the discoverer.

At Port William, on the Kiministikwaya River, a railroad is begun, which is to connect Manitoba with the north shore of Lake Superior, but we made no long stay there, but steamed on to Duluth, a town very imposingly situated in the U.S. territory; here I quitted the steamer, and travelling two hundred and fifty miles by rail, and five hundred more by steamer, I found myself in Manitoba. By-and-by I found myself once more at Duluth, and aboard the steamer, bound eastward. The steamer did not call anywhere until it reached the Sault Ste. Marie: I was thus a hundred and fifty miles beyond my place of destination, Michipicoton, so I was obliged to wait several days until the steamer returned from Sarnia, when I once more went on board, finding there a large company of respectable people. In the evening I held a service for those on board.

At half-past eight I sat down at the table in the saloon, with the Bible before me, and read the 103rd Psalm and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; a few ladies were sitting near me, and people were beginning to come and take their places, when suddenly the steamer received a tremendous blow, and then another. Most of the persons in the saloon were thrown down,

and nearly all the lamps were put out. I knew not what had happened, and supposed we had struck a rock: a moment afterwards we knew we had come into collision with another steamer, and felt sure that we held our lives for a few moments only. The ladies looked to me for help, but there was neither a cry nor a shriek. Much alarm was felt, of course, but I am now surprised at the calmness both of myself and others at that trying time. Presently we heard that we had received no great damage, and need feel no further alarm. I then went to the bow to look at the steamer which had caused us such uneasiness, but it was gone; with eleven of its crew it had sunk instantly; ten others were saved, eight jumped on board our boat, and two were picked up. The vessel with which we had come into collision was the *Comet*, American propeller, fully laden with pig-iron and silver ore, and more than twice the size of our boat: had we received a blow from her, instead of striking her, which we did, I do not think any of us would have been saved. Yes, my dear Chatterboxes, this disaster happened all through carelessness on the part of one or other of the captains of the two vessels. We had a fine night, both vessels were beautifully lit up, and could see each other miles distant. No whistle was blown, or any other signal made; they seemed bent on mutual destruction.

We went on a few miles to White Fish Point, and there we remained for the night: soon after we had brought up we held a service, the most impressive I have ever conducted, at which I read the 103rd Psalm, which that night had acquired new significance in our eyes. The next morning we put back to the Sault Ste. Marie, to report the accident and to get the steamer inspected. In the afternoon we started afresh, in the evening we conducted another service, and the next morning I landed at Michipicoton, whence five hundred miles by canoe brought me to my home at Moose Factory, after an eventful journey of over three thousand miles.

THE SPANISH BAKER.



IN the narrow streets of the old Spanish cities carriages and carts are rarely to be met with, mules and donkeys supplying their place.

The baker of Cordova, in the sketch, has no cart in which to make his daily rounds to supply his customers with bread, so he mounts his mule, upon each side of which he has slung a huge basket of matting, filled

with bread, and then trots off from house to house, in the cool early morning, where his visits are expected, and the servants come to the door directly they hear his well-known call, to take in their daily supply.

He is a smart-looking fellow, this baker, with his neat round hat and his blue velvet jacket. In his mouth we perceive the inevitable cigarette, which travellers in Spain, however much they may dislike tobacco, must learn to endure. All classes, from the haughty hidalgo to the poorest peasant, are constantly smoking these cigarettes. They make them



Spanish Baker.

with the greatest ease and rapidity, smoke them in all places and under all circumstances, even during meals, and as the tobacco of which they are made is extremely mild and fragrant, one soon gets accustomed to what at first is rather a nuisance. Pipes in Spain are almost unknown, and cigars rare in comparison to cigarettes.

The bread in Spain is remarkably good. Rolls,

such as the baker in the picture is handing to his customer, are generally eaten in hotels and among the higher orders: but once or twice I have bought in villages, at bakers' shops, the ordinary bread used by the peasants, and have found it extremely good and sweet as well as perfectly white, which is by no means the case with the bread consumed by the lower orders in France or Germany. J. F. C.



THE SPINDLE ROCK.

THIS curiously shaped rock may be seen on the coast of the Firth of Forth, near Kintrill. It is on the shore, nearly opposite to Tantallon Castle, and is called the Spindle Rock from its shape, which somewhat resembles a spindle.

The waves of the German Ocean, rolling on with such violence, makes us wonder how this isolated rock can year after year stand against the rush of the mighty waters ever beating against it.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK:

(Continued from page 279.)

CHAPTER XXIII.



THE sun was setting over the sea in all shades of gorgeous colour when Brian and Balls set out along the cliffs on their desperate quest. It was in vain that Balls tried to persuade Brian that the boys had gone another way, and that, doubtless, by that time they were safe at home. Brian knew better. He knew that Pat's mind had been entirely engrossed with the caves, and that he could talk and think of nothing else, and that Duke had been infected with the same interest, as he was so easily with any of Pat's whims. He could quite see the two boys making their way along the shore, and stopping at Balls' Glen, undecided whether they would enlist Balls' services as a guide or enjoy the greater excitement of exploring by themselves. Oh! if Balls had but turned round, they might have been stopped and saved from—what? Ah! who could tell?

Balls shouted to the coastguards before they left the glen, bidding one of them go at once to Saltgate and bring a boat along the shore. But, with the incoming tide, there was such a strong current running into the bay that it was hard work even for four stout rowers to get round the point, and it would be some time before help from that direction could be hoped for.

So Brian and Balls kept along the edge of the cliff, every now and then throwing themselves flat on the grass, and looking over the edge down the giddy precipices, and calling Pat or Duke, or whistling, or throwing stones down to attract their attention, if they happened to be on any of those crescents or strips of sand or shingle which every wave made smaller and narrower.

Sea-birds flew out screeching and flapping from their resting-places on the cliff below, bits of chalk crumbled and rolled down, and the little waves lapped and rippled, but no answer came to their shouts. Brian was reckless of his own safety, and Balls more than once had to draw him back from the crumbling edge, and remind him that he would not save the boys' lives by losing his own.

Shingle Bay was not so precipitous, and a good climber could make his way down in somewhat break-neck fashion, and Brian half hoped, half feared, to find them there, where escape might have been just possible. But no answer came to his call, and they went on to Smugglers' Bay. No one there, either; and now a faint hope begins to stir in Brian's heart. After all, the boys may not have come, and, indeed, there is very slight reason for being so sure of it. There only remains Wizard's Cave, after which the cliffs gradually sink to the flat shore of Sandhaven.

'They are not there!' Brian cries, after a rapid survey of as much of the bay as he can see from the point where he has thrown himself down on the turf.

But Balls does not answer directly, but keeps still, looking down, with his better-accustomed eyes, at

something on the shore below. It is neither Pat nor Duke, sure enough; but it is no wonder that Balls looks, for it is not often that you see a velvet cap with an eagle's plume on a ridge of seaweed!

Brian catches sight of it, too, though he does not make out clearly what it is, and he shouts 'Pat! Pat! Pat!' as loud as he can.

Is it the cry of a sea-bird that answers? Brian would rather have cut off his right hand than have heard that cry from below, 'Brian! Brian! save me!' in Duke's voice. And then something moves from the side of a big rock, and there is Duke, holding up his arms to Brian and safety—so far away still.

'Where's Pat?'

But Duke can only sob out sounds that Brian cannot understand; and Brian shouts again, 'I'm coming, Duke! don't be frightened!' and puts his deadly fear for Pat aside to fix all his efforts on saving Duke.

'I'm coming! Don't be frightened!' Easy enough to say and mean it, but how to do it?

When Brian leaped to his feet and looked at Balls, he found little encouragement from his gloomy, set face.

'How can I get to him?'

Balls shrugged his shoulders and turned away, and Brian caught hold of his arm.

'I tell you I *must* get to him!'

'Look here, young master! you can get to him with a broken neck, if you like, but that won't do the poor little chap no good, nor you neither. If it had been Shingle Bay it would have been different. Please God, the boat may get round from Saltgate in time, for it's his only chance.'

'You said it would take them an hour.'

'Thereabouts.'

'And it will be high tide long before that!'

Balls only grunted; but from the beach came the shrill child's cry—'Brian, save me!'

'I must get down somehow, and you must help me,' Brian said. He spoke quite quietly, and with a tone of command that was new to him; but in moments of great peril a master-mind speaks out, though, perhaps, never before or afterwards.

'Do you think I want to see the little chap drowned before my eyes?' Balls said, almost fiercely. 'But if we got down anyhow, we couldn't get up nohow, and we'd only be drowned in company!'

'Couldn't we get him up out of reach of the tide till the boat comes round?'

Balls pondered.

'Let me bide a bit,' he said, 'and if there's e'er a scheme to be knocked out, never fear but I'll get hold of it!'

It seemed hours to Brian while he thought, and it needed great self-restraint to resist interrupting his musings; but Brian was rewarded at last.

'Now,' he said, 'look'ee here! It's a desperate chance, and I don't know as I ought to let you do no such thing, or if you've the pluck to do it—but this is what it is.'

And then he suggested the following plan. On the opposite side of the bay to where they stood, about twenty feet down from the top, there was a ledge, called 'the Main Bench,' where the sea-birds came in large numbers to make their nests. Near this there

were some other ledges in the cliffs, by which an expert and fearless climber might make his way downwards, with a fall of some eight feet at the bottom. Balls had a rope with him, that he had caught up as he came away, and with this he proposed to lower Brian on to the Main Bench.

'I'd a deal rather a-gone myself, but I'm near crippled with the rheumatics; and I don't know as you'd be able to let me down safe to the Bench, and you're lighter, too, by a good deal.'

But this was not all. Of course it was useless to attempt the ascent, especially with a child, but Balls remembered a ledge a little way up which the tide only just covered at its highest.

'I left a basket there one night, and it weren't carried away, so if you and the boy could get there, you might bide safe till the boat come—if you could hold him on and stick fast yourself, for there's no sea on to speak of to-night.'

Often at night for years afterwards Brian would remember that awful descent of the cliff, and wake with a start, thinking that he was swinging in mid-air, with the rope under his arms, and sea-birds flapping and whirling round him, and the rope straining and twisting. And when his feet stood firm among the old nests and feathers on the Main Bench his perilous journey seemed only just begun, and Duke no nearer than before. He sickened and turned very giddy for a minute; but he shut his eyes and said a prayer that was little more than a sob, and went on, sometimes climbing, sometimes jumping, sometimes dropping, and at last stood—torn, and bruised, and bleeding—by Duke's side on the tiny strip of sand, and shouted the news of his safe arrival up to Balls.

Duke threw his arms round him, and it was some time before Brian could calm him at all, so as to allow of their finding the ledge Balls had described to him; and it was a work of some difficulty to get the trembling, almost powerless child, up to the narrow perch where they were to wait for the boat.

As to Pat, Brian could find out very little. Duke always began to cry again at his name, and all Brian could glean was that he left Duke behind, and that Duke thought he was quite safe, but did not know. So there was nothing for it but patience, while the sunset colours faded out of the sky, and the darkness drew on, and the tide came up—and up—and up towards them, like a hungry monster licking its lips ready to devour them.

The cliff a little overhung the ledge where they sat, and there was a sharp corner that hid the opposite side of the bay, so they could not see the people on the cliffs, though they heard shouts now and then, and Brian knew that Balls had been joined by other men; but he could not make out what they said, and he got almost drowsy as he sat there with the sound of the water at his feet. And Duke, too, settled into silence, only broken by a quivering sob, as he clung close to Brian in the twilight. Brian was bruised, and stiff, and exhausted, and his mind seemed as battered and worn out as his body, and it seemed as if he and Duke might have been sitting on that narrow ledge for a lifetime, clinging to the cold, clammy rock, and watching the stars come out, one by one, over the sea.

Duke actually fell asleep at last, worn out by excitement and fatigue: and Brian almost feared he might do the same, and let go of his grasp of the rock, and fall off with Duke into the cold, creeping tide, that even now was round his feet and legs, chilling him to the bone.

But just as he was rousing himself with a great effort, something appeared from the overhanging cliff above them; not a sea-gull or cormorant, but something coming slowly down, swaying backwards and forwards, suspended by a rope, which, as it came nearer, he recognised as the cradle of the rocket apparatus. Here were the means of safety at last, instead of that boat which seemed so long in coming!

But on that slippery, narrow ledge, how could he ever catch the cradle, or get Duke safely into it? He had not much spirit left in him—poor Brian!—and I don't think he was capable of many more efforts, either for Duke's life or his own. But there were strong men and anxious hearts up above—Colonel Wilmott among them—and again and again the cradle swung backwards and forwards, till at last it swung within Brian's reach, and a shout from above told that they felt he had hold of it.

Now he must wake Duke, and persuade the terrified child to get into the cradle. What had frightened Pat when it was done for a joke in broad daylight, must be done now by little Duke in the dark, with sea and precipice beneath him! He refused to leave Brian at first, and clung to him with such strength that they nearly fell together into the dark water; but at last Brian prevailed.

'Your father is up there, Duke,' he said; 'and he says you must go, for your mother wants you!'

It was only a guess on Brian's part, but it was true, nevertheless.

'Shut your eyes, Duke, and say your prayers—the one you say at night—and think of your mother!'

And then Brian pushed the cradle gently away, and it swung into the air, and began slowly—very slowly—to rise. And then Brian, left on the ledge, prayed as he had never done before, listening all the time with strained ears for the splash and scream that might end hope and little Duke together. Instead of this he heard a glad shout from above, and then more shouting to him, the purpose of which he missed; but he waited on for his turn, wondering that the cradle did not return, and dreading the dreadful passage up to safety.

He did not know that the edge of the cliff had frayed the rope in bringing up Duke, so that they were afraid to try the experiment again, and that they shouted to tell him that the boat was close at hand. He only felt a sickening sense that he had been forgotten and deserted now Duke was saved, and that he was all alone in the darkness, and that the water was all about him—nearly up to his waist, and that his strength was ebbing fast, and that in another minute, if help came, it would come too late.

But at that very moment bright lights flashed in his eyes, and voices sounded in his ears; and the next, strong arms had held of him and were pulling him into the boat; and then—he did not know anything further, for he fell into the bottom of the boat, fainting and unconscious.

(To be continued.)



"Brian! Brian! save me!"



The Old Lady found in the Snow.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U.S. Army.

NATURAL HISTORY—ANIMALS ON THE PLAINS.



HE animals which are found west of the Missouri River, especially in the Rocky Mountains, and far beyond them, are the buffalo, elk, deer, cimarron bear, mountain sheep, antelope, coyote, prairie-dog, &c.

The buffalo, which affords good beef to the Indian hunters, and has fed many thousand toilers over the plains to Salt Lake and California, is mainly known to the boys in the comfortable buffalo robes, which every one knows the use of in sleigh-riding. But to us officers and soldiers on the plains they are life-preservers almost, in our sleeping out nights on the ground, far away from home and good beds and blankets.

The buffalo meat is tough, except from a young cow; and the Indians make little difference in drying it for winter use, as they have good teeth and always a first-rate appetite. The skins are dried and tanned by the squaws, who lay them on the grass; and I saw an old gray-haired squaw toiling away with a sharp instrument, made of the end of a gun-barrel, something like a carpenter's gouge, and this had a bone handle, with which she kept scraping off the inside of the skin of its fibres, so as to make it soft and pliable. She had a stone to sharpen the tool with, and as she leaned over, tugging away, the perspiration rolled off her face in streams. Poor old creature, I felt sorry for her, as the work might have been done by several big, lazy, half-grown Indian boys I saw romping around and shooting their arrows at a mark. But it is disgraceful for the lords of creation to labour, so they only kill the game, and leave the squaws to cure and prepare for eating.

It is astonishing how poorly Indians are compensated for their robes and furs. In Colorado, some Indians had been very successful in killing buffaloes, had plenty of meat, and purchased with their robes flour, sugar, coffee, dry-goods, and trinkets, from the white and Mexican traders; but they did not realise one fourth their value. They were worth eight or nine dollars by the bale at wholesale. The traders paid seventy-five cents in brass wire or other trinkets for a robe; two dollars in groceries, and less in goods. Six tribes, in 1864, furnished at least fifteen thousand robes, which, at eight dollars, would amount to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The traders literally swindled the poor Indians. *They will give the robe off their backs for a bottle of whisky on the coldest day.*

The cimarron bear is avoided by the soldiers, if possible, when met by them. Up in the Wind River country a soldier was mauled terribly by one which he had wounded, but failed to kill on the first fire. The fight was desperate, for the bear, said to have been six or seven feet long, and weighing nine hundred pounds, had clinched the soldier, and both rolled down

the ravine together, the other soldiers afraid to fire lest they should hit their poor comrade, almost in the jaws of death. They did rescue him, however, by plunging a knife into Bruin's side, compelling him to release his hold, after lacerating the soldier's arm and side.

The coyote is a kind of wolf that preys on the antelope. It is a mean, sneaking thief; too mean to attack a herd of antelopes, but follows them up, and while one strays off, grazing, watches the opportunity to spring upon his victim, run him down, and snap the hamstring of the poor antelope, and then eat him.

One night I was woke up at Fort Sedgwick, thinking I heard wild geese flying over. But I learned it was a drove of coyotes, which came over the bluffs, into and through the fort nightly, to eat the refuse meat outside, where beef was slaughtered. They prow about, and sometimes make a noise like a lot of school children hallooing at play. They never bite, unless attacked. An old lady got lost about a mile outside the post, at Russell, in the winter. She started out of Cheyenne, one Monday afternoon, to search for an emigrant train which might be going to Montana, where she had a son living.

She strayed away and was found in a snow-bank, by some soldiers going out to dig a grave. She was glad to see the faces of white men, for it was on Friday, and she had thus been out wandering around since Monday, four days! She was brought into the hospital and given a warm cup of tea. 'Dear me!' she exclaimed; 'give me a quart,—I'm almost famished!' She said she was only frightened by the coyotes coming round nights and barking at her. Her feet were partly frozen, but in a few weeks she went on to Montana.

The black-tailed deer are fine eating; the grass on which they feed in the mountains is said to make the meat tender and sweet.

The mountain sheep are large, and very strong; they will throw themselves from a rocky cliff and strike on their head many feet below unharmed, being protected by horns and stout necks. They are larger than our domestic sheep.

The antelope is a pretty, gazelle-like creature, fleet and agile in springing up and running. Having passed over the Union Pacific Railroad many times, it has been my pleasure to see them running away from the train in droves of a dozen or more, in file one after the other, till out of sight, far away over the bluffs. By-and-by they will disappear as the buffalo have, driven away by approaching civilisation. The young are easily caught and tamed, and make nice pets for children. The cost of one here is usually five dollars. They are hunted a good deal for their meat, as antelopes are tender and sweet to the palate. One method in hunting them is to raise a white or red flag, and the silly creatures, full of curiosity, will turn and walk towards it till shot down by the marksman.

The prairie-dog is an animal peculiar to the plains. He is found in what is called a 'dog-town;' being a plot of a few acres, as seen alongside the railroad, after a day and night's ride, dotted over with mounds a foot or so high. Sometimes a thousand or more congregate in the town, and their holes are a few rods

apart. When approaching these towns, or the cars pass along, you see them scamper off to the top of the mound, stand up on their hind-legs and bark, shaking their little short tails at each bark, and presently plunge head first into their holes. They are of a brown colour, size of a squirrel, but with tails an inch long. I tried to drown out some, and poured several barrels of water into a hole without bringing any out. These holes ramify into others, generally; so it was impossible in my experience, though others do get hold of a single hole, and drown them out. Rattlesnakes and small owls make their homes with them. These are interlopers, as the prairie-dogs dig the holes down about three to four feet. They can be tamed, as I know by experience, having carried several east to Chicago, to my Sunday-school children.

One night in Colorado, on the Cache le Poudre River, while camping out there (having gone with a detective in search of horse-thieves), I heard a terrible clatter among the prairie-dogs late in the night. It was explained to me by the ranch-man, who said they were in the habit of changing their domiciles once a year, and it was only effected after a great struggle and fight among themselves. By sunrise, four o'clock in the morning, all was still; and the little fellows were running about in search of roots, upon which they live all winter, down in their dark, deep holes. They belong to the species marmot, and are said to be good eating. I never have tried them. Friday, Arapahoe chief, told me that the Indians make use of their oil to cure rheumatism.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. V.—A WATERFALL.



THE loftiest waterfalls in the world are found in Savoy and Switzerland, whilst the broadest are in America. Of twenty-three principal American waterfalls, twenty are in the northern continent.

The Missouri, in its upper course, is remarkable for its falls. At the Grand Cataract, the river, there more than 800 feet wide, pours its volume over a precipice nearly 90 feet in height. Part of this majestic fall is a smooth, even sheet of water, but the other and larger portion forms a splendid display of snow-white foam. On the Mississippi there are the falls of St. Anthony, which are very sublime in January and June, when the river is full. Niagara has been so often described, that we may pass it over to notice others which are less known.

On the river Ottawa, which separates Upper and Lower Canada, are the falls of the Chaudières, or Kettles, so named from being of the shape of that well-known article. There are the Great and Little Kettles, the former being 60 feet deep and 212 across. The St. Maurice, which runs into the river St. Lawrence above Quebec, has many splendid falls, especially that of Shawenegan: but the falls of the arroyo Montmorenci are the most famous of all. At the great fall of Montmorenci, the river, about 50 or 60 feet wide, rushes with great rapidity over a

perpendicular rock, of the dizzy height of 250 feet. It looks like snow, or fleecy wool, and is extremely beautiful. There are fine falls also on the river Chaudière, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. This river, at times 1800 feet wide, narrows to 400, and then leaps down more than 100 feet, and is dashed into spray on huge masses of rock. Then there are fine falls on the river St. John, amid grand scenery of forest, rock, and precipice. On this river, too, at the mouth, is an outward and inward fall, occasioned by the tide. When the sea has retired the waters of the river flow outward, but at high water the sea rushes through the strait with an inward fall. In the United States there are the lovely Passaic falls, on the river of the same name—the falls of the Trenton, and those of the Potomac. The Shenandoah falls occur where the Potomac bursts through the blue ridge at Harper's Ferry, and are very magnificent. The Falling Spring, in Virginia, is 200 feet high, and the Tuccoa fall, in Georgia, is much higher than the great fall of Niagara.

In South America there is a most picturesque waterfall on the volcanic stream of Pusambio. It is 400 feet high, and the water issues warm from its source. But it is so full of acids and sulphur that nothing can live in it.

Some tremendous falls, perhaps nearly equal to Niagara, occur on the great Orinoco; and near the city of Santa Fé the river Bogota hurls itself down a rock of fearful height into a caldron. It is impossible, without danger, to approach within 400 feet of this awful gulf.

Of European waterfalls, none is more celebrated than the Staubbach, which is about a thousand feet high. The water, ere it reaches the ground, is a mist or cloud. The fall of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, is perhaps the most important fall in Europe, as it is 450 feet in breadth; its height, however, is very much inferior to that of Staubbach. It is divided in two parts by a rock, but the disjoined portions blend again ere they reach the bottom.

On the Arve is a fall called by the curious name of 'the Nun of Arpena.' It is hardly fair to suppose that any nun ever had such a voice as this waterfall has, for the Arve here tumbles down a rock more than a thousand feet high, with a deafening noise, specially when the snows are in a melting humour. But a stream rising in Monte Rosa has a fall of the stupendous height of 2400 feet. There are also some lovely waterfalls in Italy, such as 'the Marble cascade,' so-called from its flowing down a mountain of marble; and others on the Anio, and elsewhere.

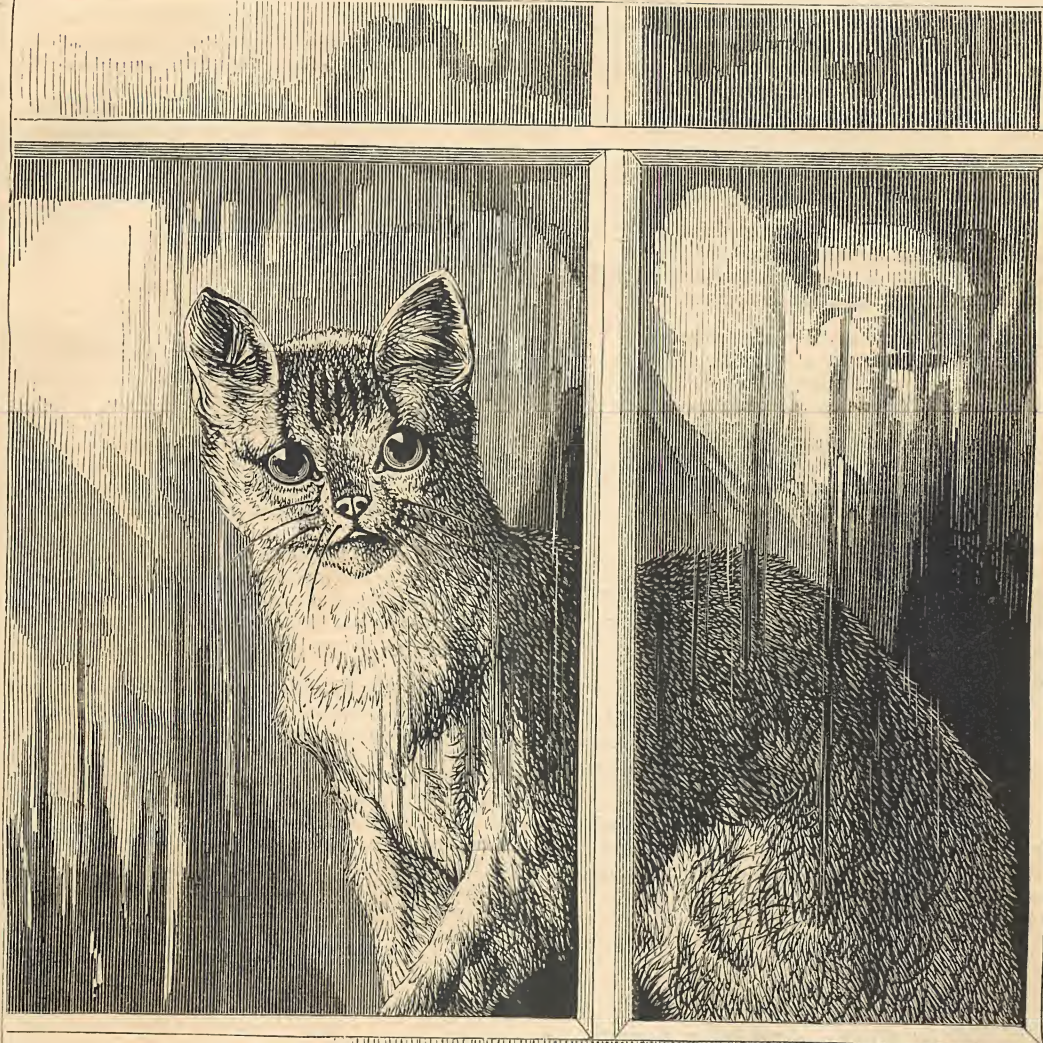
Scotland has many falls, and beautiful ones. What can be finer than the falls of the Foyers near Loch Ness? The lower fall is held by many to be the finest fall in Europe, that of Terni in Italy alone excepted. Its height is 212 feet.

Wales has her Pistil-y-Cayne, a very fine sheet pouring down a rugged declivity of great height. Ireland is proud of her Salmon Leap in the Shannon, and her fall at Powerscourt in Wicklow; while the river Tees, where Durham and Westmoreland touch, can show a fall which, like that at Schaffhausen, divides and reunites, and which is little inferior to that famous waterfall in everything which makes it sublime.

G. S. O.



Natural Scenes.—No. V. A Waterfall.



THE CATS' COMPLAINT.

[Suggested by letters in the *Times* newspaper, which described the sufferings of the cats which had been pets in the great houses in the West-end of London, which are occupied during the few months of the spring and summer, and then are shut up and left empty till the season begins again. It was stated that scores of these domestic cats were to be met with in a miserable, starved state, in the deserted resorts of the fashionable world.]

WELCOME to us is the gay London season,
 Ever encircled with memories bright;
 Well may each happy cat call it, with reason,
 Good time for Pussy from morning till night.

Then we have more than enough, and to spare indeed;
 Breakfast each morning and supper at eve:
 Luncheon and dinner, and four-o'clock tea indeed—
 Dainties, ah! more than you'd ever believe.

R. New

Oh, for the scraps that we then wouldn't look upon!
Morsels rejected with lofty disdain:
Welcome you'd be to each poor, starving Pussy now,
Welcome each bit in our hunger and pain.

Where is the mistress who petted and noticed me?
Gone for fresh air to the hills or the sea;
Oh, but I think her kind heart would ache terribly
If she could take but one peep at poor me.

Gone is the kind cook who fed us so daintily;
Closed is the kitchen where once we grew fat;
Now through the streets we drag homeless and wearily,
Too weak to run after a mouse or a rat.

Oh, gentle mistress, when off you go merrily,
Tired of hot London, for rest and sweet air,
Ere you depart give one thought to poor Pussy-cat,
And a few shillings to save her life spare.

In the gay season you welcome us readily,
Many a mouse for your comfort we've caught;
Could you not leave us in kind care of somebody?
Cats' meat, you know, can be easily bought.

Pleasant it is to have plenty to live upon,
But to starve *afterwards*—oh, that is hard!
Did you but know what it meant, kind and gentle ones,
From such a death even cats you would guard.

Then, gentle ladies, ere off you start merrily,
Leave a few shillings for Pussy behind;
Helpless and weak, we depend on your charity,
Oh, let none say that your hearts are not kind!

M. F. H. DONNE.

A FEW ANAGRAMS.

IN these puzzle-making days you all know what anagrams are, and how to make them,—taking the letters of a word and forming other words of them.

A few very good ones are these:—

Alterations: neat tailors.
Astronomers: moon starers.
Punishment: nine thumps.
Catalogues: got as a clue.

And the celebrated anagram by the Rev. William Holden, rector of Chatteris, put in circulation when the news of the victory of the Nile reached England: 'Horatio Nelson: Honor est a Nilo' (Honor is from the Nile).

It will be hard for the best anagram-maker to beat that, we think.

H. A. F.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 287.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOMETIMES, I think, we learn more of ourselves and our surroundings in a few minutes than in half a lifetime. For years, it may be, we go on like people in a dream, till one day some sudden sorrow comes and plucks the closed book of our own lives from our bosom, where it has lain so long unused,

and turns the pages with a sharp, stern touch, while we gaze in amazement at the record written there, ready for the great account, when 'the books shall be opened.'

So it was with Lady Jane, as she sat alone in her splendid chamber, with her fair young face all white, and her tearless eyes fixed in an agony of expectation. 'I will break down their idols;' 'The Lord thy God is a jealous God.' Such words seemed to ring in her ears all through those hours of waiting. Presently, too, came thoughts to the young mother's heart as to that other sorrowing woman of old: 'If thou wilt indeed remember the afflictions of Thine handmaid, then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.'

So it was, too, with Honor, as she gathered the children round her in the deepening twilight, feeling as she had never done before that these young brothers and sisters of hers were indeed 'great possessions,' far greater than the young ruler's riches—a very fortune of love which she had been counting as nothing; till now the order was given, and the good gift she had made light of was to be withdrawn.

'Oh, Pat! dear old madcap Pat! who could tease and coax, worry and cajole, all at once, the very torment and sunshine of the house! with his bright face, and blue eyes—such audacious, honest, loving blue eyes! laughing at you like the very spirit of mischief!'

For a time they had all sat huddled up together by the window, Honor and Peter, Molly and Nora, while poor Paddy wandered about between the house and the beach, vainly seeking for tidings.

Presently news came back from Balls, brought by a fisher-boy; and his breathless, confused tidings, filled them with dismay.

Scarce a chance for any of them! One young gent over the cliff—one gone entirely, probably washed away round the point, or drowned in one of the caves—a third in terrible danger—only the barest hope of saving him!

'I'll go to Balls!' Paddy exclaimed. 'Oh, I must go!'

And then the look in Honor's face stopped him.

'Not you, too, Paddy?' she said faintly, catching at the boy's hand.

And then, with one yearning look along the shore, Paddy sat down by Honor's side, laying his curly head in her lap, as he used to lay it in Aunt Bell's when he wished to be comforted.

So they sat for a long time without speaking, only watching, and waiting, and listening for those who did not come—who, perhaps, would never come. Presently Mrs. Hopkins came up with a candle; and it was almost a relief to have the silence broken by her voluble sympathy.

'There, my dears! don't take on so! don't, now! You just take little Master Peter to bed, Missy. Why, he's reg'lar wore out, poor little fellow! and we'll try and make things a bit comfortable here against they—'

And here the good soul broke down, feeling almost as if she were mocking the children; for Mrs. Hopkins, like most of the other Saltgate folks, had got hold of the notion that Brian had fallen from the cliff

in trying to save Duke, and that both he and Pat had perished.

'Oh, if Aunt Bell were but here!' poor Honor thought.

But in after days she felt almost glad that Aunt Bell had not been there; for, even in the midst of all the trouble, it was a new, sweet pleasure to the girl, to feel Peter's arms clasping her neck, and Molly and Nora clinging about her for comfort and protection; and even Paddy following her upstairs, as she carried the little one to bed.

'You'll stop till I am asleep, won't you, Honor?' Peter entreated. 'Brian always does.'

So Honor sat still by the side of the bed, holding Peter's hand, till the bright eyes grew heavy with sleep.

'I wish Brian would come in,' the little fellow said, drowsily. 'Why doesn't he come, Honor? I want him to kiss me.'

'I must kiss you for him, Peter,' Honor said, in a choked voice, laying down her face beside the child's round cheek on the pillow.

'You'll tell him I said my prayers all right, Honor. I said "Our Father," quite right—didn't I? Brian says I always get wrong at the end; but I said it all right to-night. "Deliver us from evil. Thine is the kingdom, and the power"—that's right, "the power." I always missed it out before: but it's right now; and I can say it all right to Brian to-morrow.'

'Yes, Peter darling! Say it again with me for Brian. "Deliver us from evil; Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." Now try and go to sleep.'

'Thine is the power!' Oh, what a world of comfort there was in those words for Honor just now, as she sat in the half-darkness of the starlit summer night, listening to the child's regular breathing, and the regular plash of the waves on the shore, and the murmur of voices downstairs!

She could just make out the things in the room—Brian's things—and each seemed to preach a little sermon to her, and tell what this brother of hers was. There were the old patched boots, clumsily mended up, telling of his self-forgetting, self-denial; there were his Latin books and sketching things pushed away in a corner, to make room for account-books, the children's story-books, and the boat he was mending for Pat—self thrust aside again for duty; the future forgotten in the present.

Forgotten? Well, not quite; for there on the open desk in the window lay a letter in Brian's writing, directed to a country-town banker, near their new home, in whose office he had that morning been offered a seat.

'Shall you take it, Brian?' she had said, when he read it to her.

'Oh, yes! if he will have me,' was the short reply.

'But it's very little pay.'

'Little's better than nothing.'

'I know you hate that dull sort of work.'

'I hate being a drag on father.'

'Thirty pounds a-year are not enough to live on, Brian.'

'Oh, nonsense! many fellows do with less. And then, don't you see, Honor Bright, if I'm out of the way, and off his hands, perhaps after a time the *pater*

can afford a governess for the little ones; and then you will have time to set to work and make the family fortune?'

Out of the way! Ah, how sadly the words came back to her now! How poor and small seemed now her life of dreaming, compared to the life of doing and suffering that even now, perhaps, was at an end—even now had won the true crown of 'Honour Bright.'

'They never shall call me that again,' the girl said.

And so the time passed wearily on till there came a sound of hurried steps and voices in the passage, and the Colonel speaking in a strange, quivering tone.

'I fancied some one would have reached you sooner, but I thought I must come down to you myself, to say it's all right—at least, that is, Brian is all right, thank God! and he's the bravest fellow that ever lived! You have a brother to be proud of, children!'

They were all clinging about him now; only Honor stood still, looking into the Colonel's face, as if she were trying to read there the dark something that lay still behind the tumult of joy in his own boy's safety and Brian's heroism.

'Pat?' she whispered at last, with white lips. 'Pat?'

And then a silence came on them all, while the Colonel spoke low, and turned aside, as if he could not bear to meet all those eager eyes.

'I don't know, children. God knows! Pat is safe in His hands wherever he is, mind that; and please God, we'll find him yet. Come, Paddy, boy, you must do for both to-night, and help get ready for Brian. I said they had better bring him on here while they were about it. There's no room for anything in that little hole of Balls'; and the extra journey here is well worth while, so that he can be properly cared for.'

The Colonel had left little Duke safe in his mother's arms, apparently quite unhurt, though, of course, very wet and frightened; and having done so, he could think of nothing but Brian. So Mrs. Hopkins, Honor, and the children, were soon under marching orders, after the long, weary halt of the last few hours. Peter was carried sleeping into Honor's room, while Brian's bed was made ready for him, a fire lighted, and hot blankets and all sorts of things got ready to receive him. And after what seemed a long time came the cart, stopping at the door, and three stout boatmen carried Brian upstairs, and laid him down on his bed as tenderly as if they had been three old women.

The Colonel had called in a doctor to see to his injuries, and Mrs. Hopkins was soon in her glory, bathing, and fomenting, and binding up; till Brian lay bandaged up like a mummy, with only a very ghastly little bit of his face visible, but breathing regularly, and sleeping from mere exhaustion.

'Thine is the power!' came back to Honor's mind as she stood looking at him. Yes, 'and the glory,' too. The power to save—the glory of great mercy. But oh! where is Pat? Still we must say for him, 'Deliver us from evil!'

(To be continued.)



Brian saved by the Boatmen. (See page 287.)



Shorthorn Cow. By HARRISON WEIR.



THE SHORTHORN COW.

THIS is one of the most useful breeds of cattle, as it is one of the best meat-producing animals, as well as being remarkably good for milking purposes: a good cow giving sometimes as much as twenty-two quarts in one day. The milk sold in London is mostly derived from these cows. Though the quantity of the milk given by the shorthorn cow is great, it is not nearly so rich as that of the Jersey. Of late the shorthorn breed have become quite fashionable; so much so that very large sums are given by enthusiastic breeders for a good butter cow: the former selling frequently at some thousands of pounds; and one of the latter was actually sold lately for four thousand pounds! As the prices seem still rising, there seems as yet no limit, so perhaps the high figure of ten thousand pounds will be reached.

A BRISK OLD LADY.

A FRIEND of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Piozzi by name, tells this story of a brisk old lady.

She was a Cornish gentlewoman, living near Penzance, and she held a lease of property under the Duke of Bolton, granted for ninety-nine years from the time of her birth. She not only lived to give up the lease, but rode ten miles to do it in person. She was offered a glass of wine after her long ride and accepted it; but on being pressed to take another, she refused, saying that she 'had to ride home on a young colt, and did not wish to make herself giddy-headed.' We should like to know, but we are not told, how long this brave and temperate old lady lived after the exploit.

H. A. F.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 295.)

CHAPTER XXV.

AND while little Duke was swinging in the cradle midway between life and death, and Brian knelt on the cold, slippery rock-ledge, with the water creeping round him, while Honor and Lady Jane watched, and listened, and waited, where was Pat?

Not bruised and bleeding among the rocks, or choking and struggling in the rising tide, or floating still and lifeless on the cold waves. No, the same mighty Hand that guided and steadied the rope for Duke, and upheld Brian fainting on the ledge below, was also over Pat, trudging along weary, and sick at heart, away from the treacherous sea and the anxious hearts waiting for him, to the only person who seemed able to help him—to father.

'You see,' Pat said afterwards to Aunt Bell, when

she had at last coaxed him into an account of his doings that day, which no one else had been able to get from him; 'You see Balls' tales, and those old caves, seemed regularly to have got hold of me, somehow. I could not sleep for thinking how I should like to get into the Wizard's Cave, and planning how I could manage it. First I thought we'd try and come round Balls again, to take us all. And then I thought that would be no go, and perhaps Paddy and I could get off on the quiet together some day, and get back before any one missed us. I never thought of taking Duke, nor of going that afternoon at all; but somehow or other everything seemed so slow on the beach, and Paddy and the girls were up to their eyes in that stupid old castle, and I didn't feel a bit in the humour for that sort of thing. It was just low tide, and I thought I'd walk a little way along, and reconnoitre a bit. And then Duke came after me, and somehow or other we got talking and——'

Pat, as is often the case when one has done something unusually silly, found it very difficult to give any explanation of his conduct at this point, in any detailed form.

It seemed that the two boys had gone on as far as the nearer side of Smugglers' Bay, without definitely thinking what they were about; and here, as ill-luck would have it, temptation assailed them in the form of a young sea-gull that was fluttering about over the rocks. It had fallen from its nest before it was fully fledged, and seemed to have hurt its wing a little, so that it flapped about among the pools and stones, while the distressed parent birds wheeled about overhead, uttering plaintive, wailing cries of anxiety. Here was a chance, indeed! The boys were soon in hot pursuit, stumbling and slipping over the rocks, while the poor young gull screamed and fluttered just out of their reach.

'Don't let him get out to sea!' cried Pat, excitedly. 'Only drive him in on the beach, and we'll soon have him!'

Easier said than done, however, for, even in its crippled state, the bird could manage to elude them; and it was with some dismay that they saw it take shelter at last under the dark entrance to the Smugglers' Cave.

'We shan't ever get hold of him now,' said Duke. 'It wouldn't be safe to go in there without a light, or Balls, or any one. Do you remember the story about the young man who got so much hurt, Pat?'

'Oh, bother the young man!' Pat said. 'I'm not such a duffer as he was to get knocked about so. It's not so dark as all that comes to, when you get used to it; and I can feel my way anywhere. And besides, no bird but an owl would go very far into a hole like that. We could soon catch him in such a narrow place!'

'Oh, Pat! don't let us go! I'm sure it's not safe!'

'Well, you need not go. Perhaps you had better stop here and look out for the tide, and give me a call if it seems coming in. I won't go in far.'

So Duke sat down on a rock, feeling rather uneasy, as Pat vanished under the black archway; and more and more lonely as the minutes passed away, and the curling waves began coming up all round, and the tall

cliffs frowned down upon him as if he had no business there.

He shouted in vain to Pat, for he did not answer; and once he summoned up courage to go a few steps into the cave, but it was all so black and gloomy he soon came out again.

'Perhaps there is a way out at the other end, after all,' he thought. And then, all at once, to his horror, he saw that the water had come up to the point round which they had come, and that his way home was closed in that direction.

The cliff did not run out quite as far on the other side, and Duke tried to remember if Balls had mentioned any path up the cliff that way.

'I know it's dangerous getting into the Wizard's Cave,' he thought. 'But perhaps there's some opening above it.'

So Duke went on to the next little inlet, where the waves were already dancing and throwing up sheets of silver spray round the mouth of the Wizard's Cave. But there was no way out, only the broad ledge of Main Bench, high up on the cliff, and the narrow footholds lower down, to which Brian had afterwards raised him.

And thus it happened that when, not ten minutes later, Pat emerged from the Smugglers' Cave, he found Duke gone.

He had gone much further than he intended, led on by the gull, which fluttered like a white phantom before him. More than once his hand had almost closed over its soft white plumage, and then a sudden stumble caused him to lose it.

'Bother the thing!' he thought; 'it's not worth the trouble.'

And then one more effort brought him close to it, and the pecking, struggling thing, was safe in his hands.

'Who'd ever have thought of it's being so strong?'

Pat found, as he turned round to retrace his steps, that it was no easy matter to grope his way with both hands occupied in keeping his prize. He had made a wrong turn, too; and though the light reflected through chinks and openings in the rocks showed him he had not really gone very far in, it was some time before the welcome gleam of the true daylight showed him where he was. Then, at the last moment, perhaps inspired by the sight of sea and sky again, the poor gull gave a sudden wriggle, and got free again; so that Pat came plunging out empty-handed after all, to find Duke gone and the sea washing round the point.

'What a duffer not to shout!' he thought. 'Wherever can he have got to?'

And then Pat shouted at the top of his voice, unaware that the rising waves drowned the noise entirely.

'He must have gone home without me,' he thought, uneasily; and then, forgetting all about the sea-gull, he hurried along the rocks to the point.

It was not quite high tide yet, and Pat was not so easily discouraged as Duke had been, being bigger and stronger, and more used to climbing. So it was short work to pull off his boots and turn up his trousers, and begin wading and scrambling over the rough stones at the cliff's foot.

It was more difficult than he had thought; the

waves were rough just there, and the sharp flints cut his feet, and first one boot dropped and then the other dropped, and got washed away, till at last, drenched and barefooted, he stood safe within Silver Bay. No Duke here either; and a cold fever came creeping into the boy's heart like the crawling tide. What if Duke had gone the other way—to Wizard's Cave?

Pat's brown face was white now, and for a moment or two he thought of going back to see if he could find him.

'If he's drowned, I'll be drowned, too,' he thought, as he looked eagerly in the direction of the cave.

But the point was impassable by this time; and Pat had sense enough to know that his returning could be of no use. It would be much more useful to run home, or to Balls' Glen, and try and get help at once.

The cliffs round Silver Bay were not quite so steep, and a good climber could make his way to the top, though there was no regular pathway. Pat did not think twice about it, and was soon scrambling and struggling upwards, now catching at a bush or tuft of grass, now finding a foothold in a point or hole. His bare feet impeded him greatly, a sharp stone cut his ankle badly, and when he was half way up he twisted his wrist slightly, so that he was nearly giving up the effort in despair. The pain made him sick and giddy, and when at last he found himself safely at the top he had to sit down and try to bind up his wounded leg with his pocket-handkerchief, and recover his breath a little before going on.

It was a very sorry sort of progress, too, after all. He first determined to make straight for home, and for this purpose struck inland into the high road, knowing it to be more direct than the winding cliff path. But he made such slow progress, and had to stop so often, that, after a long rest at a gate, he resolved to retrace his steps to Balls' cottage, hoping there to gain some tidings.

But Balls' cottage stood empty and silent, and poor Pat sat down well-nigh in despair.

'How can I face Brian? What can I say? What can I do?' the poor boy thought, as he rose at last, and began again his slow, limping walk to Salt-gate.

As he turned out of Balls' Glen, on to the road again, he saw a coastguard and a boatman coming quickly along. They were talking eagerly, and hardly noticed the torn, ragged boy, among the bushes beside the road; for Pat, he hardly knew why, and contrary to his own intention, had shrunk back into the shade, feeling guilty, and afraid of being questioned about poor Duke.

The men stopped for a minute, looking down the glen to the sea.

'Not a chance, as I can see,' one of them said. 'Why, the tide must be half way up to the Bench by now! I wonder how ever the poor little chap got there?'

'Some of the quality, I fancy,' said the other. 'It's Colonel Wilmott's boy, down at the "Victoria." The poor gentleman's half-mad up there on the cliff. And no wonder, too, to see his only child drowned before his very eyes.'

'And the other?'



"Why, the tide must be half way up to the Bench by now!"

'What, he as went over the cliff? Bright, I think the name was. Mr. Brian Bright, I heard 'em say. Ah, that was pluck, and no mistake! though I can't think how ever Balls let him do it. Brave young chaps like that are not so common that they should throw their lives away.'

Then the two men passed on, still talking, and Pat still crouched in the bushes, shuddering with

horror, as the words seemed to stab through him like a knife.

Duke drowned—Brian killed—all through his fault!

'I'll go straight to father,' the boy thought. 'No one else can help: no one else ought to tell him but me.'

(To be continued.)



OUR BABY.

EACH morning early, wet or fair,
 In summer dust or winter snows,
 My father to the forest goes,
 And when I ask what he does there
 My mother strokes my curly hair,
 And, smiling, tells me father brings
 Out of the wood all sorts of things,
 For her and me and baby Rose :
 So I suppose
 It must be where the bread-fruit grows.

I often wish he'd take me there,
 But when I such a thing propose
 He frightens me about the crows,
 Or makes me see a big brown hare
 Come bouncing at us from its lair ;
 And though I think it's all a sham,
 I feel the safest where I am :
 Besides, as everybody knows,
 And each day shows,
 I must take care of baby Rose.

When I'm too old to play with Rose,
 And to the forest must away,
 I fancy how she'll spend the day,
 With three fat fingers on her nose,
 Sulking herself into a doze;
 For mother has such lots to do,
 To wash and iron and bake and brew—
 Things quite impossible for me:
 But then, you see,
 I'm of some use, and mean to be.

While father labours in the wood,
 And mother at her needle sings,
 I too can do some useful things:—
 My antics keep the baby good,
 For now I am Red Riddinghood,
 Enveloped in a crimson shawl;
 And now like Humpty Dumpty, fall
 Out of a chair;
 And from the dumps of deep despair
 Comes at my call my lady fair.

A smile, a frown, some lights and shades,
 Over my baby sister pass,
 Like April changes on the grass,
 As the day's sun-glow swells and fades
 On green hill-sides and dewy glades,
 For Nature to herself is true;
 Her leaden mists and skies are blue,
 Her calms and passions, storm and rest,
 Are mirrors in our baby's breast.

G. S. O.

THE MAN AND THE HORSE.

A French Fable.



A WAGGON, heavily laden, drawn by one horse and led by a man, had to ascend a very steep hill. The animal in the harness pulled with courage; the man, armed with a whip, struck him vigorously; both were wishing for the same thing—the arrival of the load at the top of the hill: but, alas! the cart scarcely advanced at all; sometimes it went back, and our two workers were at the end both of their strength and inventions.

'Get on!' cried the waggoner.

'Gladly would I advance,' thought the horse; 'but I can't.'

'Ah, you lazy rogue!' said the man, applying a twentieth stroke of the whip.

'That won't give me more strength,' thought the horse; 'on the contrary, I suffer rather more, and am less able to pull.'

'Ah, Brigand! you won't go on, you wretch!' and the whip finished the exhortation.

At last the one foams with rage, the other with fatigue; the one is red with fury, the other with blood.

Reader, I ask you,—Which is the brute beast? which is the reasonable animal?

I leave you to guess.

J. F. C.



RAPHAEL THE PAINTER.

N Good Friday, in the year 1483, 'Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino' was born in a little mountain village near Perugia. His father was a painter, and the child was gifted with the same talent, so that from infancy his little hands seemed to play lovingly with brushes and colours; and as he grew older he gave signs of such genius that he was placed under the instruction of the great Perugino. The master was charmed with the talent of the boy, and gladly gave him a seat in his studio with the other pupils, predicting that at some future day his name would be well known throughout the world.

By the time Raphael was seventeen years old his works were considered to equal, and often to excel, those of Perugino, and only two or three years later he was entrusted with the task of executing the frescoes in the Cathedral of Sienna.

After a while the fame of Michael Angelo and Da Vinci attracted the young artist to Florence, in the year 1504, where he remained some years, devoted to the study of art, and many of the wealthiest citizens engaged him to paint for them.

He was next summoned to Rome by Bramante, the celebrated architect, to assist in decorating the walls of the Vatican, and his success so increased his fame that the princes of Italy overwhelmed him with applications for the decoration of their palaces.

One of his great works is 'Christ bearing the Cross,' which was painted for the brothers of the monastery at Mount Olivet in Palermo—a painting which depicts the sufferings of our Saviour. It seemed as if some ill-fortune was to attend this picture, for the vessel which conveyed it was wrecked in a storm, and both passengers and cargo were lost. But the painting floated in its case upon the water, and on being washed ashore it was found in no way injured, and being shipped anew the monks at length received it in safety.

The last great work of Raphael was the famous 'Transfiguration,' a painting on which he seems to have spent all the beauty of thought and touch which he had to give. It was completed just before he died, at the early age of thirty-seven years. His body lay in state in the studio where he had laboured so constantly, and at his head they placed the picture of the 'Transfiguration,' as being the most beautiful of his works. All the great and noble of the city of Rome attended the funeral, and the remains of the celebrated painter were placed in the Pantheon, with a suitable epitaph inscribed upon the tomb.

F. E. S.

A HARE-HUNT.

IT WAS an October evening,

So still and clear and cold,
 All red and grey the frosty sun

Went down behind the wold,
 And far off church-bells faintly pealed
 Across the lonely stubble-field.

The rabbits darted in and out,
The corn-crake hoarsely cried,
The tiny field-mouse came and peered,
And picked a grain beside
The creature that lay panting there—
Only a solitary hare.

Four hours since, and along the brook
She watched the huntsmen pass,
And the dogs follow—the scent lost
In the tall reedy grass;
And still she lay and trembled there,
This little, helpless, tired-out hare.

But when the staring sun had set,
And earth in shadow grew,
While just one twinkling friendly star
Peeped at her through the blue,
And fast asleep was every bird,
The little hare her weak limbs stirred.

And creeping, creeping, slow she came
Unto the furze-bush old,
'Neath which her half-grown leverets
Had huddled from the cold,
Close by the spot where safe and warm
She reared them in her summer 'form.'

And what the leverets said to her,
And what the hare said, too,
A little bird has told to me,
And I'll tell part to you—
Just 'make-believe,' of creatures weak,
Who feel although they cannot speak.

'My children,' sighed the mother hare,
With short and sobbing breath,
'I have not many words to say,
I'm hunted unto death:
What can great two-legged creatures see,
In chasing a small thing like me?

'Your father—ah, he *was* a hare!
I've thought so, oft and oft:
His ears so long, his fur so grey,
His breast so white and soft;
They coursed him, miles and miles—and then
Killed him—those cruel dogs and men.

'*Why* did they? I, a silly hare,
Could never understand:
So I stole home alone across
The wood and the ploughed land,
And in our furze-bush mournfully
Brought up my leverets, one, two, three.

'But as the summer time went past
You grew so big and strong,
And frisked so merrily, that I
Almost forgot my wrong,
And nibbled with afresh delight
Each dewy morn and moonlight night.

'I did my best to keep you off
The wire-fenced garden-ground,
And bade you never lettuce eat
While clover might be found;
But fly from guns, and gins, and snares,
Like wise and careful little hares.

'We never did them any harm
(At least, not that I know),
Those creatures who walk upright, and
Make crick-cracks as they go.
Which if they point at a hare's side,
He dies—as once your brother died.

'Well, after then you were but two,
But we lived peacefully;
Had, on the whole, a happy year,
My leverets and I;
And fed and played together, gay,
Until that sad, sad yesterday.

'I lay within my cosy "form,"
As still as sitting bird;
The dread approach of hounds or men
I never even heard,
Till the pack neared me in full cry,
Then—off like lightning started I.

'I thought but how far I could run,
From where my leverets played,
And then I should not fear so much
The cruel noise they made,
Those dogs;—I skimmed on like the wind,
Until I left them far behind.

'I stopped to breathe—my heart beat fast—
But up again they came;
I doubled—crossed—went on again,
But it was all the same;
And nearer, louder, fiercer grew
The yelping of the horrid crew.

'The fields and hedges flew along,
The cows stood strange and still;
And I was torn with briers, and bruised
Adown the quarried hill:
I almost felt the hounds' sharp teeth,
When lo!—that brook the wood beneath.

'It ran so quiet, dark, and deep:
I thought—"I can but die:
It will not hurt me quite so much
As dropping dreadfully
Into those foamy wide-mouthed jaws:"
So, in I plunged without one pause.

'Safe—safe! Pack—hunters—all went by
I'm here my babes among—
And while she spoke up through the air
Went the first bird's first song;
The grey dawn reddened on the hill;
The hare turned—shivered—and lay still.

Her pretty limbs grew stiff and stark,
Her glazed eyes opened wide;
Under the furze-bush many a week
She lay where she had died:
Until the drifting leaves and snow
Buried her safe where none might know.

But how her little leverets throve,
How long they lived and well,
Were coursed or hunted, shot or snared,
In truth I cannot tell.
Still many gentlemen declare
It is grand sport to hunt a hare.



Hare Hunt.



Dead Sheldrake. By HARRISON WEIR.



SHELDRAKES.

Y brother had two pairs of sheldrakes brought to him when young. He kept them on his pond, and they became quite tame. He fed them regularly, and they came when summoned to their food by a whistle. But in the course of time a boy, throwing a stone, killed one of them, and its mate pined away and died of grief within two or three weeks.

KINMONT WILLIE.

A Story from an Old Ballad.

IT was in the days of good Queen Bess, when a solitary horseman was seen wending his way over a desolate country in the North of England. Though it was a wild, unfriendly district, and one where deeds of violence were common, the traveller did not seem at all afraid of evil; for as he went on he sang pleasantly snatches of some old song, and wore as cheerful an air as a man well could. But he had been watched and waited for, and as he passed among some high rocks ten men rushed out of their hiding-places upon him, and made him their prisoner. As he was well known to be a determined man, of great bravery and strength, they secured him by tying his legs beneath his horse's belly and his hands behind his own back.

'Who are ye,' asked the horseman, in a deep voice, 'that dare to seize my person, and treat me thus?' To this question no answer was returned. 'Know ye not,' continued the prisoner, 'I have a safe-conduct granted me by the law of the land, which will not expire until to-morrow at sunset? I see you are not thieves, wanting my purse, but creatures of my Lord Scroope, and this is some business of that wily fox Salkeld. I saw mischief in his eye this morning. Ha! is it not so?'

'We are but obeying orders,' said he who seemed to be the leader of the party, 'and that must be enough. Ask no more questions, for thou wilt get no further answers.'

The prisoner, whose real name was William Armstrong, and whose nickname was 'Kinmont Willie,' submitted quietly to his fate. He felt sure Lord Scroope, into whose hands he believed himself to have fallen, dared not hurt him seriously. He had been attending a meeting that very day on the Border, which was held under the leadership of Salkeld for England and Robert Scott for Scotland; and he was returning peacefully homewards, when he was seized as we have seen, and carried off. He felt sure, however, that they were taking him to Carlisle, and it was not long ere the keep of that famous castle appeared, standing on its bold eminence.

'It is as I thought,' said Armstrong to himself. 'Well, my Lord Scroope will surely rue the day he ever laid hands on Kinmont Willie!'

When they reached Carlisle Castle, Lord Scroope was there, and Armstrong boldly asked him how he dare meddle with a member of a national conference,

which had met for national purposes, under a safeguard? Lord Scroope told him he was a freebooter and a rogue, and had been looked for a long while, and caught at last, and that he should be hanged upon Haribee, as sure as possible.

To this Armstrong replied, 'Aye, it may be so: my hands and feet are tied, but my tongue is free; and I ask thee, Lord Scroope, how thou wilt answer this deed, done in defiance of Border law? How wilt thou answer our Keeper, the bold Buccleuch? Surely thou wilt hear of this, and soon.'

'I swear to thee,' retorted Lord Scroope, 'that no Scot shall deliver thee. Thou hast owed a debt to our law long enough, and pay it thou shalt ere long, I can assure thee.'

'Well,' replied Armstrong, 'I owe no man anything. I never go to an inn without paying the bill, and as I am to enjoy the hospitality of Carlisle Castle, I will pay thee, my good host, for that!'

The news of Willie's capture reached the ears of Buccleuch, and, boiling with wrath, he made instant preparations for the prisoner's deliverance. The Keeper was at Branksome Hall, drinking wine, when he heard of Lord Scroope's successful plot; and after sitting a few moments too astonished for words, he took hold of the table with one hand, and gave it such a thump with his clenched fist, that the glasses jumped and jingled on the board. And then Buccleuch swore that he would have his revenge on Lord Scroope.

'To think of it!' roared he. 'To think that an English lord should set me at nought! What?' And here the angry Keeper rose and paced the hall. 'Is Buccleuch's helmet nothing better than a widow's cap? Is his good spear but the willow wand of a village lad? Have they taken Kinmont Willie in a time of peace, and forgotten that I am the Keeper on this side the Border? Do they dream I cannot ride and hold a spear? Oh, would there were a war going on now betwixt England and Scotland! I would set Carlisle Castle on fire, and then put out the embers with English blood! Not a man should be able to say where that strong castle stood. But there is peace, and I am glad there is, and I will harm no one; but they shall yet know the strength of my arm and the depth of my wit, and Kinmont Willie shall be free!'

The bold Buccleuch thereupon chose forty marchmen, all of his own name, except one, the stout knight Sir Gilbert Elliott. These forty men were divided into four parties, each separately attired. The first party were disguised as hunters, with horns and all the rest of it; the next ten appeared as warders, ready armed for a fray; the third ten were arrayed like masons, and among other things they carried ladders on their shoulders; whilst the fourth troop, led by Dicky of Dryhope, walked behind, dressed like 'broken men.' As they journeyed to Carlisle, who should they meet but Salkeld, who asked each party where they were going. The first company said they were going to hunt an English stag, who had been trespassing on Scottish territory. By this they meant Lord Scroope.

The marshal-men, or warders, told Salkeld they were after a thief, who had deceived the Keeper of the Scottish border. The mason lads had their answer ready likewise. With their ladders they were going

to take the nest of a corbie crow. But when Salkeld made inquiry of the fourth body, he got a very rough answer indeed; for Dicky of Dryhope, without saying a word, thrust his lance through his body.

After this, the party pressed on towards Carlisle, and at length crossed the river Eden, then very full, and pouring along at a great pace. The wind now began to rise, and Buccleuch ordered the whole company to dismount, and tether their horses to the trees near Staneshaw Bank; while they pushed on to Carlisle on foot, through wind and wet, and fire and sleet, for there was, it seems, an April thunderstorm; and, drenched through and through, they stood at length beneath the frowning walls of the castle. Silently they reared their ladders against the masonry; and Buccleuch, mounting first, seized the astonished watchman by the throat, and flung him heavily on the leaden roof.

'Lie there,' said Buccleuch, 'and be thankful there is peace between our nations. Had it been otherwise, I had thrown thee over the wall. Now, trumpets, sound, and let us waken Lord Scroope right merrily!'

Whereupon the clarion notes were heard, performing the old Scottish air of 'Wha dare meddle with me?' Under cover of this defiant 'strain the Scots set to work and cut a hole through the leaden roof, and by that mode reached the castle hall, which was in a dreadful state of commotion, for it was believed the whole army of King James had taken base advantage of the truce and had captured Elizabeth's great northern stronghold. The intrepid Scots meanwhile broke locks and bars, and found at last their friend in the inner prison. He was asleep, but the clang of their arms awoke him, and Red Rowan, the stoutest man of Teviotdale, caught him up, and briskly bore him away. When Kinmont Willie understood all about it he said, 'I must bid farewell to Lord Scroope.' 'Be quick about it, then,' answered Red Rowan, who halted in the dark passage, whilst Willie shouted at the top of his voice, 'Farewell, good Lord Scroope, and I must be content to pay you when we next meet on the Border side.'

The gigantic Red Rowan then bore his burden up to the castle roof, and down the ladder, and at every stride which he took the chains on the prisoner's legs rattled and clanged. 'Well,' said Kinmont Willie, after some experience of this kind of horsemanship, 'I've been a rider all my days, and have mounted many a wild steed, but never did my legs bestride such a rough beast as Red Rowan; and never, surely, until this night, did I ever wear such heavy spurs.'

But there was hot pursuit, and the deliverers of Kinmont Willie had much ado to reach Staneshaw Bank. They could hear the alarm bells sounding in the city behind them, and before they could reach their horses a thousand mounted men were at their heels. Lord Scroope sighted the Scots in the early dawn, hastening to the swollen river, and, knowing the state of the Eden, he made sure of their capture. 'They never will dare to swim a stream like that,' said he to his aid-de-camp; 'now we shall have them!' But Lord Scroope was wrong. Buccleuch and all his band, Kinmont Willie and all, plunged in, and managed to get across in safety. Halting on the other side, the bold Buccleuch plucked off his glove, and flung it toward Lord Scroope with a few banter-

ing words. 'If you don't like my visit in England,' said he, 'you had better come and pay me one in Scotland.' Lord Scroope probably did not hear his words, for, beside the hoarse murmur of the river, there was the confused noise of a thousand men and horses, and, moreover, he was too astonished to hear anything: but the old minstrel tells us, he said to himself that Buccleuch must be either helped by the evil one or else his mother must have been a witch, for no ordinary man dared have done what he and his men had done.

'Nay,' said Lord Scroope, 'I would not have done it for all the gold in Christendom!' G. S. O.

EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

AN old soldier, though not a very old man, was buried the other day in Scotland, to the 'Dead March in Saul' and the tramp of comrades' feet. He was verily a child of the regiment.

To begin with. His father was a soldier, and the baby, James Smith by name, born in Windsor Castle, and wearing as his first dress one presented to him by the lamented Princess Charlotte, was 'off to the war' before he was a year old. The regiment was sent to the Netherlands, and took part in the battle of Waterloo.

Mrs. Smith, an active woman, had charge of the books of the troop to which her husband belonged; and followed him on horseback with two panniers, one holding baby, the other the books. When he was old enough the boy entered the same regiment, serving in it twenty-four years, and winding up his warlike career quietly and usefully as Drill Instructor to a Yeomanry Cavalry Corps. H. A. F.

JACK'S BUBBLES

AT it again! What a fellow he was
For blowing soap-bubbles from morning till
night!

Bubbles the baby could spoil with a touch,
Bubbles that melted so quickly from sight.

Leaving his work to look after itself,
Leaving the master to rage himself black,
All for a peacock-hued bubble forsooth!

Oh, what a silly young fellow was Jack!

Did he grow wiser when boyhood was past?

Well, at his desk he would idle and dream;
Find his work dull—his stool hard—till at last
He blew one more bubble and called it a scheme.

The scheme was a share in a far-away mine;
Up went the bubble so blue, red, and green!
The hand of a rascally clerk spoilt it all,
And Jack journeys home again, sorry and lean.

But bubbles are easy to blow. Number two
Was a project to people the Desolate Isles;
Jack as the governor, nothing to do,
Salary good—his adieu was all smiles.

But that bubble burst, and he came back again,
Full of another more promising still;
Coloured so bright that it dazzled the eyes,
But no one much wondered when it turned out ill.



Jack's Bubbles.

So he went on at this poor grown-up play,
Always with something afloat in the air;
Nought in his pockets save two idle hands,
Nought in his heart but a worrying care.

Bubbles are all very well in their way,
But good honest work makes a prettier show;
And the castle in air is less snug, people say,
Than the trim little house that is one of a row.
H. A. F.



THE MONKEY TREE.

AMONG the stately and ancient beeches at Burnham may be seen a number of curious and fantastic-shaped trees; some of them are like spectres, and when seen in the twilight, or by moonlight, they have a startling effect upon the visitor. The tree of

which we give a picture, when viewed in a certain position, has a face resembling an ape or monkey clearly visible on the bark; the face seeming to have its mouth open, showing a set of teeth. It is called the Monkey Tree.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 300.)

CHAPTER XXVI.



MINOTTI'S Circus had had a good time at Saltgate; the money had rattled merrily into the tin cup at the doors—not merely the pennies of the inner circle, but the shillings and two shillings of the aristocracy on the red-cloth-covered planks above. Three times, and sometimes four times a-day, did the performance take place: the horses ambled round perseveringly; the clown repeated the same brilliant sallies,

received with roars of laughter by relays of the Saltgate youth; Britannia leaped through the hoops, and Dick Turpin pursued his ride to York—but, I need hardly say, never reached his journey's end, seeing that he always rode in a circle.

Signor Minotti put off their departure from day to day when he counted up the receipts at night, and gave at least six last performances. But they were due at Cartminster fair on the 6th of September, so their departure could be no longer postponed; and the yellow vans lumbered away from Saltgate, leaving only the worn, scorched ring on the grass, and the marks of the tent-pegs in the field behind Seaview, to show where the 'Grand Royal Hippodrome' had been.

Packing up is never a very pleasant business, or improving to the temper, and there had been a good many delays in the Hippodrome's arrangements; one of Mr. Colley Poynter's poodles strayed away, and the accomplished piebald had a humour, and was not in good condition for travelling.

'And she's not the only one as has a humour,' Britannia said bitterly; 'and a awful bad humour, too; only he don't keep it to himself, as poor Bess do!'

For Professor Minotti was not so choice in his language in private life as he was in the arena, and for a foreigner, as he professed to be, he had a wonderful fluency of expression in low English abuse. So the departure from Saltgate was not made pleasant to Minotti's company, nor was the dusty high road enlivened by the running accompaniment kept up by the manager; and they were all relieved when the order to halt for the night was given, on a bit of heath about six miles out of Saltgate, while Minotti declared his intention of going on with Poynter to the next town, to see how the land lay for a performance there.

So the caravan was left under the direction of Minotti's son, who appeared in the bills as 'Monsieur Eugène Minotti,' but was known in private life as Bill Short, and his wife, Ameliar Ann, otherwise Britannia, otherwise Mademoiselle Ariel de Montmorenci, with directions to bring it on at first break of day the next morning.

Bill was a mild, inoffensive sort of man, very different from his father, and the camp on Tilsey Heath

that night was very peaceful under his rule. The carts and waggons were drawn up in a square, and the horses hobbled and turned out—all except Bess, who required doctoring and attention. Bill was very fond of Bess, and Bess of him, and his wife would say that he would rather both she and the child died than Bess. But this was only in joke, for Bill Short was as good a little husband as any girl need wish for, and she knew it.

Bill Short and his wife were having a late supper that night all to themselves; it must have been getting on for twelve when Mrs. Short began frying the sausages over the gipsy fire. All the rest of the company were asleep—some in the carts, some rolled up in rugs in any sheltered place, and some lying on the open heath, near the smouldering ashes of their camp fires, with the starry sky for their canopy.

The savoury smell of the sausages had penetrated the dreams of two of the poodles, and they had crept near, with blinking eyes, yawning and licking their lips, in hope of stray morsels that might fall to their share. Everything was very quiet, so that the sputtering of the sausages was very audible, and seemed the only noise, except sometimes a snore from a sleeper or a movement of one of the horses near. The baby was wide awake and cheerful in her father's arms, pulling his whiskers and crowing, as well-brought-up babies do in the morning, and quite ready to join in the sausage supper heartily.

As little unpacking as possible had been done that night, and as no plates had come handy, the sausages had to be landed on slices of bread when cooked, and go straight to their destination without any polite assistance of dishes, plates, or forks; but just a pinch of salt sprinkled over and a dab of mustard.

Father, and mother, and baby, all agreed that they were excellent, according to their different forms of expression. Father said they were 'pretty middlin';' and mother, that she had 'tasted worse;'—which sounds faint praise, perhaps, to us, but really means a great deal. The baby's remarks were inarticulate, and so were the poodles', who, however, were distracted over the last juicy morsel tossed to them from the blade of Short's clasp-knife by a noise on the Heath outside the camp, which made them prick their ears suspiciously, and give a little inquiring bark. Then another of the dogs took up the matter, and then another (for the circus had many canine camp-followers of one sort and another), till there was quite a chorus, and more than one of the sleeping company turned over with a growl to ask 'What the row was?' or to kick at the nearest dog.

Short shouted at the dogs to silence them; but one old mongrel who belonged to the clown, and was cross and surly like his master in private life, would not be quieted, but made his way out to the road, when his barking grew louder and fiercer.

'Some one late on the road,' said Mrs. Short. 'Call off that brute Fury, Bill, or he'll bite!'

But as Bill was coaxing the baby to sleep she got up herself, and, taking the lantern from the cart near, went out, following the sound of Fury's barking. The barking subsided into an angry growl as she came up, and the offending object appeared to be only a heap at the side of the road; but when she turned the lantern on it she saw that it was a boy

crouched down against the bank, and protecting himself from the dog with his hands, one of which was scratched and bleeding.

'Has he bit you?'

'No; but he tried to.'

She drove the dog off, and sent it yelping back with its tail between its legs; and then she turned the light again on the boy, made more curious still by the sound of his voice. He was standing up now, and she could see that his clothes were ragged and dirty, and his feet bare, and that he had a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood tied round one of his ankles. His face was very white and wan, and his eyes pitiful to see, they were so hollow and anxious.

'Why, where are you going, child, so late at night?'

'To London,' was the answer; and the boy moved on, limping and slowly, but very determined.

'Are your friends there?'

'My father is.'

But as he spoke, a great sob choked the words. London and father had seemed to be getting further and further away every limping, weary mile the boy had gone.

'Why, you'll never get there at this rate!' Mrs. Short said, her kind heart moved to strong compassion. 'We're going a goodish way on the London road, and you can come along if you like, and have a ride on the waggon now and then, as long as you keeps out of the giv'nor's sight. But anyhow, you don't go no further to-night. I'll find you a bit of supper and somewhere to lie down.'

She put her hand on the boy's shoulder kindly, if roughly, and Pat (for, as you will have guessed long since, it was our poor Pat) was past offering any opposition, and he followed her into the camp, and at her bidding sat down by the fire, and even ate the bit of bread and the sausage remaining over from the supper. He seemed stupefied with fatigue and sorrow, and he did not pay any attention to Short's grumbling at his presence there, and at his wife's 'bringing cadgers into the middle of them!'

'He's no cadger!' Mrs. Short answered. 'You let me alone! I know what I'm about!'

So Short went grumbling off to bed, and Mrs. Short sat by Pat, watching him as he ate his supper; and then she got some water and bathed his leg, and bound it up, asking no questions, but stealing a look, now and then, up at the troubled, weary blue eyes. Then she brought a mattress and blanket, and put them under the waggon in which she slept, and covered him up with rough tenderness.

'You've got no mother, maybe?' she asked; and when Pat wearily shook his head she kissed him.

I do not think that circus baby will ever want a Friend in her need; for, though Pat has no mother to hear of and reward the kindness to her boy, he has a 'Father who seeth in secret and will reward openly.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

SLEEP is a kind friend to the young, not to be driven away easily by any trouble or anxiety; and Pat slept as sweetly and peacefully on the mattress under the circus van as if he had been in bed at home, with Paddy's head on the pillow beside him, and all the family safe, and happy, and well. He

dreamt that they were at tea in the old schoolroom, and Duke was there, and Aunt Bell was going to tell them a story, only Don would keep licking his face. And then Pat half woke, for something really was licking his face, and he pushed it away, saying, 'Get out, Don!' and so saying, opened his eyes, and, instead of Don's irritable, black-and-white, hairy face, saw a foolish, solemn, poodle countenance close to his own; and instead of the white bed-curtains and striped green blind of the Seaview bedroom, a dingy brown blanket and the spokes of a large yellow wheel. And then memory came back with a rush, and poor Pat closed his eyes again with a shuddering sigh, longing for the schoolroom and happy old days, even if they were only in a dream.

No more sleep for Pat, however, even if the poodle or sad thoughts would have left him at peace, for the whole camp was on the move. The dawn was grey and shivering, as if the day, too, had a painful waking, and the dew lay thick and white on the heath, and gemmed the cobwebs on the gorse-bushes and brambles. Sleepy-looking figures, half-rested, stretching and yawning, were moving about; and Mrs. Short was standing near, twisting up her hair without any preliminary brushing, and talking to two other women, who were lighting up a fire of sticks and preparing to make coffee. The poodles, knowing by experience that an early start generally involved a good many kicks for them, had taken refuge under the vans out of the way, and three of them were gazing at Pat as they sat, shivering, on their poor, shaved haunches.

Pat was stiff and sore all over, and he lay still watching the scene, and wishing that he could lie there out of the way and be forgotten altogether. Mrs. Short, however, remembered her guest, and presently came to him, creeping in under the van on her hands and knees, and bringing him a cup of hot, sweet coffee, and a thick slice of bread and butter.

'There,' she said, 'I wouldn't wake you sooner, for I thought as you wanted as much sleep as you could get; but we're to be off now as soon as the horses can be put to, so you'll have to rouse up! Drink that up—it will warm you a bit! You don't look quite such a scarecrow as you did last night! You can get up behind our van, and don't you take no notice if the men say anything; they've no call to interfere if I please to take you, but they're pretty sure to give you the rough side of their tongues when they ketch sight of you.'

'Couldn't you give me something to do?' asked Pat. 'I could run errands, or—'

'You don't look much like running with that leg of yours,' said Mrs. Short. 'No! I tell you what—you can see after my baby if she cries. She's generally sleepy of a morning, through being wakeful at nights; but if she do wake up, you can mind her.'

Mrs. Short's van was rather imposing outside, having a bright green door behind, with a brass knocker, and windows on either side, with little white blinds and muslin curtains. But it was an illustration of the maxim that 'appearances are deceitful,' for inside it was a sort of compromise between a bathing-machine and an old clothes' shop, and neither remarkable for neatness nor cleanliness.

(To be continued.)



"Why, where are you going, child, so late at night?"



Colonel Willmott hearing tidings of Pat.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 311.)



AT took up his position as Mrs. Short directed, on the step outside the green door, and, as she had expected, a good deal of abuse was directed at his devoted head from first one and then another of the men; but when Mrs. Short was near she took up the cudgels lustily on his part, and gave as much and more than she took; and when she was away Pat held his tongue, for he had no spirit then for chaff, and still less for loud abuse.

The progress of the vans along the road was very slow, and the dust and jolting were unpleasant. Pat was inclined to take to his own legs again, as likely to carry him quicker to the end of his journey and give him something to distract his mind from the thought of little Duke, as he had last seen him, standing at the entrance of Smugglers' Cave, with the wind blowing about his curls, and his whole face glowing, and bright, and full of life. And Brian, too—dear old 'B. B.'—leaning out of the window at Seaview, calling to Peter to keep out of the way of a horse that was being ridden at a gallop along the sands. When Pat shut his eyes he could see them both, and through the rattle and jolting of the van he could hear their voices.

Mrs. Short thought he was asleep, he gave such a start when she spoke to him. She had opened the green door, and sat just inside it doing some work, seeming not to be hindered by the motion of the van; though, as she told Pat, it was 'not work as signified, being only just goblifying up the clown's pantaloons.'

'When we comes to Setham,' she said, 'you'd best get down, for the guv'nor may cut up rough if he's in one of his tantrums, and he don't like hangers-on at the best of times. Haven't you got enough tin to pay your fare up to London?'

Pat shook his head.

'The guv'nor was talking of getting some boy to help with the comic business with the clown instead of Jerry—he's the nigger, you know. He drew first-rate down the country, he did, folk not being used to blackamoors—not real ones, only them Ethiopian Serenaders as wash off—and they roared at the very sight of his ugly face! But he's such a nasty temper as it's not safe to play tricks with him, and Mulligan said he'd have him bound over to keep the peace before ever he'd go with him into the ring again, as drew his knife out one day, all of a sudden, and would have stuck Mulligan like a pig if he hadn't been stopped. Now if you knowed a little bit about tumbling, and had a face as would black well' (Mrs. Short looked reflectively at Pat), 'I might speak a word to the guv'nor for you.'

Even in the depths of his sorrow this suggestion had its attractions for Pat.

'I've learned gymnastics,' he said, 'and I can turn

head-over-heels, and walk about on my hands; and I'm sure I could get into the way of it soon. But,' he remembered suddenly, 'I want to get to London as quick as I can, you know!'

'You can't walk there,' said Mrs. Short, 'that's pretty certain; but if you was took on for a job you might soon earn enough to pay your fare, and it's all on the way to London, too. But I don't think the guv'nor would look at you, for you'd have to belearnt so much before you was worth your salt.'

Fortune certainly favoured poor Pat, for when, half an hour later, Minotti met the vans, he was in such a bustle and fuss that Pat quite escaped his observation. He had found Setham ripe for a circus, and had announced a performance for that very afternoon and evening, and had come off poste-haste to hurry on his company, that all the arrangements might be complete. There was a large school at Setham, and he had called on the master, who promised his patronage—'which means, best places for all the young gents at half price!'

Minotti was in a regular gale of wind, for the tent had to be got up, and everything unpacked and arranged, and the town promenaded in the usual imposing style, and all to be done by three, so as to be ready for the first performance. Every one was obliged to put their shoulder to the wheel with a will; and so they all did, with one exception. Jerry, the nigger, had stopped at a wayside public-house more than once already that morning, and was certainly not any the better for his visits, and before the circus reached Setham he and Minotti had come to words, and very nearly to blows, and Jerry threatened to pack up and be off then and there, believing his services to be too valuable to be dispensed with. Minotti, however, in the heat of the moment, took him at his word, paid him his money, and would have kicked him out of the circus with the greatest pleasure in life if he had dared.

When he had cooled down a little Minotti remembered, with dismay, the advertisement, in large yellow and red letters on the posters, of Prince Boriobooloo from Lake Zambesi, and wished he had not been so rash. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Short brought Pat forward, and undertook to turn him out as black as her hat (which was brown) in time for the procession, if Minotti would let him stay on in the company at a small salary, to make himself generally useful; and Minotti agreed, rather than that the public should be disappointed by the non-appearance of Prince Boriobooloo from Lake Zambesi.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'NURSE!' Oh, the blessed comfort contained in that word! Comfort to poor Brian, in the shape of a quiet, cool room, well-adjusted pillows, and a strong motherly arm to raise him, and the well-known voice to pet him back into the 'Brian, darlint!' or 'Honey, dear!' of old days, before his nose had been put six times out of joint.

Comfort to Peter, in the shape of much cossetting when Brian was asleep, much combing and curling of tangled curls and bewailing over spoilt frocks, and sunburns, and scratches.

Comfort to Honor, in a sense of security, which helped her to bear many a sidelong shaft aimed at

herself concerning neglect and mismanagement of the children, and unfair labours put upon 'poor, dear Master Brian!'

Nurse had arrived about midday in answer to Colonel Willmott's telegram to Mr. Bright, with the news that the master would follow by a later train, she being in the meantime invested with full rights to do whatever might be needed for Brian's comfort.

You would scarcely have picked out nurse on her arrival at Seaview terrace as a ministering angel. One does not naturally think of such a being in a brown stuff gown and big white apron, with an old-fashioned cap and spectacles; but such she most certainly appeared to the children just now. I am not at all sure, however, that Mrs. Hopkins shared in the general feeling, as she found herself at once turned out of her post as head nurse, which she had assumed.

The two good ladies eyed each other somewhat askance. Nurse regarded the landlady with suspicion, altered her arrangements, and took the cooking of broth and arrowroot into her own hands, in a way that Mrs. Hopkins felt she could not endure, 'as was never used to such goin's on, and never did think much of them Irish, noways.'

As time went on, a dangerous tendency appeared to call each other 'ma'am,' and even to courtesy to each other, which we all know is a very bad symptom, and usually ends in that awful catastrophe, 'having words,' which, however, there was luckily no time for in this case.

Mrs. Hopkins found a fellow-exile from Brian's room in Don, who on nurse's arrival had ignominiously, and in spite of much growling, been turned off Brian's bed, where he had taken up a comfortable position, quite regardless of the patient's legs, where he barked at the doctor, and interfered with the beef-tea in a way quite intolerable to nurse's feelings.

Matters being dull in the sitting-room, where the children, listening for news of Pat, had no heart even for Don's blandishments, this sensible animal betook himself to the kitchen. Here, after a sharp skirmish with the cat, he took up a good position in front of the fire, sitting there with the air of a deeply-injured, though stout martyr, and with half-shut eyes and an attentive nose directed to the joint of roast pork turning in front of him for Mrs. Hopkins's dinner.

Lady Jane also quailed somewhat under severe scrutiny and short answers when she came to inquire after Brian, nurse being impressed with the idea that all the mischief had come 'through all this gadding about with these here fine folks, as had best mind their own business.' An exquisite basket of grapes, however, and Lady Jane's soft eyes and gentle voice, somewhat soothed the old woman, and she was allowed, as a great favour, to carry off Molly, and Nora, and Peter, to dine with Duke, who was kept in bed to recover himself and take off the effects of the chill. Honor could hardly bear the sight of Lady Jane, and Paddy was far too miserable about Pat to do anything but lie stretched out in the window-seat, hopelessly watching the sea.

So Honor went downstairs alone to receive her father when he came. She had worked herself into a fever of dread about seeing him, exaggerating her own fault, and fancying that all the world must know the selfish neglect of her duty that conscience was

making such a stir about within her. It was a wonderful relief and surprise to find herself taken into her father's arms, and look up into the kind face, worn and anxious indeed, but still full of the strength, and hope, and energy of a good man, who 'will not be afraid of any evil tidings, for his heart standeth fast and believeth in the Lord.'

A few words and a look at Brian's sleeping face were enough to comfort him for the present on that score, and then Honor and Paddy were made to tell all they had heard of Pat, quietly and distinctly.

Then Balls was sent for, and the other boatmen who had been searching the shore all the morning for the missing boy. Honor saw the patient face flinch, and the broad forehead contract with sudden pain for a moment, as one of the men produced Pat's boots, that he had found washed into the pool near the point, and another his torn blue necktie, which had been caught on a bush half-way up the cliff in Silver Bay. But it was only for a moment, and then father smiled, and laid his hand on Honor's, saying, 'Thank God!'

'Why, father?' she asked, with a beating heart; for to her the poor sodden boots and ragged tie seemed like Pat's death-warrant.

'Set your wits to work, little woman,' Mr. Bright said. 'You ought to know more of it than I do. But as far as I can make it out, Pat was last seen going into the cave with his boots on, and it's not very likely they would have been washed off with those stout laces; and the boy would not have taken them off for nothing. Then the necktie didn't get up the cliff by itself, I suppose. So that, putting two and two together—'

'I think you're right there, sir! and we'll have him back before we're a day older!'

And, without further introduction, Mr. Bright and Colonel Willmott were shaking hands as if they had been old friends.

'I've just come in from Tilsey Heath,' the Colonel said. 'And I believe I have got on the right track at last; though whatever made the boy run away, beats me entirely.'

Then Colonel Willmott told how, in riding over Tilsey Heath that morning, he had come across some stragglers from the circus, which had been camping out there that night. There was a lonely little wayside inn, called the 'Dog's Head,' where he had stopped to ask his shortest way home, and had listened to the noisy wrath of a half-tipsy nigger, who, it appeared, had some grudge against the circus manager, and was vowing vengeance on Minotti in no mild terms.

It was here that he first heard tidings of a barefooted lad, looking like a runaway, who had stopped at the 'Dog's Head' about ten o'clock the evening before, asking his way to the London road. The nigger added the information that the same boy had, nearly an hour later, come up with the circus encampment, though whether or no he had remained there was difficult to gather from the confused narrative. At any rate Pat (for there could be little doubt it was he) had been last seen and spoken with by the circus people; and Jerry's obscure story left it even possible that he might still be there. The next performances were probably now going on at Setham; and the

Colonel proposed driving father over at once in his dog-cart. It was now nearly six o'clock, and the Colonel's high-stepping bay mare would get them there just as the evening entertainment was commencing.

'May I go, father?' Paddy said, looking wistfully at the back seat of the dog-cart, as they prepared to start.

But father thought it would be wiser for Paddy to remain at home, as, if they did not find Pat at Setham, they might probably go on in another direction, according to any tidings they might receive.

Neither father nor Colonel Willmott had bargained, however, for the companion which Providence had assigned to them. The injured Don, having spent a happy day in the kitchen, where pork and petting did much to soothe his ruffled feelings, had been attracted by the noise of the Colonel's arrival to emerge from his retirement. Molly and Nora ever afterwards declared that, from his post under father's chair, this gifted animal took in the whole state of affairs, and resolved to find Pat. It was owing, therefore, to this noble impulse that, just as they drove out of Saltgate, Mr. Bright became suddenly and angrily aware of a fat and breathless follower, with hanging tongue, and starting eyes, and hoarse, gasping barks, in hot pursuit of them.

'Better pick him up, or he'll burst, poor little beast!' the Colonel said, laughing; and before Mr. Bright could remonstrate Don had been swung up, choking and indignant, and thrust summarily away under the seat to recover himself; a position he found it wiser to retain quietly, as a sharp application of the Colonel's boot was sure to follow any attempt to move.

'Who found Pat?' was often asked among the children afterwards, and the answer always was, 'Don.' Probably adding, 'A dear, darling, clever dog—that he was!'

(To be continued.)



NATURAL SCENES.

No. VI.—A VALLEY.

ONE of the most famous of earth's valleys is that of Cashmere. It lies embosomed in the immense Himalayan hills, and is some six or seven thousand feet above the sea level. Numerous rivulets descend from the mountain-sides, and they, being fed by the everlasting snow, are never dry. By their means a surprising verdure and beauty are spread over all this charming valley, which may justly be reckoned one of the Edens of our earth. The climate is mild, and delightful after the sultry oven-like air of the Indian plains. We do not wonder, therefore, that the old Emperors, the Great Moguls, as they were called, used to come here for repose, after their state labours were over. The rose of Cashmere has been praised by poets as one of the loveliest of its lovely tribe, and the maidens of Cash-

mere were also famous for their beauty. Beside this, no venomous reptile lurks in the grass; nor does the tiger or panther spring at the passing traveller from the thicket.

One of the gay palaces built by some Emperor of Delhi is yet standing. Here the splendid monarch could leave off some of those state ceremonies which must have been almost as wearying as the treadmill. When he was at his city the Emperor was obliged to appear every morning at a certain window—every noon at the same place—every afternoon on his durbar, or place of audience—every evening in an open court. Sometimes he was not only covered, but completely laden with diamonds, pearls, and rubies; and his chief amusement on his birth-day was to take two boxes, one full of rubies, and the other crammed with gold and silver almonds, and scatter them on the ground, where the mighty lords of his court fell on their hands and knees and scrambled for the glittering baubles, as school-children will for nuts and gingerbread.

But happy as the Cashmere valley looks, it is not a home of peace and love. We have a happier valley nearer us—a valley under Monte Rosa, where, it is said, there has not been a criminal trial, no, nor even a law-suit, for four hundred years. A man never makes a written will there. He tells a friend or two how he wishes his goods to be divided, and it is done without dispute. Fathers have great authority, and use it well; and the people all think there is no place in the world like their own valley-home. If the young men travel, as they often do, selling figures made of plaster, they always return to their beloved native valley, and end their days among the sweet familiar scenes of childhood.

The valley of West-fiord-dalen, in Norway, is also noted for its peace as well as its beauty. The peasants are honest, cheerful, and well-behaved. They can almost all read, and on the walls of their houses and on the tops of their bedsteads are passages of Scripture, exhorting men to temperance, industry, and the fear of God. There are only about three months of fine weather here. The farmer sows in June, and reaps in August; but many of the herdsmen see no summer at all. For about the beginning of June, before summer is actually come, they drive the cattle to the mountains, where all the roughness of November prevails; and after spending about three months there, they return with their cattle to the valley, when the long winter has again settled on the hardy Norseman's home.

Another valley, smiling and fertile, we have heard of, namely, the Valley of Monotta, near the Lake of Lucerne. Here, too, the people are very simple and honest, and trust greatly in each other. On the roadside several shops are to be seen without a shopkeeper, yet well stored with various articles, on which the price is clearly written. Any one who likes may enter, take up a pound of lard or a pound of sugar, lay down his money, and depart. In the evening the shopkeeper comes in, and finds the reckoning correct. What strange honesty is here! Yet why should it be strange, seeing Switzerland is a Christian country?

But Monotta is famous for its war-passages, too. About the end of the last century Switzerland was in



Natural Scenes.—No. VI. A Valley.

the hands of the French. War broke out between France and Austria. The Austrians entered Switzerland in force, and the land was in a most wretched plight. As the historian says, 'In the valleys of the Alps, and on the shores of the lakes, the din of foreign arms was heard; one field of battle was left reeking close to another; and men and horses were seen crossing mountain-ridges known hitherto only to the chamois hunter.'

Amid these bloody scenes, Suwarrow, the famous Russian General, came to the aid of the Austrians. He and his soldiers forced a way across the mountains into the Valley of Monotta, by a way which no traveller had ever been before. The very shepherds have to take off their shoes, and hold on by their hands, where armies marched then. The precipices were strewn with the bodies of soldiers—every mossy rock beside a running brook was chosen for some dying man to pillow his head upon. In spite of his bold march, Suwarrow found, when he got into the valley, that fortune had gone against him. His allies were beaten, and he was obliged to fight the French with his wearied soldiers, when he was attempting to join with and help the retreating Austrians. A bridge over the Monotta was taken and re-taken many times, and the blood of Frenchmen and Russians crimsoned the stream, which bore away many dead bodies. Suwarrow could not force his way out, so he was obliged to seek a new mountain-passage out of the net in which he was taken. He managed to find one, but he did not leave the fatal valley until he had lost 5000 of his best troops in eleven days.

We have been speaking of the mutual trust which exists between men in the Monotta valley. The same confidence cannot be said to prevail in Borrowdale, one of our English valleys; at least touching one valuable product found there.

In this valley is the Wad Mine, whence our lead-pencils come. The mine was discovered by accident about the time of Queen Elizabeth. The value of the mineral was soon known, and they to whom the mine belonged had great trouble in guarding their treasure. At one period the whole cavern was held by a lot of miners, who barred out the rightful owners for a long time.

The entrance into the mine is about one thousand feet above the sea. Over it is built a strong brick house, containing several rooms. In one room is a trap-door, which, being opened, discloses a flight of steep stairs, down which the men go in their mining dresses. When they come out of the mine they have to put off their mining dress and put on their usual clothes. This is done in the presence of a sharp-eyed overseer, who takes care that the men do not leave the premises with any of the precious plumbago hidden about their persons.

The black-lead, when duly separated from impurities, is packed in casks, which are carefully conveyed down the mountain-side. At one time this mine was worked only once in every seven years. At present, we believe, it is worked for a certain portion of each year; after which it is secured from intrusion by being flooded.

Ere we leave the valleys, let us just have one peep into a Turkish valley on the Bosphorus. Sailing up that strong current from Constantinople, the beautiful

Valley of Buyukderè opens upon us, as we catch our first glance of the stormy Euxine. Buyukderè means, in the Turkish language, the 'Great Valley.' It is a flowery meadow of a great width, extending from the Bosphorus for five or six miles, until it is blocked by a huge aqueduct, which carries water to the great city.

In this valley the Crusaders pitched their white tents in 1097, as they were on their way to besiege Nicæa. Here, too, the modern Turks love to form a camp at the present day. In this valley grows one of the finest trees in the world. It is a platanus of gigantic dimensions. A vast stem (fifteen yards thick!) divides into fourteen branches, and these form 'a very temple of verdure,' as an admiring Frenchman calls it. Every one who knows the platanus is fond of it. Xerxes adorned one with golden bracelets; under others Socrates and Cicero sat and mused. The valley of Buyukderè is not only beautiful, but healthy; being refreshed with sea breezes from the solemn Euxine, and much cooler in summer than the dusty streets and stifling bazaars of Constantinople. No wonder, therefore, many rich citizens have houses there, in which they live when the dog-star fiercely rages.

G. S. O.

FRANCIS CHANTREY.

MANY years ago, in the year 1782, a little boy named Francis Chantrey was born near Sheffield. His father was a poor man, and when he died little Francis helped his mother by driving an ass laden with milk to sell into the town. When old enough he was sent to a grocer in Sheffield, that he might learn the trade. He did not like learning to be a grocer at all, but one day, as he was passing a carver's shop window, he stopped to look at the pretty things it contained, and was seized with such a longing to be a carver, that he begged to be allowed to give up grocery at once. His friends consented, and he was bound apprentice to the carver and gilder. His new master, besides being a carver in wood, sold prints and plaster models, and these Francis used to try and imitate. All his spare hours he spent in drawing and modelling, never wasting a minute; and he would even sit up till midnight, working away at groups and figures.

At last he made up his mind that he would be an artist, so he gave his master all the money he had saved to let him go free, and made the best of his way to London, where he got work as an assistant-carver, that he might earn money to buy food, and spent his spare time in improving himself in modelling. Among other work, he was employed to decorate the dining-room of Mr. Rogers, the poet; and years afterwards, when the poor struggling boy was a great man, and dining as a guest in that very room, he used to like to point out to the other guests sitting round the table the handiwork of his early youth.

After working hard for some time he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, and then he did work. Even a defect in his sight, which must have been a serious hindrance to him, did not lessen his energy or his labours. He used to go to Sheffield

from time to time to paint portraits and make busts, and once a confectioner there paid him five pounds and a pair of top-boots for a portrait in oil.

When in London, he had a room over a stable as a studio, and there he modelled his first original piece of sculpture for exhibition. This was a gigantic head of Satan. Many years afterwards a friend noticed this model lying in a corner of his studio.

'That head,' said Chantrey, 'was the first thing that I did after I came to London. I worked at it in a garret with a paper cap on my head; and as I could then afford only one candle, I stuck that one in my cap, that it might move along with me, and give me light whichever way I turned.'

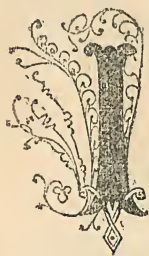
Success now came in earnest to the hard-working artist. This head was so much admired by the great sculptor, Flaxman, that he recommended that Chantrey should be employed to execute the busts of four admirals for the Naval Asylum at Greenwich, and this commission naturally led to others. He executed a statue of George the Fourth, which pleased the king so much, that, patting Chantrey on the back, he said, 'I have reason to be obliged to you; for you have immortalised me.'

His statue of Lady Louisa Russell holding a dove in her bosom is so wonderfully natural, that a child of three years old coming into his studio held up its little hands to the figure, and began to speak to it, thinking it was alive.

But perhaps the most beautiful of all his works is the monument of the Sleeping Children now in Lichfield Cathedral. When exhibited at the Royal Academy it drew tears from mothers' eyes, and children lovingly kissed the figures. Chantrey was not only clever and persevering, but kind and good; he was always ready to encourage poor and struggling artists, and even to give them a share of the money he earned; and when he died he left his large fortune for the promotion of the fine arts in his native land.

I will tell you of four statues executed by Chantrey, which may be seen in London: that of William Pitt in Hanover Square; George the Fourth in Trafalgar Square; James Watt in Westminster Abbey; and the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange. If you ever see them, or any other of his works, I hope you will not forget the name of Francis Chantrey.

M. H. F. DONNE.



ZEBRA AND FOAL.

Our days there is hardly a child who does not know the Zebra by sight, though few people would know what particular kind of zebra is shown in our picture. It is the one which is named after Burchell the African traveller. The most contradictory opinions have always prevailed about the zebra, some describing it as untamable, while others asserted the contrary. As usual, the truth lies between the two, and depends very much on the person who attempts the training, and on the age, sex, and condition of the animal. When the celebrated horse-tamer, Rarey, from America, was over here, a well-

fed, full-grown zebra, was entrusted to him from the Zoological Gardens. He had many a severe contest with it, and I do not know how far he may have subdued it while it was in his own hands, but the keepers found the zebra's temper certainly much worse, and the animal much reduced in condition, when it returned to them. I have been told that in one of the struggles the zebra was so enraged at not being able to overcome Mr. Rarey that it jumped up and seized hold of an iron crossbar which supported the walls of the loose-box with its teeth, and hung there for a few seconds. I knew an Arab pony, not much bigger than a zebra, which took hold of a man with its teeth and carried him at a rapid pace round the riding-school, then threw him down and knelt upon him, and might have killed him if timely help had not come. I add this to show the great strength such animals have, and to prove that this desperate conduct of the zebra is by no means impossible.

Le Vaillant, the Frenchman who explored Southern Africa in the end of the last century, once wounded a zebra out of a herd in one of its forelegs. The idea struck him when the animal recovered from its first fall, and had been secured alive by his Hottentots, that he would try whether it was really the untamable animal people made out it was. He accordingly had the saddle and bridle taken off his horse and put on it, and it carried him back to camp easily and gently. He had it killed there, because his followers wanted food and he had no hope of curing the shattered leg. This ride gave rise to much controversy and disbelief. The animal was of course subdued by intense pain, but there is one peculiar coincidence in the fact that it was one of the forelegs of which the animal had lost the use, while Mr. Rarey gets the better of a vicious horse by doing the same with his strap and surcingle. Our horse-coopers know the influence of pain in subduing a horse well; and a butcher, who was celebrated for his capital horses, once told me how he bought an excellent pony at a fair, merely because it carried a heavy man all day in such a gallant way. After he had ridden it home with great satisfaction, the poor little animal would not touch his food, but stood at the manger in apparent pain. They tempted him in every way to feed, but in vain. A veterinary surgeon was called, and when he looked into the poor pony's mouth he found the tongue quite dark and swollen, and as far as one could reach down a strong thread had been tightly drawn round the base and tied in a knot. The exquisite pain thereby produced subdued the over-high courage of the gallant little animal, which, when free from this cruel torment, proved to be an obstinate rearer and runaway.

RIDDLE.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

WITHIN a marble dome confined,
Whose milk-white walls with silk are lined,
A golden apple doth appear,
Steeped in a bath as crystal clear;
No doors, no windows to behold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

ANSWER.—An egg.



Zebra and Foal.



Pat as Prince Boriabooloo.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 316.)

CHAPTER XXIX.



IN spite of all Colonel Willmott's efforts to entertain his companion during their drive along the London road the conversation languished. They could neither of them keep up a decent appearance of interest, even in public matters of the greatest moment to England and the world at large. Political questions, which would have set reasonable men round a dinner-table raging like bulls at a red rag, were touched on and left with languid indifference; and the latest telegram from the seat of war, full of torpedoes, bloodshed, and atrocities, was nothing to the information they might gather from a staring child at the roadside.

Down at the bottom of both the men's hearts (and who can fathom the depths of a father's heart?) lurked the unconfessed dread that, after all, they might be on the wrong track, and that the boots and handkerchief, and the negro's tale, might have misled them; and that, even now, the searchers on the shore might have found the poor drowned body, in which Pat had passed his happy, careless young life.

After they crossed Tilsey Heath they could get no further clue to the wandering, ragged boy they had fondly hoped was Pat. The dwellers in the wayside cottages and little public-houses were full of the circus that had passed by in the morning, but they had not noticed any boy with it answering to Pat's description, nor had they observed such an one pass at any other time.

This questioning was very trying to the two gentlemen, and very much delayed their progress, for the dwellers on the Setham road, like most English country people, were utterly unable to answer simply a plain question, and generally echoed the question and asked another in return.

'Seen a boy? Were it this side of Setham, now, or t'other?' or 'Seen a boy, sir? Were it a man with a wooden leg as you might be wanting?' And so on, till the patience of Colonel Willmott was well-nigh exhausted, and he touched up his mare sharply, and suggested to Mr. Bright that they should drive straight on to Setham, and find out the rights of the story from the manager of the circus, as the dusk was coming on and a drizzling rain falling. They had followed a false lead, too, after a boy who turned out to be a shepherd-lad at a farm; and had got into winding, devious lanes, full of ruts and rough places, so it was nearly eight, and quite dark, when they reached Setham.

Setham is never a very enlightened place; and that night it looked particularly dull and unattractive as the dog-cart made its way slowly up the steep High Street to the 'Hare and Hounds.' Gas is a luxury only indulged in for four months in the winter at Setham, so the only light was from the dim oil lamps in the shops, shining through misty, wet glass. The 'Hare and Hounds' looked more cheerful, and the

waiter stared in surprise when both the gentlemen refused any refreshment, or even to take off their wet coats, and get warm and dry, but, having handed over the mare to the hostler, asked to be directed at once to the circus.

'I thought they must be something to do with the concern—riders, or tumblers, or such—but they were gents, and no mistake!' So he set them down as swells with a craze for equestrian exhibitions, and directed them up the town to the field by the railway, where the circus was going on.

If Setham itself looked dull and dark, it was quite another thing in the railway field. There was a large illuminated transparency over the entrance, representing two huge heads of surprising and fearful ugliness, which were at once recognised by admiring spectators as faithful portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and underneath, in large letters, 'Minotti's Royal Hippodrome.'

In spite of the rain, crowds of Setham children were gathered round the entrance, unable, perhaps, to produce even the necessary penny which would procure their admittance into the magic precincts; and so, obliged to content themselves with their Royal Highnesses over the door, and with but brief glimpses through the openings in the tent of bright lights, and the backs of happier mortals within, and with listening to the clash, and clang, and bray of the band, playing, 'Tommy, make room for your uncle,' with more spirit than tune.

Mr. Bright and Colonel Willmott had quite to push their way to get to the entrance; and when they got there they could get no attention, as the woman who took the money was quite absorbed in watching the contortions of one of the acrobats, who was perilling his neck, and delighting the audience; and the trombone was blaring away close by, so as to drown any voice softer than a railway whistle. There was no help for it but to wait till the din was over: and this they did, Mr. Bright's eye closely scanning every face in the circle of gaping, open-mouthed spectators, seeking for one face which he could not find, and hardly expected to find, among them.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the other entrance, through which the performers entered the arena. The triumphant strains of music were working up to a final crash, and the acrobat having concluded his evolutions without having a fit or otherwise misconducting himself, was retiring backwards, panting and purple, with a graceful bow to the delighted spectators, when he suddenly tripped over something, and then drew up one leg with an expression of pain and anger, and at the same time the manager bustled forward, without his usual arena smile, and motioned to the band to stop playing.

'I declare,' said Colonel Willmott, 'it's that dog!'

And sure enough, as the intervening people moved aside for a minute, Mr. Bright beheld Don, whom he had entirely forgotten, standing in the middle of the ring, wet, dirty, and growling defiance at the manager and his whip.

'Who does this dog belong to?' inquired Minotti, angrily.

'To me,' said Mr. Bright, stepping forward. 'Here, Don! Come here, sir!'

'Will you take your dog away, then, at once, sir? I can't have the performance interrupted.'

Mr. Bright whistled and called to Don; but that annoying animal paid no attention, having caught sight or scent of one of the performing poodles, and being naturally anxious to improve the acquaintance.

'Do you know, sir, that the brute has bitten one of my company severely, already?'

'I am very sorry, I am sure!' said Mr. Bright.

'Call him off!' said the Colonel, used to well-trained pointers and setters.

'You see,' explained Mr. Bright, 'he is more used to the children. I have never had much to do with him.'

Luckily, however, for the manager's temper and the progress of the performance, the poodles were under better discipline than Don, and a sharp whistle from Mr. Colley Poynter put an end to the stately interview that was taking place between Don and one of his troupe, and sent both of the dogs out of sight in a jiffy.

'I will go round to the other side and catch him,' said the Colonel, while Mr. Bright followed the manager.

'I want a word with you,' he said.

'After the performance, sir! as many words as you like,' said the irritated manager: 'what with you and your dog, we shan't get done till midnight! Stand back, if you please, sir, out of the way!'

The clown's performance with his pony, Joe, was the next thing on the programme, and one of the chief attractions of the entertainment, and the young gentlemen from the Setham Grammar School were getting impatient at the delay; so Mr. Bright stood back, very sick at heart and impatient, while roars of laughter greeted Mr. Merriman's appearance, with his toes very much turned in, and a large carrot in his hand. Following after him came Joe, a little, rough, obstinate-looking pony; and another burst of laughter received him, for he was led by a little black boy who had figured in the procession as Prince Boriabooloo from Lake Zambesi.

He was certainly a very grotesque little object, with a tight-fitting scarlet-and-gold-striped garment, and a yellow sash round his waist. His neck, and arms, and legs to the knees, were bare, except for a plentiful adornment of strings of beads; and he had a white turban on his head, and tattoo marks on his cheeks and forehead; and out of the black, disfigured little face, looked two wistful blue eyes, strangely light for his complexion.

Mr. Bright had no heart to watch Joe's antics, or listen to the clown's broad jokes, and he was making his way out of the tent, when a loud cry stopped him and made him turn again. Another interruption had occurred, and again it was Don who caused it. Don, who had been successfully caught by Colonel Wilcott, and kept prisoner till the clown and his pony passed by, when a sudden frenzy seemed to seize the dog, and he struggled in the Colonel's arms with such violence that he made his escape, and there he was again in the ring: not angry and defiant as before, but in ecstasies of excitement and delight, leaping up on the little black boy, Prince Boriabooloo, licking the black, bead-adorned legs, making frantic

jumps at the tattooed face. Do you think that black paint, or tattooing, or beads, could deceive Don? He would have known Pat through a dozen such disguises.

Pat has got him in his arms now, and the two are rolling together on the ground in the ring, oblivious of time and place, with the clown and his pony looking on in the utmost bewilderment. The spectators think this is a part of the programme and applaud; but they are rather puzzled at the scene that follows, for a gentleman starts forward from the entrance, pushing aside such of the audience as come in his way, without any regard for politeness, and picks up Prince Boriabooloo and the dog in his arms, and carries them both straight out, without a word or look of explanation to any one.

There is a moment's pause of uncertainty and expectation, and then the band, with great presence of mind, strikes up 'Bonny Dundee,' and the clown begins his tricks with Joe. Outside the tent, Colonel Wilcott is explaining matters to the manager, who is easily pacified when he finds out that Colonel Wilcott is a swell, and Mr. Bright sits on the grass in the rain, with two black-beaded arms clasped round his neck, and a tattooed cheek pressed to his, comforting a very broken-hearted, sobbing little Prince Boriabooloo, with Don circling round them like a stout, black-and-white, good genius, expressing his feelings by short, excited barks at intervals.

(To be continued.)



THE RED GROUSE.

THE Red Grouse is found in the hilly districts of the northern counties of England, and among the mountains of Wales and the wilds of Ireland, but is found in greatest abundance on the purple heath-clad moorlands of 'bonnie Scotland.' To its home in these bracing regions every year resort the sportsmen who are able to afford themselves such an indulgence. Many a jaded Member of Parliament, professional man, or London merchant, looks forward to his autumnal excursion to the moors as the great holiday of the year. Grouse-shooting is, however, an expensive recreation: as much as 300*l.* have been given for the privilege of shooting over a well-preserved moor for a whole season, and five guineas have been paid for a day's sport.

The Red Grouse is about 15 inches in length, and weighs about 20 ounces; its plumage is of a rich sienna brown, mottled and shaded with lighter tints; its tail-feathers are dark brown edged with red; its legs are nearly white, and thus form a beautiful contrast to the colour of its body. Various berries, and the twigs and leaves of the heath and other moorland plants, form its principal food, but in well-cultivated districts it will often pilfer from stacks and cornfields during severe weather. The nest of this bird, which is built very early in the year, is roughly made of straw, dried grass, or leaves, and placed in some depression in the ground, beneath a low bush or tuft of heather. Its eggs, from eight to



The Red Grouse.

fourteen in number, are of a dingy white colour spotted with brown. The *cheepers*, as the young grouse are called, have many enemies, such as birds of prey, foxes, stoats, and weasels, but their parents will defend them with great courage. The sportsman is frequently diverted from the nest by the wiles of the old birds, who in their efforts to save their offspring will even sacrifice their own lives. The pair also exhibit a strong affection for each other. It is related

that on one occasion a hen having been caught in a vermin-trap, and remaining there for nearly two days, her loving mate was found to have brought and laid alongside her so large a quantity of heather shoots, that it must have taken him many hours to collect them.

The flesh of the Red Grouse is esteemed by many superior to that of any other game-bird; and the 12th of August, the day the shooting begins, sees the London market well stocked with them.



POLITENESS.

SIR THOMAS RAFFLES, once governor of Java, on his voyage to England touched at the Island of St. Helena, at the time when Bonaparte was confined there, after the Battle of Waterloo. Sir Thomas wished to have an interview with Napoleon, but it was the Emperor's intention not to see any person for some days; yet, on being told that it was Mr. Raffles, late governor of Java, he at once con-

sented to see him. 'On our approaching, Napoleon turned quickly round to receive us, and taking off his hat put it under his arm.' He then put questions to Mr. Raffles in such quick succession as to render it impossible to reply to one before another followed. His first request was to have Mr. Raffles' name pronounced distinctly. He then asked him in what country he was born? How long he had been in

India? Who commanded the expedition against Java? And on being told it was Sir Samuel Auchmuty, he recollected his name, and made some observations respecting him, and other questions of this nature. 'During the whole time of our interview,' says Sir Thomas, 'as Napoleon remained uncovered, common politeness obliged us to keep our hats in our hands, and at no time was it necessary to give him any title, whether of General or Emperor.'

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

RED CLOUD, SPOTTED TAIL, AND THEIR FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON.

HISTORY will point to the visit of these great chiefs of the Sioux tribes at Washington as the most important event in their lives, because it not only staved off a great war threatened on the plains, but most likely inaugurated a system of just and fair dealing for the time to come, that may prevent any more cruel and bloody wars with the Indians on our frontiers. Hence every incident that took place there is interesting; and as it is a costly expense to the Government, it is likely to be discouraged in the future, and if boys have another chance to see some 'big chiefs,' they will have to go a great way, perhaps to Nebraska or Dakota, to have a look at them.

The party belonging to Zin-tak-gah-lat-skah—Spotted Tail—left Minnesota before Red Cloud's from the Powder River country, and arrived first in Washington; but their interests were the same, so nothing was done until General Smith arrived with Red Cloud and reported to the Secretary of War. He then turned them over, as we say, to the Indian Bureau, which has a suite of offices, &c., in the Patent Office building in Washington. The Secretary of the Interior, who is a member of the cabinet, and General Parker (Chippewah chief), Indian Commissioner, received them as their charge during their stay in Washington. Before Red Cloud came, however, Spotted Tail had an interview with General Parker. He said:—

'The Government does not fulfil its treaty promises, and that supplies of goods promised and money owed for lands were not sent to them at the time agreed on, and that the white man, wherever he can find many buffaloes and gold, comes on the Indian's land and takes the Indian's ponies.'

Colonel Parker told him of the many difficulties the Indian Bureau had to contend with in order to get money through Congress, and the great difficulties such a great Government as ours had to go through in conducting all its affairs. But he gave his word to Spotted Tail that all the promises now made in the treaties would be fulfilled, and that they should get the provisions as soon as possible. He said that the Indians must not go to war among themselves, preying on other tribes, nor must they fight any more against the people of the United States, nor steal their cattle or horses.

Spotted Tail said, 'He was glad that the Great Father was going to treat them right,' but did not commit himself to any policy for the future. He was too good an Indian to make any professions in ad-

vance. Spotted Tail has of late years committed no offence except killing Big Mouth in a drunken brawl last winter.

The citizens of Washington have now and then seen Indian delegations at the Capitol. But these lusty fellows, such as Red Cloud, Swift Bear, and others, at once attracted attention.

Their large size and well-developed muscle, tall and graceful in action, especially when speaking in their native eloquence, marked them as objects for surprise and wonder. Their faces were painted in red, yellow, and black stripes. Their ears were pierced, men and women, for large ornaments of silver and bears' teeth. They wore magnificent buffalo robes, ornamented and worked with beads, horse-hair, and porcupine quills. Red Cloud wore red leggings beautifully worked and trimmed with ribbons and beads, and his shirt had as many colours as the rainbow. His robe—made to tell by characters his achievements in battle—was quite rich, and worked with seal-skins. His moccasins were pronounced the handsomest ever seen there.

The squaws were ugly, wore short frocks, turned in their toes walking, and had flat or pug-noses.

It was said as a reason for Red Cloud's not bringing his squaws with him, 'that Congress men left their squaws at home!'

Red Cloud said that the pale faces are more than the grass in numbers. He had come to see the Great Father, and to see if the peace-pipe could not be smoked on the big waters of the Potomac.

The appearance on the balcony of the hotel of the whole party, watching the crowds of pale-faces going to and from the Capitol, created much curiosity, and the Indians remarked to one another that the horse-thieves in the Indian country had a good many brothers in Washington! The negroes were especially attentive, and spoke of them as quite inferior to the coloured community. They were assured that Indians never scalp negroes; which is really true, I found, in my interviews with different tribes on the plains. The reason I can only guess at: the curly hair of a negro would not ornament the saddle-bow of an Indian in the shape of a scalp, token of victory.

Meeting at the Bureau.

Long before the Indians came, the passages of the department were filled with a crowd of anxious persons, to inspect the Red men as they passed along; and this, besides being unpleasant to them, interfered with their passage into the council-chamber. But soon they all got in, Spotted Tail looking very dignified, with his three companions on one side of the room, while seated in two rows across were Red Cloud and his larger number of chiefs and head-men, and the squaws that came with them.

General John E. Smith, who came with Red Cloud, Colonel Beauvais of St. Louis, Colonel Bullock, post-trader at Fort Laramie, and others, were present.

After the Indians had got comfortably seated and had passed the pipe round among them a few times, Commissioner Parker, with Secretary Cox, entered the council-room, and were introduced to each Indian of Red Cloud's band, having previously seen Spotted Tail and party. As Indians never speak first, but will sit for hours, Commissioner Parker opened the meeting, saying:—

'I am glad to see you to-day. I know that you have come a long way to see your Great Father, the President of the United States. You have had no accident, have arrived here all well, and should be thankful to the Great Spirit who has kept you safe.

'The Great Father got Red Cloud's message that he wanted to come to Washington and see him, and the President said he might come. We will be ready at any time to hear what Red Cloud has to say for himself and his people, but want him first to hear the Secretary of the Interior, who belongs to the President's council.'

The Commissioner stepped aside, and Secretary Cox said:—

'When we heard that the chief of the Sioux nation wanted to come to Washington to see the President and the officers of the Government, we were glad. We were glad that they themselves said they wanted to come. We know that when people are so far apart as we are from the Sioux, it is very hard to see each other and to know what each one wants. But when we see each other face to face, we can understand better what is really right, and what we ought to do. The President, General Parker, and myself, and all the officers of the Government, want to do what is right.' [Here Red Cloud gave a significant look at Spotted Tail across the room.]

'While you are here, therefore, we shall want you to tell us what is in your own hearts, all you feel, and what your condition is, so that we may have a perfect understanding, and that we may make a peace that shall last for ever. In coming here, you have seen that this is a very great people, and we are growing all the time. We want to find out the state of things in the Sioux country, so that we may make satisfactory treaties. In a day or two the President will see the chiefs, and in the meantime we want them to get ready to tell him what they have to say, and we will make our answer. We want also to use our influence, so that there shall not only be peace between the Indians and whites, but that there shall be no more troubles between different bands of Indians.'

The Commissioner also said to Spotted Tail that 'he thanked him for being present, and was glad of the good will he had for the whites.' Red Cloud, through his interpreter, said he had something to say.

Stepping up quickly to the table, and shaking hands with the officials, he spoke up in a firm voice: 'My friends, I have come a long way to see you and the Great Father, but somehow after I got here you do not look at me. When I heard the words of the Great Father, allowing me to come, I came right away, and left my women and children. I want you to give them rations, and a load of ammunition to kill game with. I wish you would blow them a message on the wires that I came here safe, all right.'

Secretary Cox said he would now only welcome them again, and would telegraph Red Cloud's message; and for the rest, he would see what could be done. To-morrow he would show them what was to be seen about the city. On the next day (Sunday) white people did no business, and on next day evening the President would meet the Indians at the Executive Mansion.

They were invited to have their photographs taken, but Red Cloud declined.

Red Cloud and Spotted Tail went up to the Capitol, where they climbed to the dome, taking a view of the city; but what most interested them were the large mirrors and the marble busts of two Indian chiefs. They came into the Senate while the Indian Appropriation Bill was under consideration, and while they were fanning themselves incessantly, the interpreter explained what they were doing, but the Indians said nothing. But the greatest event for them was the grand reception to the Indians by the President.

(Concluded at page 342.)

SPANISH WATER-CARRIER.



THE Spaniards are probably the greatest water-drinkers in Europe. In every town in Spain the cry of 'Agua! agua!' may be heard in all hours of the day or night. The water is always kept in large, porous, earthenware jars, of picturesque and artistic shape, which are made principally at a town in Andalusia called Anteguera. In markets and fairs there is always a corner where these jars and pitchers are sold; they are also hawked about the streets, slung upon the backs of donkeys or mules. One day, at Grenada, I had the curiosity to ask the price, and found that a very pretty one could be had for about sixpence. On the dining-tables at all the hotels are several jars of cool fresh water, which are constantly replenished.

Immediately a train draws up at a station, our ears are greeted with the cry of 'Agua! agua!' and women and boys rush up to all the carriages with their earthenware pitchers and glasses. Many and eager are their customers, especially among the third-class passengers, and as they ask a halfpenny a glass, they must make a tolerable profit. At some stations the cry of 'Agua!' is varied with that of 'Naranjas!'—oranges. These are very quickly bought up, for very refreshing is this fruit on a hot day in the dry, dusty Spanish atmosphere.

Not only do men and boys stand at the corners of the streets with their water-jars and glasses, but it is also carried about to be sold at the various houses.

Our picture represents an 'aguador,' or water-carrier of Cordova, on his daily rounds. His donkey is laden with water-jars, and he is about to take one himself into a neighbouring house.

Though the Spaniards have many national vices, drunkenness is certainly not one. An intoxicated man is very rarely seen in the streets. There are in all towns drinking-booths erected in frequented situations, but the beverages here provided are of the most innocent character. Some are made from oranges or lemons, but the most popular is a decoction of sarsaparilla, which is somewhat of the colour of beer. I had the curiosity to taste this one evening at Seville, and was certainly not favourably impressed. It is probably very wholesome, but it is anything but nice.



The Spanish Water-carrier.



The Poitou Donkey. By HARRISON WEIR.



THE POITOU DONKEY.

THIS is a French breed, as its name denotes, and is of very large size, with strong, thick legs, and somewhat heavy head. The body is clothed with long woolly hair. Some have been known to stand nearly five feet high at the shoulder. They are mostly used for draught purposes. The one from which our drawing was taken is the property of C. Sutherland, and was exhibited for some time at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It was purchased in France for two hundred and fifty pounds.

NICOLA PESCE, THE DIVER.

THE word for a fish in the Italian language is 'Pesce,' and it was given to a man once because he was a wonderful swimmer and diver—a fish on two legs, in fact. His real name was Nicola, or Cola, and he lived about five hundred years ago. The most wonderful stories are told of his powers as a swimmer, many of which no doubt are untrue; but we may suppose he was the Captain Webbe of his day, the most famous among men in his own particular line.

Some of his feats we can believe, since Messrs. Webbe and Cavill swam across the Straits of Dover; but other feats of his we must class among the marvellous. We can now readily imagine Nicola Pesce swimming from Sicily to the Lipari Islands, carrying a leathern bag with letters in it;—for Vulcano, the nearest of those islands, is not above twelve or fourteen miles from Cape Calava, and when once at Vulcano, the swimmer could easily paddle to Lipari, and thence to others in the group. But when we are told that Pesce passed hours under water, we cannot believe the story. Let us admit that he could remain a longer time under water than any one else in his day: we will grant 'the Fish' so much, and no more.

The pearl-divers of Ceylon begin to learn their art whilst they are children, and they cannot continue under water longer than two minutes. Even this often causes the blood to flow from the ears and nostrils. The longest submersion on record was that of a diver in 1797, who remained under the surface full six minutes!

There is a rocky promontory called Faro Point, where Sicily and Italy almost touch each other. Through this narrow channel the sea rushes violently, forming a whirlpool always dreaded by sailors. One day, Frederic, king of Sicily, asked Pesce if he dare dive into this awful gulf. Pesce drew back and shook his head. The king then took a cup of gold, and hurled it into the seething waters. This glittering prize was too tempting for the diver, he darted in after the cup, and was lost to sight for some time. The king must, we think, have grown uneasy, and wished he had not been so wicked as to lure a brave man on to almost certain destruction; but at length a great cheer arose on the shore as the hardy Pesce

appeared again, triumphantly holding the cup in one hand, whilst he swam to the rocks with the other.

Frederic was so pleased with the swimmer's boldness and skill, that he added to the cup a purse full of gold. After this escape Pesce ought to have been content with his laurels; but, unfortunately for him, he was tempted to try once more the horrors of the whirlpool. In the presence of a large concourse of people, he dived again from the Point of Faro into the racing brine, but long indeed had the idle spectators to strain their eyes in looking for the white arms of the swimmer. He had dived his last dive, and had flung away his valuable powers in attempting to do a useless thing, too great for him.

Sometimes those who have great powers grow exceedingly vain, and fancy themselves able to do everything.

King Canute's courtiers tried to make him as silly as themselves, by assuring him that he could rule the waves. To rebuke them, he did as they wished. Having placed a chair on the beach, he ordered the billows to retire, but they came on in their usual manner, and soon would have washed the king and his chair away. Pointing to the mighty waves, king Canute then read his followers a lesson of man's littleness; and to make his words sink deeper in their souls, he caused his crown to be laid up in the treasury, and would never wear it any more.

G. S. O.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

THE train it goes dashing and crashing along,
And the fields and the houses fly;

Towns, churches, and villages, bridges and trees,

We pass with a rush and a cry.

The horses run past with their tails in the air,

And the cows are in terrible fright;

But we laugh at their terror, for little we care

So that home we reach safe to-night.

Then, hurrah for the railway and holiday time,

And sweet home with its peaceful sky;

And may all who now travel sleep happy to-night,

And bid care and dull lessons good-bye.

The railway it rushes, and hisses, and roars,

And the engine runs screaming by;

Mamma puts her hands to her ears, and cries 'Hush!'

But 'Hurrah!' say Tommy and I.

For we're off to the sea, and its jolly wide sands,

And the bathing, and boating, and fun;

And we hope to have supper on shrimps to-night,

And arrive ere the set of sun.

Then, hurrah for the railway and holiday time,

And sweet home with its peaceful sky;

And may all who now travel sleep safely to-night,

And as jolly as Tommy and I.

M. H. F. DONNE.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. VII.—THE RAPIDS.

SOME passages from an interesting volume called the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, an American soldier, will show the dangers which are met among 'the rapids' of great rivers. Captain Bonneville was so charmed by what he heard from Indian traders of the beauty of the Rocky Mountains, that he made an expedition into that district, and there led a three-years' life of daily adventure.

The usual way of ascending or descending the rapid streams is this. The party construct a life-boat of bark, and then cover it with a buffalo skin tightly stretched. These frail boats are launched on the rivers, and carry their hardy crew through countries teeming with savage hordes, among deep, solemn valleys, and dreary passes, and foaming torrents. The river sometimes steals along with a tranquil and noiseless course; at other times, for miles and miles, it dashes on in a thousand rapids, wild and beautiful to the eye, and lulling the ear with the soft tumult of plashing waters.

The 'bull-boats' as they are called, are about 18 feet long, 6 feet wide, sharp at each end, and round-bottomed. The hides are stitched together, and the seams well filled with elk tallow and ashes. In such cockle-shells as these an enterprising party will go through countries not to be crossed in any other way. These handy little vessels will toss and pitch on rapids, run on snags, and bump on sand-bars, and it is surprising what thumps and shocks they will endure; but they require frequently to be hauled out of the water and dried.

Now the party pass three grizzly bears, quietly gazing at them as the river carries them by; now they pass close by a gang of elk; and then a herd of buffalo is seen. Soon after they come in sight of the Crows, an Indian tribe, who point their guns at the boat and threaten to fire if they do not stop, while others leap into the stream and come swimming across. Luckily, an American trading-post is near, which fact keeps the robbers from stealing the bull-boat and everything in it.

They escape out of the clutches of the Crows, and at mid-day, wearied and hungry, they spy a pleasant green spot, shadowed by a big cotton-tree. They land and make a fire, and cook before it rich morsels of buffalo-hump. After dinner and rest the voyage is continued, and night falls soft and still on all around. There is something solemn in floating down the wild rivers at night. Strange sounds are heard—river sounds, sounds from the encircling wilderness; now it is the howl of a wolf from the plain; now the low grunt of the buffalo; now the shrill neigh of the elk. Then comes the choice of a sleeping-place, the pitching of the tent, and the welcome supper. One night, by a stroke of ill-luck, they set up their canvas-house in the very spot where a long line of buffaloes are going to cross the river. They are aroused from sleep by a bellowing, a tramping, a rushing, a splashing, a snorting. It was well the animals came from the other side, for that gave the sleepers time to rub their eyes and shift their quarters; but they had not much more time than enough. One moves the boat, others shift beds and tent, and now the head of the buffalo

column has crossed the river and is pressing up the bank.

Awakened, they resolve to continue their voyage, though it is yet dark. Soon they shoot on the rapids near an Indian camp. The dogs bark, but the Indians do not see them; and now they have to brave a storm. The wind rises; the thunder rolls; the rain comes down; and, to add to their troubles, the boat is carried under the branches of a sunken tree and begins to fill with water. To save themselves they are obliged to cut away the mast, and off they glide again; but one of the crew is left clinging to the tree-branches like a monkey on a pole. It is hard work, and it takes a long time to get him into the boat again. They have to run in shore, and work up some distance above the tree; then to launch out once more into the stream, and float down to the rescue of their comrade.

The Snake river filled Captain Bonneville and his party with admiration. At times it was overhung by dark rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements; then these would be rent by wide chasms. Sometimes the river was of a glassy smoothness; at other times it roared along in foaming rapids. Here the rocks were piled in the most fantastic crags and precipices—there were the most delightful valleys carpeted with green sward.

The Snake river is one of the most remarkable of all the American streams. From its source in the Rocky Mountains to its junction with the river Colombia, its windings are more than 600 miles.

On one occasion Captain Bonneville visited some friendly Indians of the Nez Percé tribe. The occasion was a great one. The chief invited all his friends to come and talk and smoke with the white men. Some of these friends came from the other side of the river. When they had gone, one of the white men missed a small but precious skin. It was sought for, but could nowhere be found. The chief was angry with his friends across the water, and he called them to come back and restore the skin they had stolen. They came directly, but declared they were innocent. One of them straightway accused a dog belonging to the chief of having eaten the skin. All eyes were turned on the dog, a gallows-looking dog, and he was tried on the spot, condemned, and executed, though tears and cries on his behalf were not wanting, both from Indians who knew his good qualities and from Captain Bonneville and his party.

When the poor dog was dead, it was agreed that he should be cut open in order that his guilt might be proved beyond a doubt. But when the dog's body was examined, not a trace of the skin could be found!

There was a great hubbub now, but the noisiest of the party were the men from across the river, who loudly declared their innocence. Captain Bonneville assured them, over and over, that he did not suspect them, that the loss of the skin was no great matter, and so forth. The men were at length satisfied, and returned to their homes, but the old chief who had entertained the Captain could not forget the occurrence. He would every now and then shake his head and say, 'Bad men, very bad men, across the river;' while his cousin, Hay-she-in-cow-cow, answered by a deep sound out of his chest, which plainly said, 'I quite agree with you.'

G. S. O.



Natural Scenes.—No. VII. The Rapids.



THE CAPERCAILLIE.

THE Wood-grouse, Capercaillie, or Cock of the Wood, one of the noblest of British game-birds, once abounded in the pine-forests of Scotland, but is now very rare. The male is nearly three feet in length, and weighs sometimes fifteen pounds. The upper parts are brown, black, and grey, varied; the lower, black, interspersed with white feathers; the fore part of the breast is of a rich glossy green,

with a golden tinge. The female is smaller than the male, and is of a brown colour, with black crescent-shaped markings. They are found in the forests of Russia, Norway, and Sweden, where they feed on the young shoots and cones of the pine, the catkins of the birch, and the berries of the juniper.

In Sweden the wood-grouse become so tame as to feed out of the hand, and like common hens will run

forward when corn is thrown to them. The capercaillie is extremely shy, but when intruded upon will attack those who approach its place of resort with great boldness, and stationing himself on the ground will peck at the legs and feet of such as have intruded on its domain. The flesh of this bird is said to be delicious, and its eggs to have a delicate flavour beyond those of any other fowl.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 323.)

CHAPTER XXX.



‘S Mr. Brian in? Can I see him?’

‘Yes, sir, I think he’s at home; but I think he’s asleep just now. I persuaded him to lie down a bit this evening. He do try terrible hard to keep about and doing; but he’s pulled down more than any one thinks for.’

Colonel Wilmott stood at the door, parleying with nurse, with whom, spite of her prejudices, both he and Lady Jane had become fast friends during the ten days that had passed since Pat’s loss and recovery. Mr. Bright’s first inclination was to carry them all off from Saltgate at once; and I do not think the children would have regretted it much, for they were beginning to feel rather shy of their old playfellow the sea, who could so easily, it seemed, turn into a cruel, treacherous enemy; and they had all had enough of caves and cliffs, rocks and rockets, for some time to come. But after a little consideration he resolved to leave them there another fortnight, by which time the old house near Aunt Bell would be ready to receive them, and they would thus be saved the expense of a double move. Living at Saltgate was cheap enough, and with nurse to look after them, and the severe lesson they had received, they would be as safe there as anywhere.

Mr. Bright had stayed over Sunday with the children, and I don’t think Pat ever forgot a stroll along the beach, alone with his father, after evening service. Father wanted to see the scene of the accident, and as the tide was low (and they had no temptation now to forget it), they had ample time to explore Smugglers’ Bay, and even to take a peep at the old Wizard’s Hole, too.

If Pat had needed more reproach he had it now, I think, in his father’s painful interest in every inch of sand and rock, every crag and bush on the cliff which he had scaled—where he had tried wading, where he made the ascent, where he stumbled, where he lost his footing. Then, as they turned homewards, he laid his hand on Pat’s shoulder, and kept it there all the way, as if he could not bear to lose hold of him.

‘I’m awfully sorry!’ the boy said at last, with a great sob rising in his throat.

‘I think you ought to be awfully glad to be here at all, Pat.’

‘Yes, so I am. But—but—but—well, I’m only a

trouble and bother to every one, I believe. I think I’d best have—’

‘What?’

‘Well, I mean I don’t think I’d have been much loss, sir, with such a lot of us besides, and ever so much else to worry you just now.’

Mr. Bright walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he stopped suddenly, looking down into the boy’s quivering face.

‘Now, look here, Pat, once for all. You are old enough to think a bit now. Don’t ever let any one make you think you seven young ones are a burden and trouble to me. “A heritage and gift,” that’s what the Bible says. I’m a poor man, it is true, as far as money is concerned; but you boys and girls are my fortune, and I can’t spare any of you, so don’t talk any more about being a trouble to every one.’

When Mr. Bright had gone back to London, and in the days that followed, while Brian was getting better, Pat was wonderfully good and quiet; indeed, some people said that he was never the same boy again. Perhaps it was the fear, and pain, and danger, that had changed him; but I think, after all, it was the quiet, patient father’s love that had spoken to his heart, like the still small voice speaking to Elijah, after the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire.

Brian mended rapidly under nurse’s care, and in less than a week was able to leave his room, or even take a little turn on the shore; but he soon got tired, and nurse shook her head over him, and gave dark hints of more mischief than met the eye.

‘Them coughs and night perspirations don’t mean nothing,’ she would say to Mrs. Hopkins, when the two were enough friendly for a chat. ‘And don’t no one tell me as a fine-growed, hearty young gent like that, couldn’t shake off a bit of a chill quicker than this. It’s not like children as is brought up in cotton-wool, and takes cold at the leastest damp or draught. I shall tell Miss Bell—leastways, Mrs. Keith—about it; for I don’t like to be bothering the master just now, with so much on him already. But it won’t be my fault if it’s not seen to.’

It was the evening when Colonel Wilmott came to see Brian that nurse and Mrs. Hopkins had been having a talk, and they exchanged sympathetic and significant glances as the tall, languid, stooping figure came slowly up the stairs, stopping half way to cough, and sinking down wearily on the sofa as he came into the room.

‘Oh, it’s all right!’ he said, cheerfully, in answer to nurse’s inquiries. ‘I thought I’d take it easy for a bit. We went further than I thought; and the children are safe enough on the pier with Lady Jane and Duke, so they can’t be in much mischief.’

‘There, Master Brian! whatever should you be worriting yourself about them for? Bless you, they’re right enough! So you just let me pull off your boots and get you a drop of cocoa, and then you can have a nice rest.’

Brian submitted, nothing loth, and lay so still, with his eyes closed, that even nurse’s vigilance was deceived, and she thought he was asleep. He was not, though: only thinking, thinking, thinking—as he was much given to doing just now.

As he lay there, the low talk between nurse and Mrs. Hopkins in the next room reached him through

the open door, and mingled curiously with his thoughts.

'Do without Master Brian!' nurse was saying. 'Why, I don't know what things would be without him! I does what I can; but, in course, that's not much.'

'Little Missy don't seem able for much,' Mrs. Hopkins remarked. 'She don't seem to have it in her as some do.'

'Miss Honor! Why, she's no more use than a baby! I suppose, as you say, it's not in her. I'm sure, as Mrs. Keith was saying to me the other day, "I'm sure, nurse," says she, "it's a mercy as Master Brian is going into Mr. Grinder's office, where he'll be near enough to live at home. Not," she says, "as it's what we could wish for him: but maybe, in a year or two, Miss Honor will be better able to manage, and he might be for getting something better." And I'm sure,' nurse concluded, 'it's not for me to say so, but I do believe it's Providence as put that place at Mudford in Mr. Brian's way, for it's him as keeps things going, and no one else.'

Brian lay thinking of these things when Colonel Wilmott came to the door, and hearing himself asked for he opened his eyes and sat up, so that nurse found him, not only awake, but ready to receive his guest. Colonel Wilmott had taken a wonderful fancy to Brian; and Duke, too; indeed the little fellow seemed to watch and follow him everywhere.

'I thought I should find you alone,' the Colonel said, as he sat down; 'so I thought I would risk disturbing you, as I wanted to have a talk.'

Brian wondered what could be coming next, and the Colonel went on,—

'The fact is, I have a proposal to make to you, which Lady Jane and I—and, indeed, my little boy too, will be very glad if you will accept. Perhaps I should have sounded your father first, but I wanted to know what you would say. You see, Lady Jane is not very strong, or the little boy either, and the doctors have taken it into their wise heads to say that our place at Tufton is damp, or cold, or something; and as we have been vegetating here so long this summer, my lady fancies that wintering abroad would make a change, and perhaps suit her and Duke better than home. Some friends of ours have a charming villa just above Sorrento; and a little yachting about the coast there would be a variety, when they have had enough of pictures and statues. You know Lady Jane has a craze that way, and I dare say she will get on to Rome for a week or two.'

Brian listened placidly to these plans, wondering vaguely what it all had to do with him, when suddenly his heart gave a great bound as the Colonel continued:—

'Well, the long and short of it is, that we want you to go with us. It would do you no end of good, and nothing we should like better. There—not a word, please, till you have heard me out. You come as my guest, of course, unless you would prefer tutoring Duke. It is high time the young monkey learnt something, and I tell his mother I shall pack him off to school if he does not buckle-to a bit soon; so you see it would be a charity to her to ward off such a blow.'

Brian was sitting in the window-seat, with his head turned away, so that Colonel Wilmott could not see his face. If he had done so, I do not think he would have been so disappointed as he was at the quiet answer that came after some minutes' silence.

'Thank you, sir. It's awfully good of you and Lady Jane to think of it; and I'm very much obliged to you. But I couldn't manage it anyhow, thank you.'

'Why not, my good fellow?'

'Well, you see, Colonel, I'm due at Mr. Grinder's next month; and I couldn't expect him to keep the place open for me.'

'Oh, never mind Grinder's! A case of "nothing a-week and find yourself," isn't it? I dare say we could find something equally eligible next year for you. Is that your only objection?'

Objection! Brian had to set his teeth before he could steady his voice to speak again.

'Well, sir, it's not only that, but—but—I should not care to be away from home this winter.'

'Oh, well, of course it is as you please!' the Colonel said, feeling rather annoyed. 'We thought you would have liked it. I think you are rather soft to throw away a good offer, though perhaps it is not for me to say so. I shall speak to your father. Perhaps you would not mind going to oblige him, if he wished it?'

Poor Brian! It was as much as he could do to keep from breaking down altogether; and it was a good thing for him that the gathering twilight hid his face.

'I'm afraid you must think me a surly sort of fellow, sir; but if you'd be so good as not to speak about it to father, I should be very glad.'

'Nonsense! Why not?'

'Why, you see, he's had no end of trouble lately, and he'd be worrying himself to let me go, thinking I should like it, and it's being so awfully kind of you and all that. Perhaps he'd think I cared more about it than I really do, and make a push to manage it, and then it would not be a bit of good or pleasure either.'

Brian's voice was beginning to shake painfully, and another minute or two might have altered the course of events, had not the voices of the children, returning from the pier, cut the interview short.

'Well, I've no doubt you are right. I will tell Lady Jane what you say,' the Colonel said, rising rather abruptly, and in another minute he was gone, and Brian sat still in the window-seat, with his head buried in his arms, crying like a baby.

When Honor and the children came in, nurse said that Master Brian was gone to bed, as he was rather tired, and they had better not disturb him that night.

'Good night, Honor Bright!' he called out as she knocked at his door. 'I'm all right, only a bit sleepy. I shall be up to anything in the morning.'

(To be continued.)

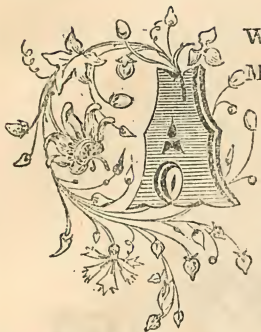




Pat showing his Father the Wizard's Hole.



"Snob" in Church.



HOW 'SNOB' WENT TO CHURCH.

AMONGST my pets I have a bull-terrier called 'Snob;' he is not what you would call pretty, having a thick, broad head, and a broken tail. He is quite white, except a black patch over one eye, which makes him look rather as if he had been having a fight with some other dog. No; our Snob is not pretty, but he

is very fond of us all.

One Sunday, however, poor Snob got into disgrace, and though he caused amusement to several people, he caused me much discomfort. I will tell you how it occurred. Upon leaving the house for church as usual on Sunday morning, I ordered Snob to be chained up in case he might follow me, and then I left the house for church, which is about half a mile distant. We were about in the middle of the prayers when, happening to glance for a minute towards the door, I saw to my horror an ugly white face, with a black patch over one eye, peeping in at the door, followed by the entrance of Master Snob in person, who marched straight across the church to where I was kneeling, and began leaping upon me in a great state of delight at having found me. I did not know what to do at first, I felt so ashamed of his behaviour; but I did all I could to quiet him, and I succeeded at last by raising my finger and saying in a half whisper, 'Lie down, Snob! Naughty dog!' when to my surprise he quietly lay down at my feet, and, putting his head between his two forepaws, went fast to sleep, and there he remained until the service was over.

Upon reaching home I found that some time after my leaving the house he had been unchained, the servant thinking he could not possibly follow me; but Snob had watched his chance, and escaping through a back-door had found his way to church.

AUNTIE EMILY.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR- LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT was a pouring wet day, the first of the sort there had been since the Brights had been at Saltgate; too wet even for the boys to venture out, too wet for the donkeys to appear on the stand or the bathing-machines to go down.

The children stood at the window, watching the rain splashing on the deserted pavement, and the grey, misty sea, that seemed to mix at the horizon with the grey, misty sky, like Peter's painting when he did not wait long enough for one colour to dry before putting on another. Brian was in bed all the morning, and nurse in a bad temper, so what could be more gloomy?

Matters had come to a climax the night before. Brian's 'barking,' as he called it, had gone on so persistently that at last nurse had appeared, awful in her nightcap, and removed Peter sternly from Brian's bed to her own, a change which disturbed that young sleeper as little as Brian's cough. She then administered a concoction of her own, with honey in it and various unpleasant herbs, and shook up the pillows in a vicious manner, as if they were the culprits and answerable for Brian's cough, and declared that, as sure as her name was Bridget Sullivan, she would send for the doctor the very first thing in the morning, let Brian talk till he was tired!

However, next morning it was so wet, and Brian appeared so much better, and was so submissive about stopping in bed, that she allowed herself to be coaxed into putting off sending for the doctor; but she kept all the rest of the family in the deepest disgrace, so there was no relief from the wet weather to be got out of her. She even suggested that she should have a general head-washing, as a nice occupation for a wet morning; a thing, as Molly and Nora knew to their cost, which was very painful at the best of times, but simple torture when nurse was out of temper and so reckless in her use of the comb.

Honor, however, provided occupation for the morning by turning out a heap of old *Illustrated London News* and *Punches*, and allowing each of the children a good rub off her own paints to colour them with. She knew by experience what wild havoc occurred in her paint-box if the children were allowed to work their will with it; how the gamboge might be found in a soft daub at the bottom of the cup of water, and both ends of the Prussian blue might appear a lively green by being rubbed into the ochre. So, thanks to Honor, a very quiet morning was passed, enlivened by the children's firm conviction that the weather was certainly clearing, and that they would be able to go out in the afternoon.

After dinner, however, the rain still fell steadily, and some fresh amusement was required to pass away the afternoon indoors. Brian was up by that time, but he was not very suggestive, and they were debating what could possibly be done, when a man brought a note from Lady Jane, asking Honor to wrap herself up and come round to spend the afternoon with her, as she had something very particular to talk to her about.

If this had happened a fortnight before, I do not think Honor would have hesitated to take this chance of escape from the hurlyburly of home, and the smell of Irish stew lingering after dinner, to the quiet comfort of the 'Victoria,' and the pleasant society of Lady Jane; but, though nurse did not give her credit for it, Honor was a good deal changed since that night of terror and anxiety, and she tried hard to take her share in the pig-minding, though she was not always very successful in her efforts. So now she wrote a little note to Lady Jane, saying that Brian was not very well, and she did not like to leave him to be bothered by all the children; and twisted it up with a sigh, and then tried to devote herself to a very quarrelsome game of *loto* that was going on.

But before a quarter of an hour had passed another very welcome interruption occurred. This

time it was caused by a procession of four Bath chairs coming along the Esplanade, which, to the children's great surprise, stopped in front of Seaview, and out of the foremost appeared Duke.

'Oh, I say, how jolly! Here's Duke come to tea!'

But Duke had not come to tea, but had brought the Bath chairs to convey all the children to tea at the 'Victoria.'

'Mother says,' said Duke, 'that you must all come, as she's so dull. She's so sorry that Brian is not well, but hopes he will feel well enough to come, too.'

However, Brian thought he would rather stop at home, and Pat begged and entreated to be allowed to stop, too. Pat was a little shy of Duke since their adventures, and when they played together was unnaturally gentle and polite, and anxious to please him; so that it was not half such fun as in the good old times, when Duke got pushed about, and teased, and laughed at. As for punching his head, Pat could not have done it now under any amount of provocation.

But Brian would not let any one stop with him; and nurse said it was 'a good riddance of bad rubbish,' and Pat felt that a ride in a Bath chair, in the pouring rain, was not a chance that happened every day; and when Duke unfolded a further plan for their amusement there was no further reluctance. Duke displayed ten shillings which he had coaxed from Colonel Wilmott, and suggested that, before returning to the 'Victoria,' the Bath chairs should make a round into High Street, to the Bazaar, and spend it, which received the unqualified approval of the party.

It was an unusually cheerful procession of Bath chairs that started from Seaview, for these vehicles are generally associated with invalids or old people, and not young faces and loud laughter. Honor went first, in solitary state, and she went straight on to the 'Victoria,' not being interested in the judicious spending of the ten shillings. Then came Pat and Duke, with a red pocket-handkerchief tied to a stick, with which they were to signal to those behind. Then came Molly and Nora, and then Paddy and Peter. Paddy felt that music of some kind was needed for such a gallant procession, and so had provided himself with a comb and a piece of soft paper, through which he performed all sorts of brilliant fantasias when Honor was out of hearing.

At the Bazaar they tried the patience of all the young women sorely, by their close inspection of everything on the premises. They made every woolly lamb squeak; they turned the handles of all the movable toys; they played tunes on all the harmonicons; they looked through all the kaleidoscopes, and peep-shows, and stereoscopes with views of Salt-gate; they sent the tumblers head over heels; they made the tops spin on the ceiling; they blew all the whistles and trumpets;—and after all they came out without buying anything, and the stately procession moved on to a toy-shop further on, where they all agreed on the beauty of a large box of leaden soldiers, Russians and Turks, on foot and horseback, with trumpeters and standard-bearers all complete, and cannons that discharged a raking fire of peas.

Now the great object was to get back to the hotel as soon as possible, so as to get a good time for a

game before tea; and the chairmen, all of them old and feeble, were incited to race, and the three Bath chairs went up to the Esplanade in fine style, under the envious eyes of many weather-bound families of children.

Meantime Honor had been talking to Lady Jane by the fire. Yes, there was actually a fire, though it was only September!

'And why not at midsummer, if you are cold?' Lady Jane said.

Honor sat on a low footstool by the sofa, looking into the glowing caverns among the coals, with her great eyes growing larger and brighter as she listened, for, surely, the four-leaved shamrock was coming very near little Honor Bright!

That same offer which Brian rejected so coldly, wounding Colonel Wilmott and pretty nearly breaking his own heart in doing so, was being made now to Honor by Lady Jane.

'I wish you to come, dear,' she said, stroking the girl's fair head, that was resting against the velvet cushion of her sofa, 'for I have grown very fond of you, little Honor. You seem like a young sister or big daughter to me, and I can talk to you as I cannot always to Harry. One seems to want something of womankind now and then, and you and I suit each other very well. Don't we, dear?'

And then she painted fair Italian scenes before the girl's ready imagination—blue, blue seas and skies, vineyards and olive-gardens, sunlight, and warmth, and beauty; another world altogether to that outside the window, where the grey sky wept into the grey sea, and still more different from the November fogs and gloom that were coming on apace. Then she told of the riches of art, as well as nature, in that favoured land; of Rome, and Florence, and Venice, of pictures and sculpture, the very names of which set Honor's heart beating.

'But I shall not let you be idle, signorina,' she said. 'You shall have your fill of beautiful scenery and pictures first, and then you shall set to work in old Calaresi's studio at Naples. He is a grand old man, a master to be proud of, and I think he will see the talent in—we won't say who. I shall be very strict with you, Honor, and keep you hard at work.'

So Lady Jane ran on, while Honor sat silent, gazing into the fire, till the sound of the children's return broke in on them, and then Lady Jane caught sight of Honor's face.

'My dear,' she said, quickly, 'don't decide in a hurry. Think it over, and tell me what you decide to-morrow.'

(To be continued.)

BABY'S RIDE.

THE hanting nob bestrides his cob,
 And follows fox and hounds;
 With groom and squire, o'er brook and brier,
 Through mud and marsh he pounds.
 In pink or black, on sorry hack,
 Or high-bred nag they run,
 Mid ducks and spills, till daffodills
 Say hunting days are done.



Baby's Ride.

But little Ruth may ride in truth
 Upon her carpet way,
 And find her fox, Miss Curly Locks,
 On any summer day.
 Careless we romp in mimic pomp,
 With fancy for our guide;
 And knights of old, or hunters bold,
 Make mirthful eventide.

Good brother Ned is quadruped
 When baby wants a game;
 She cannot get on horseback yet,
 So pray, Ned, do be tame;
 Earn our best thanks by gentle pranks,
 In baby's honour play'd,
 And never spurn to serve the turn
 Of such a little maid.

G. S. O.



FISHING AND FISHERMEN.

WAS it rough old Dr. Johnson who said that fishing did but consist in a rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other? With all due respect to his opinion, we shall not be expected to agree with him; and, indeed, while Sir Humphry Davy could brood over his chemical discoveries, casting his line the while for salmon in some Scotch river, and while Paley could think out illustrations for his *Natural Theology*, fly-fishing in the river Eden, he would be unwise who should run down all fishermen.

We do not, as I said before, though our thoughts while engaged in the fascinating pursuit may not be of theology or safety-lamps.

How could they, indeed, when we began to be serious fishermen at nine years of age, living happily by the side of a tumbling Scotch stream, and following the gardener or a big brother thither in our holidays?

Oh, those happy days of early rising, of expectant big trout, of leaping brooks, of steady pools!

We had no grand fly-book, no patent rod, none of the wonderful devices that the London angler brought with him (to our awe and admiration) to the brink of our own nameless stream; yet we filled our basket, and he didn't.

Our learning was from Davie and Sandie, the farm-lads; we had but about three flies in our stock, home-made and a trifle clumsy, but the fish seemed to like them.

In the morning, gazing at the town gentleman's lavish outfit, we used to feel a little jealous, but towards midday our feelings changed: we were going home to early dinner well weighted, while he, in fishing-boots and gloves, with his many fly-books bulging in his pockets, was still whipping our ungrateful little river all to no purpose.

We pitied him then, and ran home to tell mother, who often sent us back, shy yet eager, to ask the smart angler in to lunch.

It was odd if we did not 'make friends' after that, letting him into the secret of the best pools, telling him of the hiding-place of that big trout we nearly caught last holidays, and perhaps winding up with the offer of one of our fat flies, apologising for the taste of our fish, who, we hoped, he would think knew no better.

One such wealthy 'fancy angler,' as mother called them, turned out a very jolly fellow, and gave us a fortnight in London one holiday, taking us to see everything, and causing us by his goodness to feel thoroughly ashamed of having at first made fun of his silver-crested rod and dandy fittings.

But after all we preferred Glenfarlie to London, and rushed back to our little stream with renewed zest. Our rocks and our pools, our trees and our wild breaks of country, were a thousand times more to our taste than smooth parks and crowded streets, aye, even than the Tower or the Crystal Palace. We were fishermen born, you see, and out of water when we were away from Glenfarlie.

H. A. F.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U.S. Army.

(Concluded from page 327.)

A GRAND Reception to the Indian Delegations by the President, attended by all the foreign *diplomats*, took place at the White House, on the evening of June 6th. It appeared that the President and Mrs. Grant had arranged with General Parker to give a surprise party to the Indians, the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet, and other dignitaries. What they intended to do was supposed to be a great secret, but it leaked out early in the afternoon.

The carriages of the foreign ministers, secretaries, and *attachés* of legations, were driven up to the entrance of the White House with the ladies and gentlemen of the legation; then came the members of the cabinet and ladies, and some senators and members of Congress. Soon the Blue, Green, and Red Rooms were crowded.

About seven o'clock the entire Indian delegation drove up, with Red Cloud, Spotted Tail with his three braves, and were soon shown into the East Room.

General Parker welcomed the Indians, and told them they were to see the President and his wife and children, and the members of his great council, the cabinet, and members also of other nations over the big waters to the President, and have a hand-shake, 'How,' and talk if they wished. Spotted Tail and braves were seated in the end of the South-east Room, and Red Cloud and band, with the squaws, along the east side. Spotted Tail and his party were dressed in blue blankets, white leggings, and white shirts, and each had a single eagle's feather stuck in the back of his hair; all their faces had on war-paint, and all the beads and other trinkets they could pile on adorned their persons.

Red Cloud, in his paint, looked awful, and he wore a head-dress of eagles' feathers sewed on red flannel. This was trailed down to his feet, and attracted much notice from its oddity and beauty. Red Dog, his lieutenant and orator, had a beautiful head-gear, as also did several others. It would be impossible to describe the different ornaments worn by these Indians, but they looked as gay as an actor personating Richard the Third on the stage.

The squaws wore short dresses and high bodies or shirts, and their cheeks, noses, and foreheads thickly covered with red paint. Both parties soon set up a lively jabber in Sioux; but General Parker gave a sign, and all were as whist as mice.

The folding-doors were opened from the broad passage-way into the East Room, and soon the President was ushered in with Mrs. Grant, Secretary

Fish and wife, Secretary Belknap and wife, Secretary Cox, wife and daughter, Secretary Boutwell and wife, Secretary Robeson and Miss Nellie Grant, Judge Hoar, wife and daughter, Postmaster-General Cresswell, wife and sister, Generals Porter, Dent, Babcock, and others; then followed senators, members, and their wives and other ladies. Next, Minister Thornton, wife and lady friends, with Mr. Secretary Ford, wife, and other *attachés* of the British legation; Baron Gérolt, wife and daughter, M. and Madame Garcia, and indeed all the representatives of foreign nations on the whole earth but China and Japan. The Diplomatic Corps did not wear uniforms, but imitated the Indians, who had many insignia of rank in tell-tales of scalps taken, &c., by putting on all their stars and orders, and each wore swallow-tail coats, white vests, neckties, and gloves and dark pants.

Mrs. Grant was attired in a handsome grenadine, and wore a diamond necklace and japonica hair adornings. The other ladies seemed to have vied with each other to out-dress one another, surpassing even their gay attire at their winter receptions.

Soon the President with his party had all got into the East Room: on the west side, the President, with Secretary Fish, General Parker, and M. Beauvais, the interpreter: next, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Fish, distributed so as to see all going on; while the Indians lounged lazily on the sofas staring at their white brethren, both parties mutually surprised. Then General Parker made a sign to Spotted Tail with his braves, and they rose up, one by one, advancing to where the President and his party were standing, and the introduction, hand-shaking, &c. began; the Indians, as usual, said 'How.' Red Cloud followed with his band, and all said 'How, how,' shaking hands with each one present. The ladies seemed to enjoy this very much, laughing and chatting, and wishing, perhaps, they could speak the Indian language; for they forgot for a few moments all the restraints of the situation, and went in for real fun and frolic with these tawny sons and daughters of the plains and mountains.

Good rounds of hand-shaking indulged in, many questions were put and answered through the interpreters, and a careful examination was made of the hair-dressing, the paint on the cheeks, the beads, tin ornaments of the Indians, and the sparkling diamonds of our own people. The wonder, remarks, and laughter of each party, as something struck them as singular or ludicrous, were going on all over the room; for the order was soon broken up, and all mixed in, pale-faces and Indians alike, quite indiscriminately.

The scene was novel, indeed. Here might be seen the chief of our nation, leaning on his arm one of the ladies from a foreign court, or a belle of America mingling in with a group of red-skins, and trying through an interpreter to converse with them; the ladies anxious to know the history of a Zin-ta-ga-let-skah, or Stinking-saddle-cloth, or the Elk-that-bel-lows-walking, or Man-afraid-of-his-horses, &c. Here the bachelor of the navy was trying to pump an Indian about his canoes, to please half a dozen pretty girls he had in tow; but the interpreters being busy, the Indians could only make signs, give a grunt, a stare, or grin in reply. Mrs. Grant, with some ladies,

also tried to have a 'say' with them on her own hook, but gave up soon in despair.

Another signal of General Parker, and the Indians were in their places; next the whites stood in order, and then the red brethren walked into the Green, Blue, and Red Rooms, and into the presidential state dining-room.

Here came a new surprise, and a refreshing sight. The state dining-table was beautifully decorated with ornaments of gold and silver, dishes, glasses, flowers, bouquets, &c., and was fairly loaded down with fruits, berries, ice-cream, confections, and wines. Side-tables were set out with delicacies of the season, and it was seen that the President, with his amiable wife, had gotten up a strawberry and fruit festival for the wild men and civilised big-bugs of the nations.

In the meanwhile, the Indians were ranged round the main table, while the President and Mrs. Grant and friends proceeded to help the Indians to all the delicacies they never saw before, and which they must have regarded as far ahead of a dog feast, or the simple wild currants and plums they pick in the Rocky Mountains.

The ladies of the foreign ministers were not backward in their assistance. Secretary Boutwell helped Red Dog to strawberries and cake, Judge Hoar and Secretary Robeson paid much attention to the four squaws, cutting cake, and giving them knick-knacks.

One of the squaws took from the President a French kiss and a bonbon, and taking a pocketbook from her bosom, put them both into it, intending to carry it home, three thousand miles, to her papoose, and then returned it to its hiding-place amid roars of laughter, in which President Grant joined as heartily as anybody.

It was noticed that Red Cloud and Spotted Tail ate very freely of strawberries, cherries, cakes, bananas, &c., and that while Red Cloud and his party took freely of wine several times, Spotted Tail and his three braves only partook of the 'fire-water' once. All then went in and did ample justice to the feast till they were satisfied. If one could imagine a mass of beauty, loveliness, and full dress, crowded into rather a small compass, with thirty Indians and as many more of the male sex of our own colour, all eating, chatting, and laughing at the same time, then you have a faint idea of this great entertainment to a body representing thirty thousand warriors, as a new feature of inaugurating peace for bloodshed, rapine, and murder, in the presidential state dining-room that night.

Then all were marched back into the East Room, seated on sofas, and promenading up and down in front of the Indians and their squaws.

Each Indian was presented with a small bouquet by Misses Nellie and Jessie Grant, and a number of their juvenile companions. Spotted Tail, in answer to a question of the President, told him he had eleven children. The President told the interpreter to inform him that he would take one of his boys and educate him, and have him cared for by the Government.

Spotted Tail said he would think the matter over.

The President told Red Cloud he would see him in a day or two on business.

The Indians all expressed themselves to the interpreter as having 'big heart,' 'heap good eat,' 'like

much Great Father,' and 'much good white squaws.' Mrs. Grant's beautiful gold fan quite took the eyes of the squaws, and they showed much delight, saying they would get some pretty fans for themselves. Soon (as there is an end to all things) the party broke up; the white guests to dream perhaps of some strange play at a theatre, and the Indians to imagine themselves transplanted to the happy hunting-grounds they feel sure they are to enter hereafter, when they have done with hunting the antelope, the deer, and the buffalo, on the plains.

THE LITTLE YACHTSMAN.

LIKE to row on the glassy tide,
In a light little boat like mine:
No monarch on earth can softer ride,

In his eight-horse coach so fine:
No spring ever made for Cæsar's pillow,
Is like the buoyant Ocean billow.

'Tis a pleasure to breathe the healthy gust
That brings such sweets on its wing,
It reddens the cheek, and gives to a crust
A flavour fit for a king:

No perfume cunningly made for me,
But the glorious scent of the open sea!

And I love to watch the sea-gulls skim
Like swallows over the grass,
And the far-off sails, now bright, now dim,
As the lights and shadows pass:
How happy are they who roam and roam
On the curling wave and cresting foam!

I'm a seaman born, a sea-king's child,
With sea-blood in my veins,
And the tales I love are of sea-wolves wild,
English, and Norse, and Danes:
How often I dream of the far-off day,
When Hengest steered for Pegwell Bay!

Up the broad level of Minster marsh,
A channel of water then,
With voices loud and features harsh,
Came his bold Englishmen:
No wonder they chose to pitch their tent
In such a paradise as Kent.

No wonder that our pleasant land
Has been a bone of strife:
Rich meadows are better than rocks and sand,
That cannot sustain a life:
Well might the Norseman ply his oar,
And turn his prow to a greener shore.

Well, I too wish some prize to gain,
And make dear mother glad;
Not as a pirate Jute or Dane,
But an honest English lad:
Dutiful, vigilant, quiet and smart,
That's how I mean to play my part.

Who knows, if I am true and bold,
What honour may come to me!
Possibly epaulettes of gold,
Possibly K. C. B.;
But dreaming away! and now for a spurt,
Or down goes my basket of glass in the dirt!

G. S. O.



The Little Yachtsman.



A Dog's Politeness.



A DOG'S POLITENESS.

WHILST walking over Lansdown Heath, near Bath, a lady was overtaken by a dog, who had left two men who were travelling by the same road with a horse and cart. The animal followed the lady for some distance, trying to make her sensible of something by looking in her face. At last he placed himself so completely in front of her as to prevent her proceeding any further. The lady became rather alarmed, but judging from the manner of the dog, who did not appear vicious, that there was something about her which engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and found that her lace shawl was gone. The dog, perceiving that he was at length understood, turned back; the lady followed him, and he guided her to the spot where her shawl lay.

VIPER WORSHIP.

IN Europe every means is taken to exterminate vipers, and in France a reward is given to every one who brings a viper's head to the authorities, but there is a country—Senegal in Africa—where these reptiles are held in such honour, that a Frenchman barely escaped being massacred for having killed one, which threatened to bite him, under the following circumstances:—

A French naturalist, travelling in Senegal, having crossed over to the island of Su, upon the Niger, to collect some remarkable birds that build their nests there, was very well received by a native chief, who had invited him to a meal in his house in a neighbouring wood. He was seated near him, while several Negroes and Negresses were made to execute dances according to the usages of that country.

It was at the beginning of May. The heat was excessive. Suddenly, to the horror of the naturalist, a viper of immense length and of the most venomous kind descended from the straw roof of the hut in which they were sitting, and began to crawl towards him.

He, terrified, sprang up instantly, seized his bamboo stick, and gave the viper a blow on the head, which killed it at once. Immediately the whole company raised loud cries, advanced furiously upon him, and threatened him, as though they would kill him. One would have imagined that he had just committed some great crime.

The chief had the greatest difficulty to prevent his being stoned to death.

The naturalist afterwards learned that the Negroes regard serpents and vipers as deities; they treat them with the greatest veneration, and even allow them to grow and multiply in their houses, even to get into their beds and to eat the fowls of their farmyards.

J. F. C.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 339.)

CHAPTER XXXII.



AND Honor did think it over, sitting in a dream while peas rained like hail from the mimic Russian batteries, and tin Turks lay prone on the tablecloth. And after they were at home again she sat still at her bedroom window, looking out across the quiet sea, rippling silver in the moonlight after the rain.

The four-leaved shamrock, the leaves blown from Paradise gardens for those whom the angels love—the wonderful gift borne on the breeze of Heaven—what did it mean but just such a bright vision as Lady Jane's words had opened before her? and yet no vision, but a reality which needed only a word to make her own. Honor had forgotten just now that part of Aunt Bell's story about the seeds sown in common wayside places, round the old potato-patch, close beside the low door of the little shanty—happiness springing out of duty—Honor Bright crowning the brows of Patience.

In the room below her own (little did Honor or any one else guess it) Brian, too, sat looking out on the moonlit sea. He was restless and could not sleep, and so, throwing his dressing-gown round him, he came out of his hot, dark room, into the sitting-room, flooded with pale light. All that day he had been trying manfully to put away Colonel Wilmott's offer, and turn his thoughts steadily to his home-life and his work in Grinder's office. And yet, in spite of all his efforts, a wondering question would come stealing into the boy's mind, why the good God had given him such a strange sense of a power within him if he was never to use it?—such an almost painful thirst for beautiful sights, and forms, and colours, such a keen love of everything fair and noble in the world, if it was only to be a snare and a sin to him?

To-night as he sat drinking in the loveliness which was more than rest to him, Aunt Bell's story came back to him too. 'The shortest way to Paradise garden is by the potato-patch,' and in Paradise grows the four-leaved shamrock, even for those who cannot find it here. 'His servants shall serve Him.' The fettered hands shall work then in the full joy of service, with all the powers and faculties that are never given for nothing.

Brian went back to bed comforted, and slept quietly and dreamlessly like a child, and woke refreshed.

Honor wandered all night long in a dreamland of beauty, and work, and success, and woke with a headache.

There was a sad complication at breakfast time, owing to Honor being late and nurse refusing to wake Brian, which resulted in Paddy undertaking to preside at table, a process better imagined than

described. Very full cups, lots of milk and sugar, tea poured out in saucers, sugar spread thickly on bread and butter, Don allowed to sit up to the table and drink out of the slop-basin, Peter's thumb cut, and the crust neatly shaved off all round the loaf: such were Paddy's notions, and they did not agree with nurse's views of life, any more than the sight of Honor dawdling slowly down-stairs when breakfast was half over. Nurse's feelings, which had been a little soothed of late by the improvement in Honor, fairly exploded.

'I do declare it's past all bearing, that it is!' she said, indignantly. 'Use, indeed! Why, it's ten times less trouble to have no one at all than some folk! We should know what we were about then, and I make no doubt we should get on well enough—better than we do now, anyhow—when them as ought to think don't trouble their heads about nothing, and are no use to nobody as I can see!'

Honor took in accurately the drift of this somewhat involved outburst of feeling: but knowing from long experience that silence was the best policy on such occasions, she sat down to the distracted breakfast-table without a word, and made her escape as soon as possible afterwards.

To do Honor justice, she would have willingly tried to repair her misdoings by taking the children off nurse's hands that morning. But this, she knew, was the last thing that would be allowed; and that her punishment for the day would take the form of enforced idleness, while nurse took everything on herself with the air of an ill-used slave. Molly was deputed to take care of Peter, and Nora to wait on Brian, while Pat and Paddy were sent off to see Balls painting his boat.

So Honor had nothing left to do but steal away to her old place on the pier steps, out of the way of every one. I think, if Lady Jane had once more found her there, the question of last night's proposal would have been very easily settled, for the girl's mind was full of troubled and humbling thoughts.

No doubt nurse was right. She was not, and never would be, any use at home; and if she were of no use she must, of course, be a burden, and, therefore, better out of the way. It was not a pleasant way, but still it led to the same conclusion. She would be of more use studying and improving herself with Lady Jane, using the opportunity to the utmost which had been so wonderfully offered her.

But once more her reflections were interrupted. Not, however, to-day, by Lady Jane's gentle voice, but by Dr. Smith, the medical man who was attending Brian.

'Good morning, Miss Bright.'

And looking up, Honor saw the little man leaning over the rails at the top of the stairs.

'I'm glad I happened to see you,' he continued. 'I've just been to see your brother, and have a chat with old nurse about him.'

'I hope he is better this morning, Doctor?' Honor asked, looking with a sudden pang of alarm into the doctor's grave face.

'Well, I wish I could say so more decidedly. Were you going home? I will walk a little way with you, if I may. To say the truth, Miss Honor,

I don't feel at all comfortable about your brother. No, you need not look so frightened. I don't think there is anything seriously wrong at present, but there may be, you see, if it is not attended to in proper time. I wouldn't talk to you about it, my dear,' the little man went on kindly, seeing Honor's white face; 'you are not old enough to be worried; but there seems to be no one else, and nurse thought you should be told. Your brother has been overdoing himself altogether, it seems, both in body and mind. He is below par in every way, and will have to be very careful through the winter. If he were my boy I should send him off on a sea voyage, or to the south of France, or anywhere out of the east winds, for a few months, and he'd soon pick up again. But if, as it seems, he must stay at home for the winter, we must try and build him up in other ways.'

'Does father know?' Honor asked, in a low voice.

'I mean to write to him to-night. But in the meantime, I wish you to be a very good nurse to your brother. I don't mean pulling a long face, and fretting, or any of that nonsense. But keep him cheerful and amused, and don't let the youngsters plague him more than can be helped. I can't stay now; I will look in again to-morrow. Mind what I say, and remember I leave you in charge.'

Honor walked on rapidly to the house, more briskly than she had done for a long time. Her heart was sore and aching still: but it was for Brian, and not for herself. As she came in, she heard the voice of Colonel Wilmott talking to Brian in the sitting-room, so she passed on quickly to her own bedroom.

There, on the table, stood her paint-box open, with an unfinished sketch beside it. For a moment the girl knelt down by the window with her hands pressed tightly together, and then, softly, she closed the paint-box: rose, azure, gold, emerald, the dull brown cover shut them all out of sight, like the bright dreams of last night. Honor put away the box out of sight, quite at the bottom of a trunk, and then went downstairs, as she heard the Colonel take his leave.

'I'm come in, Brian. May I stay with you?' she said, trying to look bright, as she came into the room.

'Oh, that is jolly!' Brian said, looking up with real pleasure. 'I thought you were off with Lady Jane. Can you really stop?'

'Of course I can. Here, I'll just run after the Colonel: he has left his pocket-book.'

And Honor ran down to the door, rather glad of an excuse to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes as Brian spoke, laying his thin hot hand on hers, and looking up so gratefully into her face.

'Any message for Lady Jane?' the Colonel asked, as Honor gave him the pocket-book. 'I hear she has been offering you Brian's leavings.'

Honor stared, wondering what he could mean.

'Lady Jane was so kind as to ask me. I dare say you know about it. Please give her my dear love, and tell her I should like to go—oh, so much! No one knows how much! But Brian is ill, and I could not bear to leave him.'

Colonel Wilmott did not seem so vexed at Honor's refusal as he had been at Brian's. Perhaps he felt



Dr. Smith and Honor Bright.

more sure that she was doing right. He only said, laughingly, 'Well, upon my word, you are a nice pair of you! Why, when I was your age, I should have jumped at such a bit of fun. As to Brian, I cannot help thinking he was wrong about it. I'm half inclined to speak to your father, after all, and carry him off, whether he likes it or no.'

'Brian! Oh, Colonel Wilmott! it's just what Dr. Smith said would do him most good!'

'Did he? Well, you and I must lay our wise heads together, and circumvent that obstinate young man. We'll make him feel he's not half so much use at home as he fancies, and that his room is worth more than his company. Eh, Honor?'

Honor laughed, and promised to do what she could; and at the very first chance she began operations, by writing a long letter to Aunt Bell.

(To be continued.)



A PUZZLE FOR GRANNY.

GRANNY, she sits in her elbow-chair,
 Her chair of red-flowered chintz,
 Breathing the lilac-scented air,
 Watching the sunset tints;
 Knitting, and dozing, and marvelling where
 Emily gets her hints.
 Granny, beware! a roguish pair
 Caper about your elbow-chair.

A dark-haired lad with eyes of blue,
 Brimful of life and fun;
 Frisky and frolicsome, give him his due,
 As any beneath the sun.
 In serious moments good and true,
 And sure, they say, as a gun
 Is Johnny, the son of Johnny, one
 Of England's braves, whose work is done.

Johnny and Emmy are just of a height,
 And a bright little pair are they,
 Though he was ten last New-year's night,
 And she is nine this May.
 And sometimes Johnny is vexed outright,
 That he does not lead the way;
 He thinks he'll never be fit to fight—
 For a soldier's son a sorry plight.

And then, dear Granny, so kind and wise,
 Will tell him of heroes bold,
 Great in spirit and small in size,
 Who lion-like fought of old;
 Till giants are nought in Johnny's eyes,
 And dwarfs are all high-souled;
 And then he pities that long-necked Joe,
 Hated so much for growing so.

'But, Granny,' says he, with a roguish leer,
 'I shall never a hero be;
 I may make a six-foot Grenadier,
 For I shoot like a willow-tree.
 Measure me now with Emmy here,
 And what I am you'll see.
 Emmy! come, off with your shoes, my dear.
 And Granny shall know how I've grown this
 year.'

Bolt upright stand Emmy and Jack,
 And Granny she sits august,
 Holding the scales with a judge-like knack,
 As one who would fain be just!
 Looking at heads—one fair, one black,
 And taking toes on trust:
 But Granny, methinks, by her knowing smile,
 Once more a child, meets guile with guile.
 G. S. O.

ABOUT CAMELS.

I MET with a page about camels the other day in a book I was reading, which I think will amuse you. Lady Duff Gordon's *Last Letters from Egypt* was the book, and she is writing to her daughter in England. She says, 'Camels' milk is quite delicious. I wish I could send you a jug of it every morning, such as I drink; it is better than any other milk, with thick froth, like whipped cream. The Arabs think it very good for sick people, and a man called Sheriff brings his camel here every morning and milks her for me! Her baby camel is so funny, he looks all legs and big black eyes, with soft, fluffy, buff-coloured hair, and so very little body to such tall legs.

'I wish, too, you could see the camels have their dinner: they are the only people who use a tablecloth. The camel-driver spreads a cloth on the ground and pours a heap of maize upon it, and then old Mr. and Mrs. Camel sit down at the top and bottom very gravely, and the others all take their places in proper order, and eat quite politely, bowing their long necks up and down: only one was sulky, and went and had his dinner by himself, like a naughty boy; and sometimes, the man said, he would not eat at all.'

H. A. F.

WORDS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Am	an	at	ah	and	are
art	ate	Ann	ale	aunt	ant
arm	amber	alum	about	amen	adorn
arbour	adore	abound	around	alot	Abel
album	aloe	Ame	Born	bore	ban
bun	burn	burnt	bind	blame	bland
blot	bleat	bate	bond	bone	band
Bertha	bat	bane	baton	banter	barn
baron	barter	boa	boar	boat	bole
bale	bear	Burton	Barton	bard	burn
bran	brand	barm	bar	bur	burner
brunt	burden	bred	bread	brat	brad
bourne	broth	board	bound	bund	both
bother	bomb	bolt	Bohea	blunder	blonde
bloated	bloater	blunt	blade	blame	bet
bend	bean	behold	Ben	bed	bud
Bedlam	beat	bat	beau	berth	bath
bathed	bare	bar	bard	bane	balm
bald	bold	baled	bad	bade	bled
Don	done	don't	dole	dot	dear
dab	dead	date	due	dumb	Dan
dare	dart	dolt	doner	dam	dame
demon	dental	dent	denude	duel	deal
detour	Dane	doe	do	Donna	dram
dream	drear	drab	drone	drum	dun
duct	duo	durable	Ear	earth	earn
era	eat	enrol	errand	err	errant
eau	end	erratum	elm	earl	hart
heart	hare	hear	heron	hen	hunt
halt	heat	head	had	hard	herd
held	hurt	ham	harm	home	Hume
hum	her	hoar	heard	ham	humble
hut	hate	Humber	horn	hound	hunt
helm	hat	hurl	hut	hot	land
lad	lamb	lumber	larder	laud	loan
lone	late	lane	later	lantern	learn
lean	lot	lord	lame	lather	lead
lent	lobe	loom	load	lout	lunar
lure	lend	Lorne	Leo	loud	leno
lennon	let	led	lauder	lard	lament
laden	labour	Mabel	mad	mab	male
made	man	manner	manor	maul	mul
mean	mare	manure	mane	mandrel	mar
Maude	marone	mat	mate	mater	mart
matron	mound	marten	meat	medal	metal
mature	melt	mead	mont	meal	medlar
melon	modern	mend	mental	mentor	met
mode	molten	moat	mote	mob	moan
mohur	mortal	mole	model	mound	moral
monad	mother	mortar	Mora	moth	month
mount	month	mole	more	mourn	morn
mule	murder	malt	mute	North	nut
nor	no	nun	none	number	numb
note	nab	not	Noah	Noel	nod
net	noble	Nat	Nan	noun	on
oar	our	one	or	out	ore
oat	old	rot	run	ram	rut
roe	roar	rum	rub	Ruth	rob
rote	route	roan	role	robe	roam
rend	round	realm	rear	red	read
rode	roared	Roman	truth	trod	thumb
tub	tun	turn	than	that	tan
tar	Tom	ten	turban	ton	tarn
thorn	tone	trout	Ted	team	tea
teat	under	Una	ult	urn	umber

NATURAL SCENES.

No. VIII.

CASCADE OR CATARACT.



HO can best describe a cataract? How is it word-painted the most truly? By poetry, or by prose? Southey has left us a clever and ingenious poem on 'How does the water come down at Lodore?' It is a surprising bit of writing, and one wonders how the Poet-Laureate could find such a grand array of participles. It is too long to quote entire, but do not these lines sound refreshing on a hot summer day?

*And gleaming, and streaming, and steaming, and beaming,

And rushing, and flushing, and brushing, and gushing,
And flapping, and rapping, and clapping, and slapping,
And curling, and whirling, and purling, and twirling,
Retreating, and beating, and meeting, and sheeting,
Delaying, and straying, and playing, and spraying,
Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,
And thumping, and flumping, and bumping, and jumping,

And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar.
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.'

Lodore is a celebrated cascade on the banks of Derwentwater, in Cumberland.

Every part of the world has its cascades. Sir John Franklin thus describes one in the far-away regions of the North. Says he:—'We went through the deserts and frozen lakes of the North American continent, until we came to the mouth of the Coppermine river, where we embarked in two canoes, and made our way along the north shores of the continent, for nearly six hundred miles. We could go no further, and our boats being destroyed, we made our way to the Coppermine river by land.' During this journey, the eyes of the party often opened on strange and beautiful objects, for the Arctic regions abound in grand and sublime scenery. 'We pursued our voyage,' continues Franklin, 'up the Hood river, but the rapids were so frequent that we walked along the banks the whole day, and the crews laboured hard in carrying the canoes thus lightened over the shoals. In the evening we encamped at the lower end of a narrow chasm or rent in the rocks, through which the river flows for more than a mile. The walls of this chasm are upwards of two hundred feet in height, quite steep, and in some places only a few yards apart. The river throws itself over a rock, forming two magnificent and picturesque falls close to each other. The upper fall is about sixty feet, and the lower at least a hundred feet high; but the narrowness of the chasm into

which it falls prevented us from seeing its bottom, and we could merely discern the top of the spray far beneath our feet.'

There is a fine cascade in Cardiganshire, over which is flung 'the Devil's Bridge,' or better called 'the Monk's Bridge.' Here the impetuous Mynach dashes headlong in four great leaps, the last being the greatest, among stupendous rocks, well clothed with green. Near the basin formed by the first fall is a gloomy cavern, where two robbers and their sister lived, many many years ago. It is a very difficult job to get into this cavern, and here the robbers found a secure hiding-place for many a long day. But at length they committed a horrible murder, and the police of the period hunted them down, and put them to a shameful end. The largest ants known in England, called the 'Hercules ant,' live and thrive in the woods near the Monk's Bridge.

Yorkshire boasts of a splendid cascade at a place named Goredale. Dr. Pococke, who had run here and there, and had seen all that was great and striking in the rock scenery of Arabia and India, declared he had never seen anything like Goredale. It is near Malham, in the parish of Kirkby. Malham itself is a fertile spot in a very wild district. Above the village is a little lake called Malham Tarn, and not far off is Malham Cove, a rampart of limestone, three hundred feet high, and a noble object to look at. The river Aire begins in Malham Tarn. Flowing from the little lake for a short distance in a quiet fashion, it suddenly dashes and foams down the rocky passage which it burst for itself more than a hundred years ago, after a thunderstorm. The poet Gray thus describes the scene:—'All further way is barred by a stream, that at the height of fifty feet gushes from a cleft in the rock, dashes from steep to steep, and then ripples away in a torrent down the valley.'

A Swedish cascade is thus described by Sir A. Brooke:—'We saw at some distance the contention of its boiling waters, by their spray forming a thick cloud of mist, which floated above it, tinged by the rays of the setting sun. Hurrying to the spot with mixed feelings of astonishment and admiration, we surveyed the scene. The whole waters of the Gotha tumble here with fearful roaring down steep crags among the rocks below; the sides are surrounded by precipices rising to a great height, thinly clad with straggling pines. Before arriving at the cataract the river glides on smoothly, as clear as crystal; in its descent it forms four principal falls, the height of which, taken together, is about a hundred feet.'

We will conclude with taking our readers to the delightful scenery of the Clyde. A 'linn,' in the Scottish dialect, means a fall, or leap, of water. The first fall on the Clyde, called Bonnington Linn, finds the river throwing itself headlong into a deep hollow. A mist always hangs over this cauldron, and here the character of the scene is changed. Above it all was peace—now it is all wrath and confusion. Half-a-mile lower down is Corra Linn, where the furious water foams over a rock, and falls eighty feet. The ancient castle of Corra, now in ruins, stands not far off, and gives its name to this beautiful fall.

G. S. O.



Natural Scenes. No. VIII.—A Cascade.



Good for Evil.

GOOD FOR EVIL.



YOUNG man belonging to the city of Paris desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it with him to the river Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, who wished to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In this he fell himself into the

water, and would certainly have been drowned, had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water till assistance arrived and his life was saved.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

IN Henry the Seventh's Privy-purse Accounts there is this singular item: 'August 10, 1497, to hym that found the new Isle, Ten Pounds.'

This isle was what we call Newfoundland, and the lucky discoverer was John Cabot, a native of Venice. In his own land he was called Gabotto. He settled at Bristol, had three adventurous sons, and was a rich merchant. But some one had been there before Cabot. Sailors from Norway had discovered it five hundred years earlier; but it was so far a forgotten land, that John Cabot may be justly called its discoverer, since he brought it into notice.

The climate is very much against it. Rocks and lakes cannot feel, but men do not enjoy almost perpetual fogs. Even the trees here shrug up their shoulders, and refuse to grow big. The spruces, birch, and larch, are hardly fit for anything but fuel, or for boat-building on a very small scale.

There is a goodly sprinkling of people who bear the untoward climate of Newfoundland for the sake of making their fortunes out of the cod-fishery; but the true islanders are the Micmacs, who live in the interior, while the settlers live on the coast, especially in the peninsula of Avalon. But why Avalon? Avalon was the old name of Glastonbury, where Christianity was first preached in England. About 1623, Sir George Calvert gave this part of Newfoundland the name of Avalon, believing it to be the first place where the Christian religion was established in North America.

Here is St. John's, the metropolis, and seat of government.

As we have said, the fogs rob Newfoundland of many of her charms. Two ships may pass each other in the Gulf of St. Lawrence entirely unseen by each other, while the voices of people talking on the one deck can be distinctly heard by those who are standing on the other. But dangerous as the fogs are to those who navigate the ocean, they do not seem to shorten men's days. Old fishermen are found of remarkable vigour; and some can do good service up to and beyond their ninetieth year.

The cold here is very intense in the winter. The trees will crack under the power of the frost, sounding as if you had struck them with an axe. This

noise, when heard in the silence of night, is very startling. When summer comes, it is short and hot, quite as hot as in a very sultry English summer. Then the fruits quickly ripen, currants, cherries, gooseberries, and strawberries. Then the wild roses and violets bloom, and the plains are covered with blossoming shrubs, which bear a variety of berries. But the season for such joys is soon over, and the Newfoundlanders have a saying to describe their year, viz. 'A short feast and a long famine.'

But Newfoundland does not depend on fruits and roots for its importance. It is the island of cod-fish, and it rears a hardy race of men who live by taking the 'harvest of the sea.' In April the season begins, and it ends in October. Many different sorts of boats are employed in this fishery, some going out but a few miles, others twenty or thirty miles. Some return with their fish to be cured on land once or twice a-day, others keep out and salt their fish aboard, returning when they have as much as they can carry.

A covered wooden stage is erected by the sea-side, the boats come close to it, and land their cargoes. The cod is first handed to a man called 'the cut-throat;' he rips open the bowels, and then passes the fish to 'the header,' who pulls off the head and tears out the liver. Those parts which are useless for food are made into manure. The liver yields a valuable oil. The third man who deals with the cod is the 'splitter;' he has to be very skilful, and he receives great wages. He can cut out the fish's backbone in the twinkling of an eye: in fact, such is the ease acquired by constant use, that ten fish can be thus treated in a minute and a half.

The fish are then barrowed away to the 'salter,' who cures them properly. After this process is complete the fish are shipped off to various lands, where they are in much request among Roman Catholics, who may not use flesh meat on Fridays, or during Lent, but eat salted cod instead.

The island also yields much profit in the way of seals. These animals are hunted partly for the sake of their skins, and partly for the sake of their oil. Seal-hunting is very dangerous work. Men go in vessels with guns and poles. They start in the bitter days of March, and they have to work their way seaward through the ice. At length a seal-meadow appears in sight; that is, a field of ice covered with those creatures, and all is now excitement on board. Sometimes the seals are shot, and sometimes struck on the nose with a club, when they die directly. The skins are ripped off the dead seals, and carried to the ships, and the carcasses are left for others to devour.

Near Newfoundland is the Great Bank, a very large sand-bank under the waves, the largest indeed yet known to exist. It is as extensive as England and Scotland. Some parts of it approach within twenty feet or so of the surface, and a ship caught there in a heavy storm would soon be thumped to pieces.

There is a bank off the Lincolnshire coast not unlike the Newfoundland bank, only it is much smaller, and, being fifty feet at least under water at its shallowest part, it is not dangerous to vessels passing over it. It is called 'the Doggerbank,' and is, like its Newfoundland brother, a noted place for cod-fishing.

G. S. O.

ABOUT SPONGES.

THE coasts of Great Britain may be said to be rather rich in sponge growths; twenty-four kinds have been discovered. Fresh-water lakes and rivers also possess their sponges. Those found on our coasts, although unfit for the sponge market, form most interesting objects for the cabinet or the aquarium. A warmer sea and more genial climate than ours appear necessary to develop the sort of sponge sought by the merchant, who obtains the great bulk of his supply from the ports of the Mediterranean; the coast of Syria, the Greek Islands, and Barbary, being noted for their yield of sponge. Tripoli, Latakia, and Beyrout, are the principal ports of shipment. The Turkish sponge-trade is also of considerable importance; from 4000 to 5000 men, and between 600 and 700 boats, being annually employed in it. The Greeks may, however, be considered the principal sponge-fishers. Much experience, skill, and hardihood, are needed to qualify a man for a first-class place among sponge-divers; many of the most valuable specimens, which sell readily in Paris or Vienna for from 7l. to 10l. each, being obtained at depths varying from ten to thirty-five fathoms. To aid in the descent, the divers make use of a triangular stone, with a hole in one corner, through which a rope is spliced. On reaching the deep sea-gardens, where the rock-ledges and pinnacles are clothed with marine growths, the diver, retaining a hold on his rope, dexterously breaks away the holdfast of the sponges, places them, with their foundations, under his arm, until a sufficient load has been gleaned, when a pull of the rope signals to haul up, and he ascends to the surface with his ocean treasures.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

PUSS AND DASH.

SIR DASH had long held sole possession
Of parlour place by day and night,
And seemed to think it great oppression
For any to dispute his right.

He slept upon the sofa-seat,
He mounted on the stools and chairs,
He lived upon the daintiest meat,
And gave himself conceited airs.
In truth, he was a handsome fellow,
With silky coat of white and yellow;
With ears that almost touch'd his toes,
And jet-black eyes that match'd his nose;
While admiration oft and loud
Made Dash impertinent and proud.

At length his master's heart was smitten
With love towards a tabby kitten;
Whose tiger stripe along the back,
With shining rings of grey and black,
Made her a very pretty creature,
Perfect in cat-like shape and feature;
And home she came in wicker basket,
Snug as a jewel in a casket.

Sir Dash no sooner saw her form,
Than he began to bark and storm;

And Puss no sooner saw Sir Dash,
Than eyes and teeth began to flash.
He raved with passion, snarled, and snapped,—
She showed her talons, screamed, and snapped;
His back stood up with warlike bristle,
Her tail was rough as any thistle;
He kept on bouncing, fuming, tearing;
She most profanely took to swearing:
In short, the parlour, once so quiet,
Became a scene of vulgar riot.

The master thought a day or two
Would soften down this fierce 'to-do';
He fancied, when the breeze was past,
They would be right good friends at last;
He hoped that they would live in peace,
And all their feud and fury cease.
Alas! they both behaved so badly,
That those around could not endure it;
Bad temper reigned so very sadly,
The master knew not how to cure it.

A dish of milk was on the floor—
Puss wanted some, and so did Dash;
'Twas big enough for many more
To lap out of without a splash.
But she was rude, and he was ruder;
Neither would let the other taste it;
Each thought the other an intruder,
And did the most to spill and waste it.
If Dash one moment ventured nigh,
Puss would that moment spit and fly;
If Puss the dish next minute sought,
Dash the next minute raged and fought.
At length, with sorrow he it spoken,
Between them both the dish was broken.

The garden was in lovely order,
Neatness in every walk and border;
And pinks and lilies flourished there,
Tended with diligence and care.
But scarce a single week had fled,
When Mr. Dash and Puss were found
Both fighting in the tulip-bed,
Trampling and spoiling all around.
Uprooted flowers and damaged laurels
Were scattered by their foolish quarrels;
And meet on any spot they might,
The scene was one continual fight.
Their master, long as he was able,
Bore the confusion round his table,
And ever gave his generous pardon
For all the mischief in his garden;
Hoping their battles soon would end,
And each to each become a friend:
But no! they still kept up the strife,
And led a most ungracious life;
And so one very noisy day
Their master sent them both away.
They soon discovered, to their cost,
What a good home they thus had lost.

Dash was obliged to wear a chain,
Which galled his neck and gave him pain;
A dirty kennel was his bed,
And often he was poorly fed;



Puss and Dash.

And, miserably discontented,
Most fervently poor Dash repented.
Puss lost her cushion fine and soft,
And lived within a dreary loft,
Where no sweet milk and meat were set,
But mice were all that she could get;
And there she pined in melancholy,
Regretting all her upstart folly.
Had they been somewhat more inclined
To friendship—sociable and kind;
Had they put jealousy aside,
And both laid down their selfish pride,
Both had escaped such dire disgrace,
And both had kept their favoured place.

Thus far too often do we see
Brothers and sisters disagree;

Too often do we hear loud blaming,
With ill-bred speech and rude exclaiming;
And sometimes, while we stand amazed,
We even see fierce hands upraised;
Yet very little mutual bending
Would save a world of harsh contending.
If Puss and Dash had thought of this,
They would have lived in perfect bliss;
And long have shared the parlour rug,
In every comfort, warm and snug.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning,
The lesson must not meet your scorn;
Never let selfish trifles lead
To loud dispute and spiteful deed;
Yield to each other, and be sure
Your happiness is more secure.

ELIZA COOK.



He came rapidly, and the little boy was at his side.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U.S. Army.

THE FIDELITY OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

THE following story about an Oneida chief is told by Judge W—:

Early in the settlement of the Western part of New York the judge was living at Whitesboro', four miles

west of Utica. All around was an unbroken forest of beech, maple, and other trees, held by wild tribes of Indians, who had been for ever so long owners of the soil. Judge W—, feeling how he was at their mercy in his lonely place, was anxious to keep on good terms with them, and secure their friendship.

Many of the chiefs had heard of his friendly ways, and went to see him, carrying presents, because of the

gifts he had sent them; but he was much troubled that an old chief of the tribe, having great influence with his people, had never come to see him, or sent him any presents, or shown any signs of welcome. After awhile the judge made up his mind to go and see the sachem in his wigwam, and thus secure a friendship he might rely on in case of any difficulty. His family was small,—only his daughter, a widow, and her only child, a fine boy, five years old. So, one day he went to pay the chief a visit, taking the widow and her son along with him. He found him seated at the door of his tent, enjoying a nice breeze of a fine summer's morning, and was welcomed by the old chief with kind manners and the word 'Sago,' meaning, 'How do you do?' Judge W—— presented his daughter and her little boy to the old chief, and said they had come to live in his country; they were anxious to live in peace with them, and introduce among them the arts of civilisation. Listening to these words, the chief said:—

'Brother, you ask much and promise much; what pledge can you give of your good faith?'

Judge.—'The honour of a man who never knew deceit.'

Sachem.—'The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian.'

Judge.—'I have put my life into your hands by coming hither; is not this a proof of my good intentions? I have trusted the Indian, and I will not believe that he will abuse or betray my trust.'

'So much is well,' said the chief; 'the Indian repays trust with trust: if you will hurt him, he will hurt you. But I must have a pledge. Leave this boy with me in my wigwam, and I will bring him back to you in three days with my answer.'

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the young mother, she could not have felt a sharper pang than that which the Indian's proposal had caused her.

She flew towards her boy who stood beside the chief, looking into his face with pleased and innocent wonder, and, snatching him to her arms, would have rushed away with him.

A gloomy frown came over the sachem's brow.

The judge knew that all their lives depended upon a right action at once; and following his daughter, who was retreating with her child into the woods, he said to her: 'Stay, stay, my daughter: bring back the child, I beg of you! I would not risk a hair of his head, for he is as dear to me as he is to you,—but, my child, he must remain with the chief! God will watch over him, and he will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as in your arms beneath your own roof.' She yielded, and her darling boy was left; but who can tell the agony of the mother's heart during the following days?

Every night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon its mother for help. How slowly and heavily passed the hours away! But at last the third day came. The morning waned away, and the afternoon was far advanced, yet the chief came not. There was sorrow over the whole home, and the mother, pale and silent, walked her room in despair. The judge, filled with anxious doubts and fears, looked through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the tall trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He came rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief: his feet dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver-skin thrown over his shoulders, and eagles' feathers stuck into his hair. He was laughing and gay, and so proud of his honours that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon clasped in his mother's arms, and in that brief moment of joy she seemed to pass from death to life.

'The white man has conquered!' said the chief; 'hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and kindness.'

And he was true to his word. Judge W—— lived many years, laying there the foundation of that flourishing community which has spread over a wide extent of western New York.

The far west, in my childhood, meant the 'Genesee' country, as far as the falls of Niagara.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from p. 348.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.



HONOR'S letter was answered in the most satisfactory way possible—that is, by Aunt Bell coming herself to Saltgate. Honor had got to hate the postman by that time most unjustly; for how could the poor old man deliver letters at Seaview that were never written? And she half agreed with Molly and Nora, who maintained that he kept back letters for them in his bag, just because

Don always barked at him when he came. They none of them knew why Honor was so specially anxious for a letter, but they all felt aggrieved at Aunt Bell's unusual silence, and turned their resentment on the poor postman.

'I tell you what,' said Paddy, 'if that thundering old ruffian comes again without a letter, I shall be under the painful necessity of pulling his nose.'

'I dare say,' said Nora, 'he found out it was us who posted the lobster's tail at the pillar-box; but it's very ill-natured of him to remember it such a long time afterwards.'

'Well, we shall see to-morrow, for Aunt Bell and father are sure to write for Brian's birthday, so he can't have the impudence to pretend he's not got a letter anyhow.'

They were talking thus in the dusk, on the evening before Brian's birthday; the children had just come in from the beach, and Brian had not been out since tea, for Dr. Smith made a point of his not being out after sunset, and Honor was very watchful over him. The paraffine lamp had not been lighted yet, for they were glad to do without it as long as possible, from the unpleasant smell, and from the dreadful sacrifice of lamp-glasses, which fell victims to Pat and Paddy turning up the wick on the smallest excuse.

While they were talking a fly drove up and stopped in front of the house, and the children rushed to the window to see.

'New lodgers next door,' said Molly: 'that horrid old man who made such a fuss when Peter dropped a plum-stone on his hat went away yesterday.'

'And that grey parrot, who uses such awful language in the dining-room, has gone too,' said Nora; 'for I saw the woman who belongs to him in a fly, going to the station.'

'No! they're coming in here!'

'Some one to see the lodgings, I expect!' said Honor. 'How late!'

'I suppose they won't want to see these rooms?' Brian suggested. 'They must be after the dining-rooms.'

'Oh, I say, they're coming up!'

'Here! pick up those spades Molly, do! and make Don get out of the arm-chair. And don't let him fly at the people, Pat; for I'm sure that old lady would have taken the dining-room last week if Don had not behaved so badly.'

Then came a tap at the door, and Mrs. Hopkins came in smiling, and said, 'Here's a lady to see the rooms, Mr. Brian, and a lady in a long travelling-cloak stood at the door, looking round on them.'

'What a blessing it's so dark!' thought Brian. 'She won't see what a muddle the room is in.'

But the next moment there was a scream of delight from the children, and the lady was flown at, and dragged violently into the room, and down on to the sofa, and Peter was on her lap, and all the others pressing round, kissing, and talking, and laughing all together, which was an odd way of receiving a new lodger.

Of course it was Aunt Bell who had come; and she had come all by herself, too, and had left her husband behind, though it was only two months since the wedding-day. She had taken Honor's letter, and had put it into John Keith's hands without a word.

It was a very touching little letter, full of loving anxiety for Brian, and humble distrust of herself; and John Keith (good fellow!) when he had read it, said, 'Go to them, my dear; it is Aunt Bell they need. . . . No! I'll not go, too; they would rather have you by yourself, and I should only be in the way.' And then, no doubt, he added a good deal that Pat and Molly might have described as 'bosh,' as is the manner of husbands of two months.

'Everything goes right when Aunt Bell is here,' said Nora.

And so, indeed, it seemed. The very paraffine lamp burnt brightly, and did not smell, or suddenly crack its glass; every one dropped into their proper places, the boys were not rude or ill-mannered, the girls were not noisy and unladylike. Brian laughed and talked like a school-boy as he was, instead of a careworn man, with all the weight of the family on his shoulders; while Honor, on the contrary, seemed older and more dignified, and far more capable in Aunt Bell's encouraging presence than she had done under her own, and nurse's disapprobation and distrust.

'And Peterkin,' said Aunt Bell, looking down on a curly red head, 'is just as great a baby as ever.'

As for nurse, she overflowed with good nature;

and even Don was as mild as a moonbeam, or as the mangey terrier in the Happy Family.

Of course all the children sat up to supper, and all wished to talk at once, they had so much to tell, and each wished to be the one to tell it. Honor and Brian declared they could hardly ever see Aunt Bell, much less edge in a word, in the general hubbub; but they knew that their turn would come when the younger ones were in bed, so they waited with tolerable patience, while the little ones nearly devoured her. Talk of Lady Jane's beauty and elegance! It was nothing, after all, to Aunt Bell's, in the children's eyes.

But Brian was disappointed of his talk that night, for Aunt Bell declared herself to be very tired, and in need of a good night's rest after her journey. The truth was, that she could hardly keep the tears from her eyes when she looked at the lad, he had grown so pitifully like his mother; but she bravely forced them back—and tears driven back into the heart are apt to turn into prayers.

'You and I, Brian asthore! will have a good long talk to-morrow. We will pack the small fry out of the way, and have a good crack together like old days. I'm afraid you've been working too hard at the pig-minding, my poor old Brian! You must go to bed now, and sleep away those hollow eyes, and be the old Brian again on your birthday to-morrow.'

Nurse had much to say to Aunt Bell before Honor could get her turn, but at last the bedroom door was shut, and nurse had gone clumping upstairs, and Honor had Aunt Bell all to herself.

And then Aunt Bell told her that she had seen father as she came through London, and had told him about Colonel Wilmott's offer to Brian, and the boy's refusal.

'Honor, I think we should be very proud of Brian.'

'Yes, that was just what Colonel Wilmott said when he saved Duke: he said he was a hero.'

'A true hero, following the path of duty straight-forward, if it takes him down a precipice, or just day after day to dull work at Mr. Grinder's office. It's not fear and it's not pleasure that will tempt him out of it.'

'Is it his duty, Aunt Bell, to go to Mr. Grinder's?'

Aunt Bell was silent a minute. She had just been in to see Brian as he lay asleep, and the feeling was very strong and sore in her, that the boy's path of duty was not to be very long, and that the short, uphill road, would soon end in the rest and pleasure for evermore.

'No, Honor: I hope, and father thinks so, too, that it is his duty to accept Colonel Wilmott's offer. It will be good for his health, and for his prospects in life, please God! and the situation at Mr. Grinder's is not good enough to be thought of in comparison.'

'Did you tell father that Lady Jane had asked me?'

'Yes, dear; and he and I agreed with you, that your right place was at home; and he said, "Thank God, my little girl can see the path of duty, and has grace to choose it! There is nothing half so beautiful or bright in Italy, little Honor, as that common old path of duty! I pray God we may all follow it to its glorious end."

(To be continued.)



"Here's a lady to see the rooms, Mr. Brian."



"When the house is still at night,
They all come out to play."

THE MERRY MICE.

THE merry mice stay in their holes,
 And hide themselves by day;
 But when the house is still at night
 They all come out to play.

They climb upon the pantry-shelf,
 And taste of all they please—
 They drink the milk that's set for cream,
 And nibble bread and cheese.

But if they chance to hear the cat
 Their feast will soon be done—
 They'll scamper off to hide themselves,
 As fast as they can run.

Some tiny mice live in the fields,
 And feed on flies and corn,
 And in a pretty hanging nest
 The little ones are born.

When winter comes they burrow holes,
 And line them soft with hay;
 And while the snow is on the ground
 They sleep the time away.

White mice are often kept for pets,
 And fed with milk and bread;
 They're tame and harmless little things—
 Their eyes and feet are red.

All living creatures love to be
 As free as you or I—
 They love the fields, the woods, the hills,
 They love the sweet blue sky.

Then, if you cage them, treat them well,
 And feed them every day,
 And never tease or frighten them,
 That they may like to stay.

They do not need your love and care
 As long as they are wild,
 But in a cage they want a friend
 As much as any child.

Little Poems for Little People.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 359.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.



THE Brights held strong opinions on the subject of keeping birthdays. They believed firmly in the maxim, 'The more the merrier,' though not in its selfish and gluttonous conclusion, 'The fewer the better cheer.' They inherited their notions from father, who had been as proud and pleased when baby Peter's little, soft, red poll had been for the first time exhibited to an admiring nursery circle, as when Brian the firstborn had been laid in his inexperienced arms. Every birthday was a family festival; and

even now, by father's wish, one day was kept among the other holidays when he seemed specially to like to have the children about him, and to make it a happy day, because it was 'Mother's birthday.'

Aunt Bell's marriage, and the giving up of the old home, had somewhat upset the usual observances this year. And now, Brian's birthday coming upon them in lodgings, without pocket-money, or anything wherewith to observe it, put the children in some difficulty. Brian himself, too, did not seem at all in a state either of body or mind for the occasion; and, indeed, appeared to be tending towards the condition of the

'Old man of Cape Horn,
 Who wished he had never been born.'

So out of spirits did he appear, in spite of all his efforts to be cheerful.

Aunt Bell's arrival, however, as Molly said, 'like a splendid big birthday-present herself,' seemed to set everything right, and the family spirits rose with a bound. Nurse and Mrs. Hopkins made up their latest differences, and buried the hatchet in a huge plum cake, frosted and frilled, rich and heavy as heart could desire.

Molly and Nora gave Don a bath, and extra brushing and combing—a feat of much danger. It was performed in the girls' bedroom, whence issued screams, growls, laughter, splashing, scolding, coaxing, and finally Don himself, silky and sulky, fluffy and fatigued by the conflict, with a new pink ribbon, tied by main force, round his unwilling neck.

Presents there were none, except a daintily-finished little sketch of Honor's, which she had been working at in secret for some time. The children looked rather ruefully at the empty breakfast-plate, which ought to have been filled with sealed packets. Aunt Bell's present was not given till the evening, and later in the day came a basket of hothouse flowers and fruit from Lady Jane, and a little gold hunting-watch from the Colonel, with an inscription inside the case, which made Brian get very red and uncomfortable: but these things did not make the children feel their poverty the less.

'I'll tell you what,' suggested Pat, 'we'll have a procession of penitent pauper pilgrims!'

So in the middle of Brian's breakfast, which Aunt Bell had insisted on taking up to him, the bedroom door was thrown open, and the procession of pauper pilgrims appeared in newspaper cocked hats and great-coats, with pocket-handkerchiefs tied on to sticks, and other signs of woe and distress.

'We've come to tell you, Brian,' Peter said, who was generally spokesman on these occasions, and now headed the train in Aunt Bell's waterproof, and a cocked-hat large enough to extinguish him; 'we've come to wish you many happy returns of the day, and say that we couldn't get any presents because we've no money to buy anything with.'

'We thought,' went on Molly, speaking from the depths of Brian's greatcoat, with the collar turned well up over her head, 'we had better have a procession, so that you should know how it was.'

It might not have seemed very clear to an outsider what connexion there was between no presents and a procession, but Brian did not seem at all sur-

prised, and nurse submitted mildly to this invasion of her patient's bedroom, which would not otherwise have been allowed on any consideration.

'You see, I'm not up to much to-day,' Brian said, when the motley crew had distributed itself on and around the bed: 'but I don't see why we should not do something jolly all the same. Couldn't we go out somewhere and show Aunt Bell the lions? We could take some cake and stuff with us, and have tea on the beach, you know. What do you say, nurse?'

Nurse did not answer, feeling painfully that the clearest answer to any such proposal lay in the speaker's tired face and dark-ringed eyes, and yet being loth to spoil the children's holiday.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Bell had not, as usual, come to the rescue, with a delightful succession of plans, including a special regatta of all the children's boats on the big pool left at low tide in front of Seaview, in the morning; a donkey-ride over Tilsey Heath in the afternoon; a shrimp and periwinkle tea with Duke; winding up with a grand ghost-story in the evening. This programme was somewhat suggestive of the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out; but being Aunt Bell's proposition, they were both received and carried out with glee, as being jolly in themselves, and also in honour of Brian.

The hero of the day, meanwhile, gave himself up, nothing loth, to a quiet morning of rest, watching the regatta from the open window, and extracting a good deal of amusement from the evolutions of the various craft, which capsized, and foundered, and came into collision, in a way that would have discouraged any less intrepid captains than the young Brights.

After dinner, when with much shouting of donkey-boys, and vigorous applications of sticks, the tail of the last donkey had vanished round the corner of Seaview, Aunt Bell slipped her hand through Brian's arm, and they strolled out together to a sunny corner of the beach, where there was a bench, and they could sit at ease, with the wide sea stretching away before and around them, sunny, and calm, and smiling to-day like the hope of a bright future.

'Brian, I wish to talk to you,' Aunt Bell began, laying her hand on his as he sat with his great eyes gazing out dreamily into the distance.

'Isn't it splendid!' he said, as if he had not heard her words. 'It's a pity it's not always so.'

'Yes, storms and dull grey days will come often enough. But surely it would be ungrateful not to enjoy the sunshine when it comes? You know what is in my mind, Brian. I wish to talk to you about this charming Italian scheme of Colonel's Wilmott's.'

Brian was silent for a minute or two, and then broke out, quite fiercely,—

'Look here, Aunt Bell, I can't bear talking of it! One must just look at the plain commonsense of things, and do one's duty, without crying over what can't be helped.'

'That is just what I want you to do. Look at the plain commonsense of it, and your duty is clear enough.'

'Well, that is, to my thinking, that we are all of us poor now, and must turn to and work as hard as we can to get a living.'

'Just so: doing the best you can for yourself, and, therefore, for the others.'

'And that seems to be Grinder's,' Brian went on, rather bitterly.

'Suppose you are not up to Grinder's, what then?'

'Well, Aunt Bell, I know I'm not a genius; but at least I can try it.'

'Yes, and make every one miserable about you; and probably break down in a fortnight, and cost no end in doctors' bills.'

Brian looked up, rather startled at Aunt Bell's sharp, plain way of speaking.

'Oh, nonsense! I'm not so bad as all that!'

'It is three miles to Mudford every morning; and you must start before eight o'clock, all through the winter, and in all sorts of weather, when the roads are bad, unless you mean to keep a horse out of your thirty pounds; and there is the same walk back every evening after dark. You must make haste and get up your walking, Brian, if you mean to begin it next month.'

Brian did not reply, and Aunt Bell went on:—

'Now look here, my dear. You know as well as I do that it would be the death of you, and that a winter abroad would be the making of you.'

'And in the meantime Grinder's place—'

'Is filled by a young fellow I know, who will be very glad of it, and admirably suited to the work.'

'Oh, well, Aunt Bell; of course, if you are interested elsewhere—'

'Yes, I am; and when your letter goes to Mr. Grinder. I shall ask you to put in a good word for young Pearce; he is a great pet of mine.'

'And I, being successfully turned out—'

'Will accept Colonel Wilmott's offer, and come back in six months fit for something.'

The boy's eyes had been brightening up as Aunt Bell talked, but the light died out again, and he spoke, sadly,—

'Ah, it's all very well! but what are they to do at home, with no one to box the boys' ears and keep the peace?'

Aunt Bell looked grave, too.

'Yes, there is that to think of, too. I want to talk to you a bit about Honor. It seems a great charge to come on one so young and childish. I think nurse is rather hard on her sometimes.'

'Yes; that's just what I say. How can you expect a child of fifteen to turn into an old woman?'

'Like a boy of seventeen has been trying to do,' Aunt Bell said, laughing. 'You see, the one must be a work of time, while the other is an impossibility. We must have patience; and I don't think we shall be disappointed in her. I suppose it would be breaking confidence to show you her last letter; but the child knows her duty, which is the first step to doing it.'

'I don't know how she can.'

'God knows, or He would not have given it to her to do. We must not wrong her by taking away her work from her, Brian.'

'I never thought of it in that way before,' he said, thoughtfully. 'I suppose you mean that I ought to clear out of the way, and trust to things going right?'



"We've come to wish you many happy returns of the day."

'Yes. It needed a lot of faith to see that it was right to marry John; and it needs a lot of faith in you to see that you ought to go abroad and do your work, and leave Honor to do hers.'

Brian sat still a long time, and then rose up slowly, stretching out his hand to Aunt Bell.

'I'm awfully slow at thinking out things; but I will think of it.'

But even as he spoke, there was a look of brightness in his face that made Aunt Bell very glad.

Nothing more was said; but before Brian went to bed, Aunt Bell gave him her birthday present.

'It's a present to myself, after all,' she said, 'as she laid a beautiful travelling sketch-book in his hand. 'I want you to fill it for me.'

(Concluded in our next.)



Natural Scenes. No. IX.—A Glen.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. IX.—A GLEN.



LENS are found in the wild and mountainous districts. They are narrow valleys, often beautiful and lonely. A brook purls down the middle, and great grey rocks stand out among the fern and the heather, like islands in the sea.

There is a sad story connected with a glen in Scotland, which may be new to some readers of *Chatterbox*, and not fully known to others. To find the story, we must go back nearly two hundred years, and fancy ourselves in the reign of William III.

Readers of history will remember that the four kings who reigned before William III. were kings of the Stuart family; namely, James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II. James II., by ruling badly, was forced to quit his throne and country, and William of Orange, who had married his cousin Mary, James' eldest daughter, became king of England. But the fallen king, James, had many friends, especially in Scotland, for the Stuarts were a Scottish family. These friends of the deposed sovereign were called Jacobites; Jacobus being the Latin word for James. Now the new king, William, was very anxious to quiet those Jacobites, who had borne arms against him; and he did this by offering a pardon to every one who would lay down his sword and become a peaceable subject. He also gave away a large sum of money in presents. Some of the Highland chiefs would not readily humble themselves to King William, for they loved the old Stuarts. It was therefore determined, that if any of them did not yield before the 31st of December, 1690, they were to be slain as enemies of their country. All the Highland chiefs, being alarmed, took the oaths of submission. One, however, named MacIain, of Glencoe, the chief of the Macdonald clan, waited too long for safety. It was not until the very last day of the year that he made up his mind to submit. On that day he went to Fort William to take the oaths. But when he reached the fort he was much alarmed to find that the Governor, Colonel Hill, had no power to receive the oaths of submission. But the good Colonel advised him to go at once to Inverary, and swear loyalty to the King before Sir Colin Campbell, the Sheriff of Argyshire. The snowy roads made travelling slow, and MacIain of Glencoe did not reach Inverary until after the date fixed for the oath; but the Sheriff fully explained the reason of the delay to the Government in London, and also told Colonel Hill to be sure that no annoyance was offered by the soldiers to the people of Glencoe.

MacIain went home from Inverary supposing all was well, but he was sadly mistaken; for a warrant for the destruction of him and his clan was procured from the King, and duly signed by him. It is thought that MacIain's oath before the Sheriff was carefully hidden from William, and that he was told that the Highland chief was the leader of a desperate gang

of thieves, who richly deserved hanging. In this cruel and treacherous plot it is supposed that Sir John Dalrymple had a chief share. Orders came from London to Colonel Hill, bidding him destroy the Macdonalds of Glencoe; but the Colonel was grieved, and tried to put off the evil day as long as he could. However, being obliged, though much against his will, to obey the higher powers, he at length despatched 400 men to fulfil the royal orders. About the end of January, a part of this force, under Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, went to Glencoe. Being asked whether they came as friends or as enemies, they answered, 'We come as friends.' On which they were kindly received, and all the more because MacIain's son had married Glenlyon's niece. The Macdonalds, however, could not quite get rid of all their suspicions, and they sent away their weapons, fearing the soldiers might have had orders to disarm them. In about a fortnight Glenlyon received a letter, in which he was ordered to fall on the Macdonalds, and butcher them at four o'clock the following morning. Little did the Macdonalds suspect the terrible blow that was so near! Glenlyon pretended to be more friendly than ever that day. He drank with Alaster, who had married his niece; he accepted an invitation to dine with the chief next day; he played a game at cards with two other sons of MacIain—both of whom were to be killed next morning at four o'clock!

These two card-players were, however, suspicious young men. One of them had overheard a red-coat muttering, 'I don't like the sort of work we've got to do;' and on the eve of the bloody tragedy they found the sentinels were doubled; and calling at Glenlyon's quarters to ask the reason, they came upon him and his soldiers sharpening their swords and examining their fire-arms. Glenlyon, by telling a lie, put their suspicions to rest, and they went home and to bed, but they were rudely awakened about four o'clock by an old servant, who urged them to rise and fly for their lives, for their father was murdered. It was too true. At four o'clock an officer named Lindsay, who was one of those invited by MacIain to the dinner which never came off, demanded loudly admittance to the old chief's house, and being allowed to enter, shot MacIain dead by his own bedside, as he was dressing himself. News of this was brought to the two sons by the old nurse, and they lost no time in leaving the fatal spot. By their knowledge of all the paths and passes in the glen they managed to escape and tell the dreadful story.

What a scene of terror and bloodshed they left behind them, in that peaceful glen! Old people were murdered in their beds; nor were children spared. Fine stalwart men were bound and executed like felons; from burning houses issued the half-naked forms of those who chose rather to die in the snow than to fall by the guns or swords of the brutal soldiers.

When Glenlyon's superior officer, Major Duncanson, arrived in Glencoe about eleven o'clock, with a strong party, not a Macdonald, except one very old man, was found there alive. Had the Major and his soldiers reached Glencoe at four o'clock, as was their intention, hardly any of the Macdonalds could have escaped. As it was, about one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, contrived to push through rocks and

wilds to a place of safety. The great fall of snow, in which some perished, proved the salvation of the chief part, for it prevented the arrival of the soldiers at the fatal hour of four o'clock in the morning.

Such was the shocking massacre of Glencoe, which left a terrible blot on King William's character, for he had signed the order with his own name. It is said in his defence, that he did not know what he was doing when he took up the pen and wrote 'William R.' to a paper which hurled into sudden death so many innocent persons, and linked the name of Glencoe for ever with one of the foulest and most treacherous deeds ever committed by man. G. S. O.

BOATMEN OF THE BOSPHORUS.



THE Bosphorus, or Bosporus, is a beautiful strait joining the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. It separates Europe from Asia. It winds its way through banks, covered with houses and shaded by fine trees. 'Its matchless beauty,' says Dr. Clarke; 'its rare plants and strange animals; its fleets and gondolas; its towns,

villages, groves, and gardens; its cemeteries for the dead; its busy walks for the living; its painted villas, flowery terraces, domes, towers, quays, and mouldering edifices;—all these in their turn excite and gratify curiosity; while the dress and manners of the inhabitants, contrasting the splendid dresses and quietness of the East with the plainer garb and activity of the West, offer to the stranger an endless source of reflection and amusement.'

The Turk loves travelling by water better than any other sort of travelling. His carriages are nothing better than rude carts; his roads are merely rugged paths; his city streets are full of rough stones flung here and there; while he himself, heavily built, and clad in dressing-gown and slippers, is a bad subject for a walk, or even a ride: but he is quite at home in his boat, or caique as he calls it. He is proud of his caique, and a pretty craft it is; generally more beautiful than the gondola of Venice, and swifter than a Thames wherry. It is usually ornamented with carving and gilding, well cushioned and carpeted, and kept so clean with sponge and scrubbing-brush that you might eat your dinner off its floor. When you are in (and mind you take off your shoes first) sit down on the carpet near the stern, and stretch out your legs, and then the boatman will pull you anywhere, even to the Black Sea if you like. The oars, which are very slight, work in rings made of rope, well greased, and near the handle of the oar is a lump or swelling, which balances the longer part of the blade. Nobody ever sits on the raised part, but all the passengers and luggage are put on the floor. The great place for hiring a caique is at a water-side part of the city, called Tophana, meaning 'the House of Cannon.' Here are boats without end, manned by boatmen, who shout out for passengers.

When Dr. Walsh went up the Bosphorus he found at Tophana a grave old Hadjee, that is, one who had been to Mecca, with a snow-white beard, and a staff in his hand. It was his duty to find boats for such as wished to take a water journey. A small coin was given him in return for his trouble, and he said good-bye to the passengers with the pious words: 'I commend you to God.'

The stream which flows through the Bosphorus is very strong, and the caique has often to be paddled close to the shore.

Soon after leaving Tophana you pass a deep valley, through which, it is said, the Turks drew their ships into the fortified harbour called the Golden Horn, and so were able to attack the Greeks on that side. Many other valleys open right and left, and in every one you see large villages, coffee-houses, huge trees, and multitudes of people dressed in bright colours. Sometimes the current is so strong that the boat has to be towed; and in such places the shore is lined with men holding coiled-up cords. They throw you a line and haul you through the rapids.

There are many interesting spots in the Bosphorus. The narrowest place was chosen by the Persian leader for ferrying across his immense host; and here, too, many other great armies have crossed. It is said people can talk to each other from shore to shore when the wind is still; and you can hear the dogs bark in Asia and the birds sing in Europe.

Here, too, the cruel conqueror Mahomet built two castles, one opposite the other, and forbade any ships to pass by. One vessel from Venice dared to disobey his orders; whereupon he sunk it, and hung the bodies of the crew on the castle walls. What horrid scenes have these dismal walls beheld! Until quite lately, if the Sultan disliked a statesman, and wished to get rid of him, he sent him to the castle in a caique. When the boat touched the wall, the unhappy man was made to enter the fortress through a little door, and was never seen again. So these castles are called the 'Towers of Oblivion,' for in them men used to disappear, and were thenceforth as men forgotten.

Plenty of mackerel and porpoises are found in the waters of the Bosphorus, and large flocks of gulls and cormorants are seen busily employed after their own fashion. There are also some singular birds, about as big as a pigeon, which fly up and down the straits, as still as death. They wing their way close to the surface of the water, and when they come near a boat they rise just over it. Their constant flight backwards and forwards seems very wearisome, but probably they enjoy it, and, maybe, they are well repaid by the insects they catch. And after all, what is the life of most people in this world but a repetition of each day's work? G. S. O.

GOOD TEMPER.

NO trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway reviving and cheering us.



Boatmen of the Bosphorus.



The Kestrel, By HARRISON WEIR.

THE KESTREL.



SOME years ago the children in a Derbyshire Rectory procured a young Kestrel. When it was able to fly they gave it its liberty: but it never left the place, as it had become attached to them. In the spring of the following year his friends missed him for nearly a week, and thought he had been shot; but one morning it was seen soaring about with another of his species, which proved to be a female. They paired, and laid several eggs in an old dove-cote, about a hundred yards from the Rectory; but being disturbed that season by some white owls, the eggs were never hatched. The next spring he again brought a mate: they again built, and reared a nest of young ones. Last year they did the same, but some mischievous boys took the young ones when just ready to fly. Though in every respect a wild bird as to his habits in the fields, he came every day to the nursery window, and when it was opened he would come into the room and perch upon the chairs or table, and sometimes upon the heads of the little ones, who always saved a piece of meat for him. His mate sometimes ventured to come within a yard or two of the house, to watch for him when he came out of the room with his meat: she would then give chase, and try to make him drop it, both of them squealing and chattering in an amusing way.

HONOR BRIGHT; OR, THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

(Concluded from page 364.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

THREE months have passed since my last chapter, and the Brights have been settled for some time at Kelburn Lodge, which is the fine-sounding name of the unpretending little house, which, small as it is, quite as satisfactorily represents home to the children as the more imposing and spacious house in London. Pat and Paddy had attended the Mudford Grammar School regularly for a quarter, but now it was the Christmas holidays, and just the proper weather for Christmas holidays, too—a thorough hard frost, with the snow on the trees and hedges, as hard as the sugar on a wedding-cake, and the ice on the ponds as thick, Pat said, as a dining-table. They nearly lived out on the great pond at the Grove, where John Keith, when the frost first set in, had set them all tottering on their skates, and had, more than once, beheld the whole Bright family (always excepting Brian) stretched at full length on the ice.

Aunt Bell came down to the pond one afternoon, and missed him and Honor from among the flying figures on the ice playing at cross-touch.

'Peter? Oh, he has got a cold! and he's as cross as two sticks.'

'Poor old man!'

'He cried because Molly said little boys were made

of slugs, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails, and Honor is cossetting him up at home. And oh, Aunt Bell! do have your skates on, and let's dance a quadrille!'

But Aunt Bell turned her back on the pond and skaters, and made her way across the frozen, crisp grass of the park, and along the road leading to Kelburn Lodge. It was hardly ten minutes' walk from the Grove to Kelburn Lodge: but the early January dusk was falling as she reached the house, and entered, as she always did, without ringing.

The two sitting-rooms, called out of compliment dining-room and drawing-room, were on either side of the door: and as the drawing-room door was partly open Aunt Bell could see into the room, as she stood in the passage, and she had come in so quietly that Honor had not heard her.

It was a very ordinary-looking room, small and square, and scantily furnished, and it was littered about with the various signs of children's employments, which are never very ornamental; but the warm glow of the fire, by which alone it was lighted, gave a pleasant, genial, home-like aspect to the room, as fire-light will, like loving memory.

Honor was sitting in a low chair, drawn full into the glow in front of the fire, with Peter asleep in her arms. She was such a little slip of a thing still, and Peter such a big boy, that I do not think an artist would have chosen the scene for a picture, even though the light on Peter's ruddy curls and the rich shadows on Honor's brown dress might have pleased his eye. But to Aunt Bell no picture could have seemed more lovely and pleasing; and she stood for a minute at the door, till Honor looked round and saw her. Her cry of pleasure and welcome half roused Peter; and he turned his head fretfully, put up one hot hand on Honor's neck, and slept again.

'Don't move, Honor; what's the matter with the poor little man?'

Aunt Bell drew a chair up by the fire close by, and they talked in low tones.

'Nothing much, I think, only a cold; but the others teased him, and he needed a little comforting.'

'And so you stopped with him?'

'Yes, he asked me to. And, do you know, Aunt Bell, I really think the children are getting a little bit fond of me?'

'Are they really, Honor Bright?' said Aunt Bell, smiling at the girl's serious face.

'Peter has come to me often lately, when he has been teased, or hurt, or got in the wars, somehow; and he's getting into quite a habit of creeping into my bed early in the morning to have a story told him. And it's not only Peter, Aunt Bell; but Pat came to me yesterday (he is such a good boy, Pat, you can't think), and asked me to help him with his holiday task. Wasn't it nice of him, Aunt Bell? You know I'm not stupid over arithmetic—Monsieur Le Brun says that—so I can help him at that; and I can work on at my Latin of an evening, after the little ones are in bed. Do you know, Aunt Bell, I was silly enough to cry when he asked me! I was so pleased; but I didn't let him see it, of course.'

'Dear little Honor! I am so glad!'

'I can't tell you, Aunt Bell,' the girl went on, 'how wretched it made me, when Brian first went

away, to see how the children all missed him; and I thought it would break my heart when Peter used to cry himself to sleep night after night, and sob for Brian in his dreams.'

'Ah! that's all past and over now, dear! But Peter is heavy for you, Honor; he's such a big boy. Don't your arms ache sometimes?'

'I think I like my arms to ache, Aunt Bell; and it keeps my heart from aching.'

'And so, little Honor, the path of duty is a happy place, after all; and the four-leaved shamrock grows all round the shanty and the potato-patch, where the children pass every day?'

'I think I understand better, now,' said Honor. 'But oh, Aunt Bell! talking about four-leaved shamrocks, there's such a letter from Colonel Wilmott about Brian! I opened it because father said I might open any letters that came for him in the week; and it's on the table just behind you, if you can reach it there—behind Molly's workbox, with Paddy's catapult on it.'

While Aunt Bell is reading Colonel Wilmott's letter, I will tell you a little of Honor's new life. She is not a perfect housekeeper yet, by any means—what little maiden of fifteen ever was? And I rather doubt if there is the making of such a useful article in Honor Bright, even though she try her hardest. But nurse, who has turned into the most wonderful maid-of-all-work, with the help of a frightened girl in a pinafore from the National School, who courtesies if you look at her; and nurse, who is certainly not prejudiced in favour of Honor's household virtues, is bound to confess that 'Miss Honor does her best.' And when she is in a good temper she does not add, 'And bad's the best.'

Aunt Bell's kindly help is always to be relied on in any difficulty; and to her Honor goes when butchers' books and boys' socks weigh too heavily on her young mind to be borne alone. Father comes every Saturday to spend Sunday with his children; and the boys complain that Honor thinks anything good enough for dinner all the week, and nothing good enough on Sundays. But they sympathise at any rate in the latter part of the sentiment, even while they grumble.

Pat and Paddy (as I have said) go to Mudford School; and on three mornings in the week an old Frenchman, Monsieur Le Brun, comes out to teach Honor, Molly, and Nora, French, Latin, and arithmetic; and in the intervals Honor gives Peter his lessons, and helps and reads with Molly and Nora, besides preparing her own lessons for Monsieur Le Brun; so she has plenty to do, though Aunt Bell takes the music lessons off her hands, for which Honor has no talent whatever.

'And how is the drawing getting on, Miss Honor?' old friends would ask.

And the girl would shake her head and say, 'I have no time.'

'Got tired of it, eh? Taken up some other study? I thought you were to be a Rosa Bonheur?'

Only Aunt Bell and father knew that the paint-box and all the drawing materials were put away on a high shelf, where she could not even see them; and that she would always use pen and ink instead of pencil when correcting Molly's exercises, or setting

Peter's copies, to keep her rebellious fingers from temptation.

'It is a snare to me, Aunt Bell,' she said; 'and I will put it quite away.'

'I think you are right, dear,' Aunt Bell said; 'and I believe you will lose nothing by putting it aside now, and that some day God will let art and duty go together for you.'

Meanwhile Aunt Bell has been reading Colonel Wilmott's letter by the firelight. The beginning was taken up with an account of a week's stay in Rome with Brian, which was to be repeated before long; and he went on to say, 'You need have no anxiety about his health, for he looks better, and stronger, and brighter every day, and really beats me in walking and climbing; and Lady Jane is always looking after her "big son," as she calls him. But we have made a discovery about him which was quite a surprise to us, whatever it may be to you. Let Miss Honor look to her laurels, or Brian will put her nose out of joint.'

'I am no judge of such things, but I am told that the boy has a wonderful talent in drawing. Signor Calaresi, who is reckoned something out of the common in the art-world here, and who is an old chum of my wife, came on the sketch-book, in which Brian has been drawing a few little things for Mrs. Keith, and he went off raving on the spot. I did not understand half he said, for their lingo is not in my line. But the long and the short of it is, that Brian is a genius, and that nothing will do but that he must turn to at Signor Calaresi's studio; and no one is to be surprised if some fine morning the Thames is found on fire, having been set alight by a certain talented young artist, Brian Bright; and we may see him an R.A. yet before we have done with him. He is an odd lad, too; for when I told him what Calaresi said, he was quite put out about it. "It is Honor," he said, "who has the talent, and not I." But the cat is out of the bag, now: and it will not be Calaresi's fault, or Lady Jane's, or mine either, if his talent is not cultivated.'

'Oh, Aunt Bell, isn't it glorious?' said Honor, with her face all aglow, and her chin resting on Peter's curly head.

CONCLUSION.

IN the last chapter we jumped over three months, now we must put on our seven-league boots and step over three years, and take a peep over Honor's shoulder, as she stood at the breakfast-table, reading out a short, but very interesting passage, from the *Art Journal*, which Lady Jane Wilmott had sent her that morning. It was an account of the opening of a new gallery of modern paintings in London, with a notice of the best pictures. The passage Honor was reading was:—

'Mr. Brian Bright's charming little study of a head deserves especial commendation, as the work of a most promising young artist. The meaning of the title put to it in the catalogue, "Honour Bright," is not apparent to the uninitiated, but we may at least say confidently that the two words cannot but come appropriately together, where genius is so clearly indicated; and we hope great things for the future.'

I do not know if the critics ever found a clue to



Brian Sketching in Italy.

the name in the face of the tall fair girl who, not many weeks later, stood with a train of eager-faced boys and girls before the picture in question.

It was only a child's head; and Brian had worked it out of that little rough sketch which had lain hidden for years among Aunt Bell's treasures. A little pale-faced girl, with great dreamy eyes, and a glory of fair hair round her head.

I suppose the art judges, looking through critical spectacles, saw the inspiration of genius in the lines and tints of form and colour. But there were other critics nearer home who saw, perhaps through tears, Brian's truer inspiration in the young sister, reigning like a queen in the kingdom of home, and wearing on her quiet brows the true crown of 'Honour Bright!'



THE TIRED SOLDIER.

WITH cocked hat all of paper,
 And broad-sword all of wood,
 Charlie marched to battle
 As he thought a soldier should.
 He had drawn the damask curtains,
 He had darkened all the room,
 For the cannon smoke, as he said,
 Would make just such a gloom!
 Long he fought the sofa-cushion,
 And at last cut off its head,
 Sitting fiercely down upon it
 To make sure that it was dead.
 Then, as no more enemies
 Seemed inclined to come,

He strutted back to 'quarters'
 To the rattle of his drum.
 There the tired little soldier
 First stood, then sat 'at ease,'
 With one hand on his curly head,
 And the other on his knees;
 And soon he slept the happy sleep
 That only children can,
 And dreamt the dreams of what he'd do
 When he should be a man.
 Oh! when in the great life-struggle
 Charlie has his foes to meet,
 May his battles be as easy,
 May his sleep be half as sweet!

J. E. C.

ROBIN HOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE famous archer, Robin Hood, was born in the parish of Locksley, in the county of Nottingham. The ballad thus has it,—

'In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and was bred,—
Bold Robin of famous renown.'

Look not, reader, in your map of Notts for the village of Locksley, for it has disappeared, like many another, whose name yet lingers in old writings. The birth of Robin may be placed in the reign of Henry the Second, and he died in the reign of Henry the Third.

It is said by some that Robin Hood was the son of a noble father, William, Earl of Kyme, and of a noble mother, a niece of the Earl of Oxford. But he set but little store by nobility, for—

'No man that cometh in this wood,
To feast or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him earl, lord, knight, or squire;
He no such titles doth desire:
But Robin Hood, plain Robin Hood,
That honest yeoman, stout and good.'

The reason why he became an outlaw is this: He spent his fortune in riotous living, and became burdened with debt. Actions were raised against him, and he found a refuge in the greenwood. His chief place of resort was Shirewood, in Nottinghamshire; but the forest of Barnesdale, between Milburne and Ferribridge, was almost equally favoured by him.

Being fond of a watering-place, like most of us, he used also to go to the sea-side on the Yorkshire coast. There is a bay north of Scarborough which still bears the name of Robin Hood's Bay.

At the time when he lived Sherwood Forest was a royal forest, and we read of Richard the First chasing a stag from Sherwood to Barnesdale, and not being able to capture it he stopped at Tickhill, and ordered that no one should harm that deer, which was to be called 'a hart royal proclaimed.'

When Robin Hood left civilised life he gathered together a band of men, something like David's band. It is to be feared, however, that, in spite of his popularity, he was little better than the highwayman, who says, 'Your money or your life.' But he never robbed the poor, nor molested the labouring man. His victims were the rich, especially abbots and bishops, who were obliged to pay dearly for their freedom when they fell into his hands.

The chief members of his band were these:—

(1), Little John, whose real name was John Little, or John Naylor; (2), William Scadlock, or Scarlett; (3), George a Green, the pinder, or pound-keeper, of Wakefield; (4), Much, a miller's son; (5), Friar Tuck, the chaplain, one of the monks of Fountain's Abbey.

The names of a few others have come down to us, among whom we may notice William of Goldsborough, Right-hitting Brand, and Gilbert with the White Hand. Nor must we forget Robin's wife, the famous Marian.

Will Scarlett seems to have been Robin's nephew, who had, by a cruel chance, slain his own father's steward, and was forced to take to the forest. The uncle and nephew met, and, not knowing their relationship, had a good fight with broadswords and bucklers. When Robin had got a crack on the crown he felt he had had enough, and asked the doughty stranger who he was.

'My name,' said he, 'is young Gamwell, and I was born in Maxwell town, and I am seeking an uncle, whom some men call Robin Hood.'

'How soon the swords were sheathed, and what kissing and courting there was between the two cousins, then!' says the old ballad.

By thus alternately fighting and caressing, Robin managed to scrape together nearly one hundred and fifty men. Each one, by constant practice, was an archer of no mean skill; and four times their number, it is said, dared not attack them.

There is a story how Robin Hood and Little John went once to see the Abbot of Whitby, and after dinner the abbot, who had heard of their prowess with the bow, begged to see a specimen of it; upon which they climbed the abbey tower, and each shot an arrow thence.

The arrows alighted in a field more than a mile from the abbey walls, and, as a memorial, two pillars were set up to mark the place. In old deeds these pillars are still mentioned, and the fields are to this day called Robin Hood's Field and John's Field.

Thus did this famous outlaw live for many years: his chief enemy being, one would think, winter and rough weather.

But he had a worse enemy than cold, namely, the Sheriff of Notts, who was constantly hunting him on account of his breaking the law. So cunning are the ballad-makers, that we sympathise far more with Robin than the sheriff, though we are afraid these outlaws were Dick Turpins in their way.

Yet let us call Robin Hood 'the most humane and the prince of all robbers,' for I think we may. He never allowed a woman to be maltreated: he gave to the poor what he took from the rich. In those days the poor had but few friends, and the existence of such rude and lawless men as Will Scarlett and Co. may have redressed some evils which do not now exist. Anyhow, Robin and his men are very popular, and we cannot think they ever did very much harm.

The dress of these yeomen was made of 'Lincoln green.' Lincoln was famous, even on the Continent, for its green dye, as Coventry was for its blue. Another place famous for green cloth was Kendal. No doubt the outlaws wore green, for the same reason that the Scottish Highlanders wear heath-coloured plaids; namely, to conceal their persons the more effectually from the deer.

Perhaps Robin Hood's character appears most to disadvantage in his spite against bishops, abbots, priests, and monks: but in those days many of the clergy did, no doubt, live in monstrous pride; and he may have had good grounds for much of his aversion. Among the ecclesiastics the Abbot of St. Mary's, at York, seems to have been hated almost as much as the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire.

Robin was not wholly careless of the duties of his religion, though he so disliked the dignitaries of

the Church. Once, we are told, whilst he was hearing mass in a very secret recess, he was discovered by the sheriff. Many of his men fled hither and thither, but Robin would not stir an inch until the service was ended, when, with a very few who remained, he routed the sheriff's band.

By inhaling so much fresh air, and by honest exercise, Robin Hood kept disease at bay, and died at the advanced age of eighty-seven. And even then he died before his time, for he was killed treacherously by a relation. Not being well, he went to a place called Kirkleys, where his cousin was prioress of a nunnery. She was skilful in medicine, and Robin sought her aid. She opened a vein in his arm, and did not bind up the wound properly, in consequence of which bold Robin's life ebbed fast away. He had just strength left in the morning to wind his horn and summon his faithful follower, Little John, who suspected evil, and was lurking near.

Little John hastened to the fatal priory, and, at Robin's desire, placed a bow and arrow in his hand. With his last remaining strength he shot his last shot. The arrow winged its way, and fell some way from the walls.

'Bury me,' said the dying outlaw, 'where the arrow falls.'

According to another account, Robin was poisoned by a cup prepared for him by Sir Roger of Doncaster, and his uncle, and was buried at Wakefield, underneath the abbey wall; and the yeomen were called to the funeral in the following beautiful words:—

'Weep, weep, ye woodmen, wail;
Your hands with sorrow wring;
Your master, Robin Hood, lies dead,
Therefore sigh as you sing.
Here lies his primer, and his beads,
His bent bow, and his arrows keen,
His good sword, and his holy cross;
Now cast on flowers, fresh and green.
And as they fall shed tears and say,
Well-a, well-a-day, well-a, well-a-day!
Thus cast ye flowers and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way.'

He was buried under some trees at a short distance from the walls of the house, and a stone was placed over the grave of this 'honest thief,' as Drayton calls him, and at either end a cross.

The epitaph, according to some, was as follows:—

'Here, underneath this little stonie,
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon;
No archer ever was so good,
And people called him Robin Hood:
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.'

He died Nov. 18th, 1247.

No name is more famous and held more dear than Robin Hood's. He is almost as much venerated in England as Wallace and Bruce in Scotland. His piety has been extolled by a priest, and scholars of great weight have called him 'the prince of robbers and the gentlest of thieves.' Innumerable poems and ballads have been composed in his honour, and plays used to be acted in which he, Little John, Maid Marian, and others were represented.

We must not forget to mention a few proverbs

which Robin Hood has given rise to. One is: 'Many men talk of Robin Hood who never shot with his bow;' meaning, 'Many prate of things they know nothing of.' Another is: 'To sell Robin Hood's pennyworths.' The meaning is, 'To sell things under half their value.' Robin came lightly by his ware, and parted with it in the same manner. 'To overshoot Robin Hood' is the same as to out-herod Herod, *i.e.* to exceed the most extreme men.

Indeed, so popular was our hero that many people would rather hear a play of Robin Hood than a bishop's sermon. This we are told by Latimer, who, preaching before Edward VI., says,—

'I came to a place, and I sent word overnight that I would preach there in the morning, for it was a holy day. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, but when I came there the church door was fast locked. I tarried more than half an hour, and at last the key was found. But one of the parishioners came and said, "Sir, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you. It is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you hinder them not." So,' says honest Latimer, 'I was obliged to give way to Robin Hood's men.'

Upon which the good old bishop laments that men should prefer an outlaw and a thief to a preacher of God's word.

It was probably on the Feast of St. Philip and St. James (May 1st) when Latimer found an empty church, for on that day games in honour of Robin were solemnised: and not without use were they, for they helped to cherish the national pastime of archery, which so often brought victory to the standard of England.

Even in London, we are told, the pastime of Robin Hood was the crown of all the pastimes. In 1516 King Henry VIII., riding with his queen and many lords and ladies on Shooter's Hill, chanced to fall in with men keeping 'Robin Hood;' and the royal party not only saw the sport, but partook of the venison, in an arbour very well made of boughs, and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the king much praised.

At the battle of Agincourt the Nottingham men were mustered under a banner, on which an archer appeared, clad in green, and standing under a tree with a drawn bow in his hand. The splendid Rifle Corps of Nottingham are called 'The Robin Hoods.' May they long prosper under that venerable name!

The relics of Robin were long preserved. His bow was kept at Fountain's Abbey, a slipper at St. Ann's well, near Nottingham, and an arrow and a cap elsewhere.

Little John was buried at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, and some curious person dug up his bones and took one home; but he met with so many untoward accidents that he soon replaced the relic. The grave has a large stone at the head, and another at the feet, on each of which are some remains of the letters 'I. L.'

Some of Little John's descendants, named Naylor, were in existence until lately; and it is said a bow belonging to the famous archer, with 'Naylor' on it, is in the possession of some gentleman in Yorkshire.

(To be continued.)



Robin Hood's last Shot.



Lulli, the little Violinist.

LULLI, THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.



AVE you ever seen a violin?

I dare say you have been at some great concert. There you may have seen many men, sitting in a place called the orchestra and playing on different sorts of instruments—harps, cornopeans, drums, and clarionets; and amongst them there have been some holding odd-shaped wooden things, very large at one end and growing gradually smaller at the bottom, with strings fastened longways down them. By drawing a bow across and striking with the fingers the different strings most beautiful music has been given forth. It has looked so easy—easier far to play than any of the harps or clarionets; almost as easy, in fact, to manage as the drum: but really the violin is the most difficult to perform on of all instruments, and requires not only a great deal of natural talent, but an immense amount of hard work and tedious practice.

I am going to tell you about a little boy who was so fond of music, and tried so hard to play, that he never thought practising tedious, or had to be scolded in order to go to it, as most little boys and girls are. It is more than 200 years ago since Lulli (for that was his name) first saw the light. He was born in a country far away from here—a beautiful country, where the sky is almost always blue, and where little Lulli ran about all day long, and could sleep out of doors, even at night, without any harm befalling him. We know very little about him, whether he was one of a large family or not, and whether he was rich or poor; but I am inclined to think that most probably he was the son of some poor fisherman or shepherd, and very likely looked after his father's nets or boats. Perhaps he spent his days running about, hunting for shells, or trying to pick up a few coins by playing on his little violin, or singing to the passers-by. The Italians are very fond of music, and, I dare say, many a weary pilgrim or traveller went on his way gladdened and refreshed, with the sweet sounds still ringing in his ears; whilst the little musician would hasten home to show his mother the silver money which had been dropped into his hand—to put it by in the little box where all the household treasures were kept, and then hurry out again to his play or work. How happy and free from care were those childhood days, which passed so quickly, unnoticed and uncounted in their flight!

One day a grand stranger came to the little cottage, and imagine Lulli's surprise when he heard this great man—this lord, dressed so splendidly, with his gold rings and chains and fine clothes, offer to take him (Lulli) away, far away, right into another country, where Lulli should be well fed and cared for and dressed in smart things, and have nothing to do all day long but amuse a beautiful lady with his winning ways! The great stranger had been very much taken with the handsome, dark-eyed boy, and at last we suppose Lulli's father and mother gave in to the earnest entreaties; persuaded, no doubt, by the

gold coins he placed in their hands, and his kind promises to look after the lad. Of course, Lulli was very anxious to go himself, or his parents would not have been so easily persuaded; but what boy is there who does not like the idea of travelling and having fine clothes, and nothing else to do but play all day long? So Lulli went.

At first he had a gay time of it: his mistress, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, was much pleased with his amusing tricks and ways; but, I dare say, being so much admired and made a great deal of caused Lulli to become spoilt, and, having nothing to do, he got into mischief. He was rude and tiresome when reproved for his conduct; and instead of trying to amuse and divert the lady, he would run away and hide himself to play on his violin, and could never be found when wanted. At any rate, he became so troublesome that his mistress said she would not have him for her page any longer; and being of a fickle temper and soon tired of those she even pretended to like, she sent him away in disgrace, and he was made to become a scullery-boy, and do all kinds of hard and disagreeable work. The cook, too, did not like Lulli, and used to treat him very badly, and would have driven him away altogether, only that Lulli knew how to cook some little puddings which his mistress was very fond of, and which the cook used to take the credit to himself of having made. At times the poor little fellow was very unhappy and wished often to go back to his own beautiful country, and his kind father and mother; but he seems to have been naturally a bright, cheerful boy, who, unless he had been scolded or whipped, was generally in very high spirits, laughing and dancing and running about, and seizing every moment he could to play on his beloved violin. His fellow-servants got very fond of him, and Lulli used to try to give them pleasure with his playing. They would listen with the greatest delight, and beg for tune after tune. Lulli was only too happy whilst playing, and I am afraid sometimes he neglected his duties, and let the puddings burn in the oven, much to the cook's displeasure. One day, whilst he had been performing to his admiring audience, the door opened suddenly, and the Comte de Nogent entered the room in a great hurry, and inquired who had just left off playing. No doubt Lulli was in a great fright, thinking he was going to get another scolding, but the Count patted him on the head and comforted him; then, presently, to everybody's surprise, took the little musician upstairs to play before his mistress.

Lulli never went back to the kitchen again. Mademoiselle was so charmed with his playing that she took him once more into favour, and actually sent him to learn music of an Italian friar. That was much better than being a page and doing nothing all day, or working hard in the hot kitchen and getting nothing but blows and cruel words. Lulli worked very hard, you may be sure; and the fact is proved by his receiving the appointment, when only nineteen, of court musician, and playing before the king, Louis XIV., which was counted a great honour. He became very celebrated, and was much sought after, and died an old man, full of years and honour.

Next time you go to a concert and see the violin-players, you can recall to your mind the little musician, and what difficulties and troubles one of the greatest of violinists had to go through; and his example, his love of music and desire to learn, may teach you the value of perseverance. H. G.

NATURAL SCENES.

No. X.—A TORRENT.



TORRENT is, according to Dr. Johnson, 'a sudden stream raised by showers.' We find an instance of this in the Bible history, for the brook Kishon, on one occasion, was so swelled by the violent rains which had fallen, that many of the Canaanites who tried to cross the angry waters were swept away. Such strong and rapid streams

may be looked for in all mountainous countries, and this is especially the case in the tropics, where the amount of rain that falls in a short time is sometimes amazing. The average quantity of rain at the Equator is 96 inches yearly, while in England it is only 33 inches, though there are mountainous districts of England, as for instance, at Kendal, where it is 56 inches.

But to return to our torrent. Let us borrow of an English nobleman an interesting account of his peril from one. He was travelling in Portugal, about half a century since, and the summer was fearfully hot. It was, in fact, so sultry, that many of the vines were destroyed. At length there came a change, and, after a few days of gathering clouds, the morning of October 27th dawned with a sky like a great ocean of ink. The storm burst, without a warning drop, and all at once our traveller was enveloped in sheets of water. Being among the hills, he heard, as it were, the roaring of a hundred torrents which rushed with great haste into the valley; and his path, which lay between two rocks, became a kind of master-stream. He endeavoured to escape by turning his mule round and retracing his steps, but he found he could not do this now, so he was obliged to push on until he luckily found an outlet. But then he had to wade in a lesser stream, one of many that dashed and foamed about him, and was crossed by a dozen others which were coursing in all directions, presenting a wondrous scene of uproar. He shouted to his comrades, who were behind with loaded mules, that they might avoid his channel, but they could not hear him, for his shouts were drowned in the roaring of the waters, and some of the baggage was carried off; and had the storm lasted the whole would have been swept away: but, fortunately, the sky cleared, and the torrents quickly disappeared.

The author of *Solitary Walks through many Lands* also has a story of a torrent, which happened in the month of May, on the Adige. Near Rovigo there are one or two islands in the river, which is there

about two feet in depth. Seeing the water clear and shallow, and the island green and flowery, with some big trees also casting a grateful shade, the traveller waded across, gathered some hyacinths, and nearly fell asleep. Before long he heard a distant sound like thunder. It grew louder; then it changed, and seemed more like the sea. Alarmed, he started up, and what a sight met his eyes! At the distance of a few hundred yards he beheld a very mountain of dark waters rushing toward him with awful rapidity, and making a most terrible noise. Not a moment was to be lost. To gain the bank was impossible. He therefore made for the largest tree upon the island, and with the strength of despair he climbed up into its arms, just in time to see the island overwhelmed with a yellow, turbid flood, which carried on its breast branches and roots, dead animals, and many other things.

What a situation to be in! The flood kept rising, and every moment he could see the surface of the water creeping nearer and nearer to him. Soon there were but four feet between him and the waves, and he could climb no higher. He had now only two hopes: one was, that somebody might see him and come to his help; the other was, that the river might rise no higher. But no one appeared, and the stream continued to rise, and the sun went angrily down over a dreadful scene indeed!

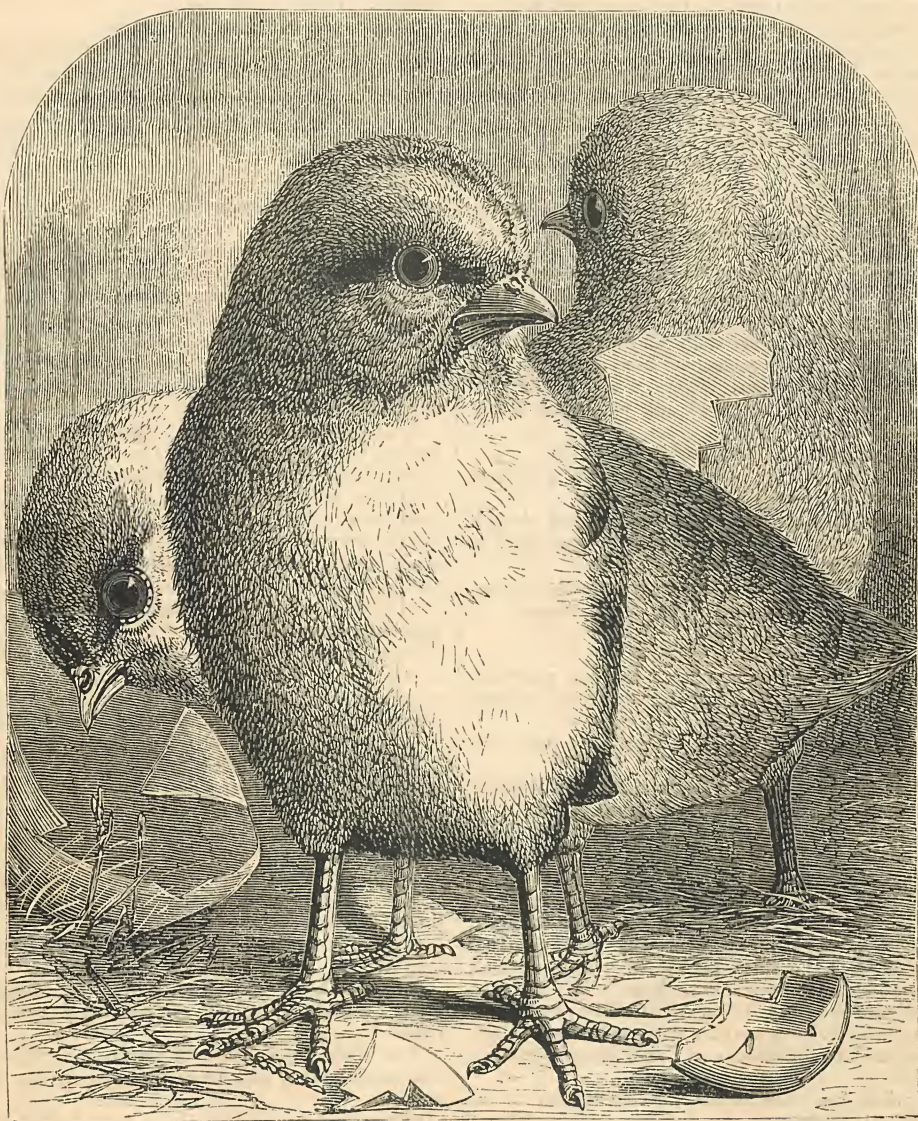
Night closed in—what a night! Sometimes the tree seemed bending, as if its roots were loose; sometimes he thought the island itself was being swept away. As he feared he might doze and fall into the whirling water, he bound himself to a thick branch by means of a silk handkerchief. His fancies and thoughts through that long night of terror were like some fearful nightmare. Now it seemed as if huge black bodies were floating by; now something seemed to rise out of the water and tried to drag him down into its gloomy depths; now he heard screams mingled with the rushing torrent. Once he dropped fairly asleep, and woke with such a wild start that he would have fallen most surely had he not been tied to the bough. But before morning broke he felt sure the waters were beginning to subside, the noise seemed less, he fancied he could see shrubs appearing above the water on the island; and when the early dawn returned he was overjoyed to find he had not been mistaken. The water kept surely falling, and before sunrise the greater part of the island was dry.

As soon as he dare venture from the tree he came down as well as he could, for his limbs ached with the cramping position he had been obliged so long to maintain. Moreover, he was so weak, and the river so strong, that he did not dare to attempt crossing from the island to the bank until about three o'clock in the afternoon. The river was then four feet deep, and with some struggles and difficulties he gained the welcome shore at last. He had preserved all through the night a bunch of hyacinths, which he carefully dried and preserved, and he says, 'I often open the book where lie these withered flowers; and I never see or smell a hyacinth without feeling as I felt when I lifted my head, and saw the impetuous torrent rushing toward me.'

G. S. O.



Natural Scenes. No. X.—A Torrent.



DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

NOW isn't it wonderful,' said a young chick, 'That such a small shell, which is not very thick, Should ever have held me? I'm such a large bird, I scarce can believe it true. Pooh! quite absurd!' Absurd as it seemed, it was none the less true; That shell held that chick, as the old hen well knew; Who gravely, with wisdom, her young one advised, That the day of small things should not be despised.

J. S.

ROBIN HOOD.

(Continued from page 375.)

CHAPTER II.

ONE day Robin Hood stood near a tree in Barnesdale, and beside him were his three chief men, Little John, Scarlett, and Much, the miller's son.

'It is time for dinner,' said Little John.

'No dinner for me,' said Robin, 'until I have some baron or abbot to pay for it. Go, then, and leave me alone.'

The trio departed, and ere long they espied a knight riding along the forest glade. Something

was amiss, for he looked the very picture of sorrow; with his hood drawn over his eyes, one foot in the stirrup, and the other waving to and fro, in a disconsolate fashion.

'How do you do?' said Little John, removing his cap. 'You are welcome to the wood. We have been waiting for you these three hours.'

'Who are you?' asked the knight.

'We are servants of a bold yeoman, named Robin Hood.'

'I have heard much good of him,' said the knight. 'I did intend dining at Blyth or Doncaster, but I will go with you and see your master.'

The knight rode with the three outlaws, and very sad was he. The tears ran down his cheeks, but it was not because he had met with Robin Hood's men. He had more cause for joy than grief in that meeting, as you will see. Robin welcomed him, and gave him a very handsome dinner. There was venison and pheasant, swan and river fowl, and plenty of bread and wine.

'Help yourself!' said the hospitable Robin.

'I will,' answered the knight; 'for such a dinner I've not sat down to this many a long day.'

Robin then delicately hinted that the guest should pay for his dinner, as it was scarcely proper that a yeoman should entertain a knight.

'Alas!' answered the knight; 'my purse has so little, I could not offer it you for very shame.'

'How much have you?'

'But ten shillings.'

'If that be all,' said the outlaw, 'not one penny of it will I take. Little John, go and see if the knight speaks truly.'

Little John did so, and found there was just half a sovereign, and no more.

'Sir Knight,' said Robin, 'how is this? I wondered to see your clothing so thin. Have you been a spendthrift, or were you made a knight of a poor yeoman family?'

'Neither the one nor the other,' answered the knight. 'For a hundred years my forefathers have been knighted; and I have not become poor through waste, but through misfortune. My son unfortunately slew a Lancashire knight in a tournament, and to save him my goods have been sold. I have borrowed money of the Abbot of St. Mary, and if I do not raise 400*l.* by a certain day my lands and all I possess must be forfeited, and I shall be a beggared man.'

'But where are your friends?' asked Robin.

'Friends!' exclaimed the knight, with a bitter smile: 'I have no friends! they are fled. Not one, not even he who boasted loudest of his friendship, is left.'

This tale made Little John weep, for he was one of the most tender-hearted men in the world; his heart was very big, and full of feeling. Meanwhile Robin was thinking what he could do to help the knight. At length he told Little John to go to the treasury and bring out four hundred pounds; 'and,' said he, 'see you count it carefully.'

It was brought, and lent to the knight, who received it with tears of joy.

Little John had been pitying the knight's ill-clad limbs, and he persuaded his master to let him have

some of their good Lincoln green cloth to wrap his body in. Robin Hood said,—

'Of every colour take three yards.'

And Little John measured the yards with his bow, and skipped so much each time he applied the wand, that Much called him 'a fine draper, indeed.' But Will Scarlett said,—

'He may give good measure, for the cloth cost him but light.'

Little John next begged for a horse to carry the goods, and Robin bade him take the grey courser and a new saddle.

Other presents were showered upon the grateful knight, who must have blessed the hour which brought him into the company of such kind rogues.

'When am I to repay the loan?' asked he.

'This day year,' replied Robin Hood, 'and under this tree; and Little John shall go with you to St. Mary's Abbey. It is a shame for a knight like you to ride alone.'

Whilst the knight and his forest squire were jogging northwards to York the abbot was thinking that the knight would lose his land.

'If he comes not to-day the acres are ours!' And he chuckled and rubbed his hands.

The prior, who loved the knight, said he hoped the money would be paid and the land be set free for the good knight's family to enjoy.

'I would rather pay a hundred pounds than see him dispossessed!'

At that very moment the high-cellarer came in.

All were hoping, except the prior, that the knight would not turn up: but whilst they were conversing about him the bell rang, and two horsemen entered the abbey gateway.

The knight dismounted, and strode rapidly to the great hall. He greeted the company reverently.

'Have you brought the money?' asked the abbot.

'Alas! my lord,' exclaimed the knight, with a rueful face, 'not a penny of it!'

'A luckless debtor are you, indeed!' said the abbot. 'But why are you here if you have not brought the gold?'

'I have come to beg for a longer day,' said the knight.

'Good abbot, be my friend,' said the knight, in a piteous tone, 'and hold my lands till I can redeem them.'

And when the debtor still pleaded the abbot called him hard names, and bade him begone for a false knight.

'Thou liest, proud abbot! A false knight I never was: but here is the money.'

And with that he shook out of a bag four hundred pieces of gold on the table, and begged them to count it, and give him a receipt: after which he departed, leaving the abbot to digest his vexation as well as he could.

The knight then hurried homeward to his wife, who bade him welcome, but said,—

'I fear you have no good news?'

'Yes, dearest wife, I have,' said her husband. 'And do you be merry, and pray for Robin Hood; for if he had not helped us we should have been beggars. That good yeoman lent me the money, and I have paid the abbot, and all is well.'

By the end of the year the knight had got the money ready to repay Robin, and he went to the forest, taking with him one hundred bows and the same number of quivers filled with arrows, which were feathered with peacocks' plumage, and each an ell long. A hundred men went with him, well equipped; and thus he journeyed to Barnesdale, singing a merry song.

As they went they stopped at a bridge to see a wrestling-match. The prize contended for was a pair of gloves, a red gold ring, and a pipe of wine.

The winner—a stranger in the place—was set upon and nearly killed by the other competitors. The knight took his part, and delivered him. To restore good humour, he paid the winner for the wine, and ordered the barrel to be broached and served to all the company.

This little matter delayed the knight, and kept Robin Hood waiting full three hours beyond the time fixed for the payment of the money.

'Let us have dinner,' said Little John.

'Not so,' replied Robin Hood; 'for the knight has not yet come.'

'The knight is a good knight, I'm sure,' said Little John; 'he will be as true as the steel of his sword: I'll engage that. See, master, the sun will not sink yet.'

'Well,' said Robin, 'leave me, and bring hither the first stranger you meet. Be he ever so poor, he shall eat the dinner I have prepared for the knight. Go, John, and take Much and Scarlett with you.'

Little John obeyed orders without disputing. He and his friends had not long to wait ere they saw two black monks, each astride of a good nag, riding along the forest alley.

'I'll wager anything,' remarked Little John, 'that those monks are come to pay the money.'

The Churchmen, with an escort of many servants, came on.

'Now,' whispered Little John, 'we are but three, and they are many; but, spite of all, we must carry those monks to our master, or there will be no dinner for us to-day.'

'Stand!' shouted Little John to the foremost monk; 'stand, or I shoot you dead! You have made our master very angry with waiting for you!'

'Who is your master?' quoth the monk.

'His name is Robin Hood,' replied the outlaw.

'A stout thief,' said he of the cowl. 'I never heard any good of him at all.'

'Thou liest!' said Little John, getting angry; 'and thou shalt answer for it.'

An arrow, winged by Much, laid the monk low; and the escort, fearing the terrible Sherwood bowmen, fled without making resistance. One little page alone remained. The other monk and a sumpter steed was now led to Robin Hood, who received his guest with much ceremony. Dinner was immediately served, and seven score strong yeomen, clad in scarlet, were summoned to the banquet. The monk was sedulously waited on by Robin Hood and his chief follower, and as they plied him with good cheer they bade him be merry and tell them who he was. After a while the monk revealed his secret.

'I am the high-cellarer at St. Mary's Abbey,' said he.

'Fill his cup with the best wine,' cried Robin.

'I doubt not, master,' said Little John, 'that this good cellarer has brought the money.'

The monk, surprised, swore he knew nothing of the matter. But Robin said he felt sure the high-cellarer of such an abbey had come in the very nick of time to repay the loan.

'How much money have you?' said the outlaw.

'But twenty marks,' replied the monk.

'If that be all,' continued Robin, 'I will not touch one penny of it. Nay, if you want money, I'll lend you forty marks this day; but if I find you are deceiving me, I will take all you have. Little John, see how much the monk's purse contains.'

Little John spread his mantle on the grass, and told out eight hundred pounds from the monk's valise.

'Master,' said he, 'this is the money twice told.'

But how came the cellarer to be travelling through the dangerous forest with so much cash in his pocket? The monk pretended he was going to spend it in some business connected with the abbey.

'But,' said Robin Hood, 'there is another coffer. Open that, Little John. It is our way to leave but little behind.'

The unfortunate cellarer was glad to leave the greenwood with his life; it was anything but a 'merry greenwood' to him that day.

Robin Hood mockingly bade him farewell,—

'Bid your master send us such a monk as thou every day!'

The monk was hardly gone when the knight arrived.

'God save thee, Robin Hood!' said he.

'Welcome, gentle knight,' was the outlaw's reply.

'But why so late?'

'I had to help a yeoman who was being wronged.'

'Thanks for that,' said Robin. 'I will ever be a friend to him who helps a poor yeoman.'

'I bring you the money you lent me,' said the knight; 'and here are twenty marks and other things for usury.'

'Nay,' replied Robin, with a laugh, 'I have been paid already. You are welcome to the money.'

'But,' persisted the knight, 'here is the money; take it.'

'Use it yourself, knight, and be welcome here. But what are these bows and arrows for?' asked Robin Hood.

'They are for your gallant foresters,' said the knight.

'Little John,' said Robin, 'go to the treasury, and bring hither that money which the cellarer overtold to me.'

When the messenger returned, Robin gave it to the knight, and told him to lay it out on horse and armour, and to get his spurs re-gilt.

And thus did Robin release the worthy knight from all care. We trust he never discovered how the outlaw came by the money.

(Concluded in our next.)



Little John examining the Knight's purse.



The Brothers.

THE BROTHERS.

TWO birds of a feather
 Born blindfold together,
 Through life to go dogfully trudging;
 True brothers are we,
 As any may see,
 Who has the least talent for judging.

Together we had
 Distemper so bad,
 Together we ran puppy races;
 As like as two peas,
 Or two honey-bees,
 In our fortunes as well as our faces.

Our noses capacious,
 And instinct sagacious,
 Save master a vast deal of trouble;
 As when, harvest done,
 He handles his gun,
 And we stand at the birds in the stubble.

His own little nose
 Like a ripe cherry glows,
 But it cannot smell partridge or hare;
 Were his pointers away
 He might fire all the day,
 And bring home a bag of despair.

When, after our sport,
 He drinks tawny port,
 And numbers the slain in his pride;
 Sure he gives, if he's true,
 The thanks which are due,
 To the brothers who ran by his side!

G. S. O.

RODOLPH'S CHOICE.



T was a glorious summer day, and the old town of Heidelberg, with its ancient castle and richly wooded hill, seemed to be basking in the sunshine. The river Neckar glided lazily by in the far distance, where it looked like a winding silvery thread; and even the dark foliage of the Black Forest was lighted up here and there by the summer sun.

But the people of Heidelberg had no time to look at the landscape, for there seemed to be a festival of some kind going on. The narrow streets were crowded with boys and young men, who looked like students of the University, all in the highest spirits, and many of them accompanied by friends. Truly it was a feast-day for the young folk, for the summer holidays were beginning.

Amongst the crowd of schoolboys who were merrily preparing to depart for their homes was a little lad who did not look more than ten years old, and who, unlike many of his more fortunate companions, was not met by proud and loving parents. He was very poorly clad, in coarse but neatly mended clothes, and his bright and intelligent face looked thin and pinched with hunger; for the father of

Rodolph Erdmann was only a poor woodman, and could afford very little help to his son in his brave struggle to gain an education.

But the boy seemed happy, notwithstanding all this, as he went quickly on his way, with his satchel of books on his back, down the hill to the river-side, and then across the bridge. He had a long journey before him, for his home was at some distance, and it would be as much as he could do to reach it before dark.

On he went, first along the river-side, then across the fields—on, on; till at last, just as the setting sun was casting a golden light over everything, he reached a cottage which stood just at the edge of the forest. Rodolph paused a moment before lifting the latch, and his heart beat quickly as he listened for the familiar sounds of his home.

Yes! that was his mother's voice, softly singing a lullaby to hush her youngest child to sleep; and then he heard his little sister Anna say, 'Mother, why does not brother Rodolph come?' 'Hush, Anna! It is a long way from the town, and doubtless he will soon be here,' was the whispered answer, as the door opened and Rodolph stood on the threshold.

It was a joyful greeting, for though the boy's home was poor it was full of love, and the wan, hard-working woman, was very proud of her scholar son.

'Father has not come home yet, lad,' she said presently, when she had eagerly asked him about his life and doings. 'You will find him in the forest, down by the beech clump, if you like to go and meet him, while I put little Lisbeth to sleep.'

Rodolph readily assented, and set off down the forest path, so familiar to him from his childhood.

How often had he wandered amongst those upland glades, those shady dells, till every tree seemed almost like an old friend to whom he had told all the secrets of his heart!

Yes, this little peasant-boy was no ordinary child! While those who lived around him were satisfied to go on from day to day, caring for little beyond their daily work, Rodolph had always been full of dreams and fancies, and vague longings for something great and noble.

There was, no doubt, something heroic in his nature; for once, when he first went to school, one of his companions, a delicate, weakly boy, having by accident broken a window when they two were alone in the school-room, little Rodolph was silent when questioned, and bravely bore the flogging to save his friend.

This, then, was the lad, who was now wandering thoughtfully through the outskirts of the Black Forest.

It was getting dusk, and the air was wonderfully still and oppressive; even the birds were silent, and all was dim and solemn.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the tops of the highest pine-trees; a breeze had sprung up, and the sky quickly darkened over.

Rodolph was so full of his own thoughts, so full of deep enjoyment of the quietness of the forest, after the noise and bustle of the city, that he did not notice these signs, or he would have known that they foretold a coming tempest.

He had reached at length the clump of beeches,

the spot where he expected to find his father at work, but he was nowhere to be seen, and though the boy listened intently, he could hear no sound of the woodman's axe echoing, as it often did, through the forest.

Rodolph had just decided that he had best return home at once; and not continue his search, when great drops of rain began to fall. Then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the gloomy depths of shadow, followed almost immediately by a crash of thunder.

One of those violent summer storms was sweeping over the forest, and soon the rain fell in torrents, while it became darker and darker every moment.

Young Erdmann saw that it would be impossible for him to make his way home through the storm, and he also knew full well how dangerous it was to remain under the trees.

What could he do? For a moment he paused undecided; then he remembered that he was very near the hut of an old dweller in the forest, a friend of his. There was no time to lose, for the tempest was increasing in violence every moment; so thither he went at once, with hurried footsteps.

Rodolph soon reached a miserable, tumble-down hut, roughly built of pine-trunks, and gave three sharp taps at the door. At this well-known signal that a friend was there a very old woman, bent nearly double with age, came and opened it.

'What, Rodolph, lad, is it you? and out in this storm! Come in and shelter, quickly.'

'Yes, Mother Brocken, it is I; and glad enough I am to get here, for I am wet through already.'

He was evidently a favourite with this strange old woman, for she exerted herself to make up the fire on the hearth with a fresh piece of wood, and drew a stool close to it for him to dry himself. But her hospitality did not end here, for she next took down from her one shelf a piece of rye bread and a dish of wild plums, and began to warm up for him some herb tea in an earthen pipkin over the fire.

It was a strange, weird-looking sight altogether, and one which might have been almost alarming to many a boy, but to Rodolph it was very familiar, and recalled many a pleasant hour.

Who this old woman was, and what was her story, nobody knew: for the oldest people in the neighbourhood of the forest could not remember the time when she first came to live in that rude hut. She had always been called Mother Brocken, but if that was her real name was not known; and she was looked upon by most folks with terror and dislike as a witch, simply because she was old and ugly, and lived such a strange, solitary life, for no one could tell of her having done any harm.

Rodolph was perhaps the only boy of the hamlet who would have ventured near her cottage after dark; and this was how he had come to know her first and win her friendship.

Poor Mother Brocken had a large white cat, her only companion, of which she was very fond, and one day, when pussy was wandering about as usual in the wood, probably doing a little hunting on her own account, she was attacked by some mischievous boys, and badly wounded with a blow from a stick.

Little Rodolph had chanced to come up in the midst of this cruel sport, and with his natural tender-

ness for all weak, helpless things, and his love for all living creatures, he had at once gone to the rescue of the poor animal. Two of the boys were much older than himself, and only laughed at him.

'See!' they cried, 'here's a fine fellow! wants to fight for the witch's cat! You'll be going off with her on her broomstick one of these days!'

But the brave little fellow heeded not their taunts or their blows, and never rested till he had saved the cat from her enemies, and carried her off in safety to her home.

The poor old woman scarcely knew how to thank him enough for having rescued her pet, and as she bound up the poor injured leg she said,—

'You are a brave lad, and kind, to do this good turn to a friendless body. If ever you are in trouble or want come to me.'

The boy felt disposed to smile at the thought that he could ever want help from one so poor and wretched, but he had too much true courtesy to show his doubts, so he only thanked Mother Brocken and sat down awhile in her hut.

Then it was that the old woman first began to tell him many a wild legend and romantic tale of the Black Forest, that charmed and interested the little lad beyond all things; so that afterwards, many and many a time, when wandering alone in the forest, he would make his way to Mother Brocken's, and if he found her in the mood to talk to him, would sit by her fireside, and listen with rapt interest by the hour.

But sometimes, on the other hand, she would be strange and silent, and though she never spoke an unkind word to the boy, yet he soon learnt to know her wayward moods.

On that stormy night, however, the old woman was gladdened at the sight of her little friend, whom she had missed for so long, and was quite ready to content him with her endless tales.

One of these stories, which Rodolph had heard before, indeed, but which never seemed to have made so much impression upon him in former days, was of a fearful and terrible dragon, which lived deep in the centre of the forest.

'Did you ever see it, Mother Brocken?' asked the boy, eagerly.

'No, lad; and I never saw the man who had set eyes on the fearful creature and lived to tell the tale. But this I know, that when I was young and dwelt at the far-side of the forest, the dragon spread terror far and wide, and not a soul would venture out after dark.'

Once started on her favourite subject, the old woman told of the ravages this wild beast had committed; how it had laid waste the country, and how it had even carried away children who strayed from their homes, and, so the story ran, had devoured them in its gloomy den.

'But was there no man brave enough to go forth and kill the dragon?' asked Rodolph, indignantly.

'Ah, child! you little know what you are saying,' answered the old dame. 'Many a gallant young fellow, so they say, went out to seek it, but what became of them we know not, for they were never heard of again. Whether they were lost in the pathless forest, or whether they fell into the great lake



Rodolph's visit to Mother Brocken's hut.

and were drowned, or if they were slain by the dragon, I cannot say, for not one ever came back to tell the tale.'

Just then a terrible crash of thunder reminded the strange pair of friends of the storm which was raging without, and Rodolph started up.

'I should not have stayed so long,' he cried: 'nay, I ought not to have come here at all. Think how anxious my poor mother will be, when she hears this storm and does not see me come back! And what

if father has got home, and then come out again into the forest to seek me? I must go this minute. Good night, and thank you kindly.'

In vain the old woman begged of him to stay at least till the violence of the storm had passed over, the boy felt that it was his duty to return, and when he once clearly saw that a way was right, nothing could turn him from it.

(To be continued.)



THE SWING.

A is the apple-tree, shading the clover,
 B is the 'bowling green,' we are toss'd over
 C is our company, merry and loud,
 D are the daises—no end of a crowd;
 E is the envy that flies from the swing,
 F are the fluttering birds on the wing;

G is the grass-plot made soft for a fall,
 H is the happiness crowning us all;
 I the ill-temper we fling to the pole,
 J are the jests which are kindly and droll;
 K are the kisses when Dolly gets hurt,
 L is the laughter at Tom in the dirt;

M is the mournfulness shading his heart,
 N is the nonsense that makes it depart;
 O is the order all playmates must learn,
 P is the patience that waits for our turn:
 Q is old Quarrel, who daren't show his snout,
 R is the rough manners we're better without;
 S is the swing, or where else should we be?
 T is a sweet throstle that sings by our tree;
 U is a very kind uncle of ours,
 V is the value we put on his powers;
 W is our wish is he'd swing us till night,
 X is a queer letter that puzzles us quite;
 Y is the yawning which follows our fun,
 Z ends all the letters, so now I have done.

G. S. O.

ROBIN HOOD.

(Concluded from page 383.)

CHAPTER III.



THE Sheriff of Nottinghamshire once announced a costly prize to be contended for by any archer of the north. It was an arrow, whose shaft was pure silver and whose head and feathers were of burnished gold.

When Robin Hood heard of this he said, 'I must see this shooting; so make ready, merry men all!'

Seven score of his archers were soon ready, and they repaired in a body to the shooting-butts. It was arranged that Robin Hood and six others should try for the prize, and the rest were to guard against treachery on the part of the sheriff, who was a persistent enemy of the gallant outlaws.

Each bowman was allowed three arrows, and with each arrow did Robin cleave the hazel wand; so that though many archers did excellently, none did so well as our hero. He went up to the sheriff boldly and received the prize arrow, the sheriff looking hard at him as he placed the shining bauble in his hand.

Robin made a low obeisance, and departed, but ere he was many yards away the sheriff's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to arrest the successful archer. So great horns began to blow, and a regular fight took place between the outlaws and the sheriff's men. Numbers were hurt on both sides; among others was Little John, who fell to the ground, shot in the knee.

'O my dear master,' cried the wounded man, 'do not let me be taken and hanged! I cannot move, for I am hurt in the knee. Pray draw my sword and cut off my head.'

'Nay, John,' replied Robin, 'I will not do that. I would not cut off thy head for all the gold in England!'

'God forbid it we should part, dear Little John,' blubbered out Much the miller's son. So saying, he clapped the wounded giant on his back, as if he were one of his father's sacks of flour, and carried him a full mile; after which he laid him on the grass and

aimed an arrow or two at the sheriff's men, who were pursuing.

It happened that the good knight whom Robin had befriended, and whose name was Sir Richard of the Lee, lived in a strong tower in the very wood through which the hunted outlaws were making their painful retreat. It was now Sir Richard's turn to befriend those who had befriended him. The good knight welcomed the weary men. He said to Robin,—

'No man in the world do I love so well as thee. Come into my stronghold. Here you all shall abide. Ho, there! close the gate and draw the bridge. I will keep you all for a fortnight.'

The knight bustled about, and set his servants to work. Whilst the oaken board was spread for dinner a horn was heard without. It was the sheriff, come to demand the outlaws in the king's name. Sir Richard refused to give them up.

'Then thou art a traitor!' cried the sheriff; 'and I will go and acquaint the king with thy villainy.'

Sir Richard told him he was prepared to abide all consequences. After some angry words the baffled magistrate retired, and set off to London that same day. The king was indignant that his officer should be so set at nought.

'Tell Sir Richard of the Lee I will shortly come into Nottingham, and will put down this insolent robber and raze his castle to the ground!'

In less time than was expected Little John's knee was well again, and the merry men were living as before, under the boughs of the greenwood.

The sheriff watched the gate of Sir Richard's house just as a cat watches a mouse-hole, and one day he nabbed the knight by the Trent side, as he was riding in the green meadows and looking at his hawks.

Sir Richard was carried off to Nottingham Castle, and his servants fled homeward to tell their lady this unwelcome news. At once she thought of Robin Hood, and she sped on her fleetest horse to the greenwood, where she soon espied one of the outlaws. The ill news, which flies apace, reached Robin, who came at once to the lady.

'You will never let my husband be slain, will you?' asked she. 'The sheriff, who has captured him, cannot be far away yet.'

In an instant the horn was blown, the whole band summoned, and in full march upon Nottingham at topmost speed. The town was reached, the gate was forced, and the band marched boldly up the street. It was an unlucky hour for the sheriff. Robin met him as he was chuckling over his success, and shot him dead in an instant. This bold action seemed to awe the sheriff's men into submission. The captive knight was released and carried off in triumph.

Such were the incidents which occurred in those rude and uncertain days. We may be glad we live in quieter and safer times.

The king, whose anger must have been increased by his sheriff's death, fulfilled his promise of coming to Nottingham. He stayed in that town for some time, and made many excursions into the forest. He was very indignant as he rode along because he hardly saw any deer bounding past.

His anger smoked against Robin and his friend the knight, and he swore that whoever brought him Sir Richard's head should have Sir Richard's land.

'If any of us were to do so, your grace,' said an old knight, 'he would not be able to live there in peace. Robin Hood would make the castle too hot to hold the new-comer.'

'But where is this Robin Hood? A plague on him!' said the king. 'Who is he, that he should kill our sheriffs and set our laws at defiance?'

A forester suggested that if the king wished to meet with Robin Hood, he would secure his end best by disguising himself as a monk. The idea pleased the king, and in company with five others, all clad as grey friars, he rode into the depths of the forest, singing an old song, 'The convent was robed in grey.'

It was not long ere the bait took, and Robin met the supposed prior and his monks.

'Sir Prior, well met,' said Robin. 'You must stay here awhile. We are poor, and you Churchmen have wealth: large lands surround your abbeys and priories; rents are plentiful. We pray you give us of your gold.'

'I have got but forty pounds,' exclaimed the mock prior. 'I have been spending a fortnight at Nottingham, where the king is lying, and I have spent much in feasting some of his lords. But I wish I had a hundred pounds, for I would give it all to you.'

Robin took the money and gave half of it to his men; the other half he returned to the Churchman, who then took out of his bosom the royal seal, and invited Robin in the king's name to come to the court.

At the sight of the royal signet Robin bent low, and said he would obey the king's wishes. 'But,' said he, courteously, 'thou shalt dine this day with Robin Hood.'

The outlaw winded his horn, and to the king's amazement and alarm a hundred and forty strapping youths came running to the place at full speed, ready to obey Robin Hood's commands.

'Robin's men are more at his bidding,' said the king to himself, 'than my men are at mine!'

A very excellent dinner was served, and Robin bade his guests enjoy themselves; and enjoy themselves they did. When dinner was over, and grace said, the king was somewhat disturbed by seeing the outlaws start up and bend their bows; but it was only harmless sport he had to witness. Rods and garlands of wild roses were set up, and those who shot badly were punished by the loss of an arrow and a thundering box on the ear. All had their ears boxed except Robin, but at last even he missed the mark by three fingers.

'Now,' shouted Gilbert of the White Hand, 'pay your forfeit! pay your forfeit!'

'Well,' said Robin, 'and so I will. Sir Prior, to you I give my arrow, and you shall give me a buffet in return.'

'Hum,' said the prior, musing: 'it hardly suits one of my order to strike a bold yeoman; but,' and here he turned up his sleeve, 'I will bestow a buffet on your ear, if you really desire it.'

'I do, indeed!' replied Robin.

Whereupon the Churchman dealt him such a box on the ear that it took all Robin was worth to stand upright.

'I swear,' said he, 'thou art a stalwart friar. There's pith in that arm of thine, spite of fast and vigil!'

Robin now looked more intently than he had done at the prior, and whilst thus wondering who he might be, Sir Richard of the Lee came up and knelt before the stately grey monk. Robin was now sure that he and his merry men were in the presence of their sovereign, and he lost no time in craving the monarch's pardon for himself and his comrades.

The king promised to grant it, on condition that the foresters would come and dwell at court. Robin agreed to go, and take with him seven score and three of his men; but he frankly told the king that though he liked his royal service in anticipation, he liked still better to live as he had done, shooting the fallow deer in the wild forest.

The king was now weary of his grey gown, and longed to robe himself in forest attire. Robin was able to meet his lord's wishes, and in a very short time six new dresses of Lincoln green were produced, and the monks became Robin Hood's men.

The whole party now moved on towards Nottingham, and as they went the king and Robin played at 'pluck buffet.' The townsfolk were astonished, and a rumour went forth that Robin Hood had filled up the measure of his sins by killing the king. The confusion increased, and the king enjoyed the joke immensely. He had at last to make himself known, or there is no telling what might have happened. Confidence and good humour were restored, and a grand feast took place, after which the jolly king restored to Sir Richard of the Lee his lands, and Robin's heart rejoiced. After this, he followed the king to London, where he remained about fifteen months.

One by one his bold archers stole away from a life they disliked, and at last none but Little John and Will Scarlett remained. Robin now entreated the king to let him go as a pilgrim to the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene in Barnesdale. The king gave him leave to be absent a week, but no longer. Robin thanked him, and returned with joy to the forest glades he loved so well.

When he got to Barnesdale it was a sweet morning, and the singing of the birds cheered his heart. He put his bugle to his lips, and at the well-known sound some of his merry men came round him.

'O dear master,' said they, 'right welcome art thou to Barnesdale!'

And Robin thanked them, and said he was come to live among them again; for London streets and the precise ways of the court were not to his taste. Robin was a thorough lover of nature, and thought it better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.

G. S. O.

SILENCE is the best response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity, and envy.



Robin Hood receiving the Prize Arrow from the Sheriff.



A Cat taking to Water.



A CAT TAKING TO WATER.

I WAS standing by the banks of the Thames at Halliford, waiting for my boat, which was being got ready by the boy, when the head boatman came up to me, saying, 'Did you ever see a cat swim before, sir?' and on my turning round I saw a large yellow and white cat swimming about in a narrow strait of water, which divided an island to which the boats were moored from the mainland, and apparently enjoying the refreshing exercise. This cat, which I had often before noticed in the fishing-punts and boats, I found, on inquiry, is in the habit of swimming every morning from the mainland to the island, where it visits the fishing-punts, picking up any unfortunate fish who may have made his escape out of the well, and searching for rats which abound on the island, and he then commits himself again to the water and returns home. The morning after I first saw him swimming I determined to try and witness it again, and I arrived by the waterside just in time to see him return from his morning hunt: he came to the water's edge, and after having dipped his front paws into the water he launched forth, his legs only being immersed, while his whole body was out of water, his tail being erect in the air like the mast of a ship.

A. LANKESTER.

RODOLPH'S CHOICE.

(Continued from page 388.)

BUT it was indeed a fearful night; the sky was quite black, except when a flash of lightning cast a lurid glare through the tall pine-trees, while the rain still fell in torrents.

Any one who did not know that part of the forest as well as Rodolph would never have found his way home; and he was thankful indeed when he saw before him the light in the cottage window, and reached his journey's end in safety.

As he expected, his father and mother had been very anxious about him; and as time passed on, and they listened in vain for the sound of his footsteps, his father had taken down his old lantern, and was on the point of setting out in search of him.

It had been a long weary day for the boy, and when all his adventures were told he was very glad to go to rest in his nook in the attic, and as soon as he had laid his head on the pillow he fell asleep.

Then it was that Rodolph had a strange and wonderful dream, which through all his after life he never forgot.

He dreamt that he was far away from that little hut in the Black Forest, and had been borne, he knew not how, to the gates of a stately palace. Its many towers glittered in the sunshine as though they were of burnished gold, and through the great gates, which stood wide open, there were many people coming and going. He thought that he stood watching them for a time, wondering at the strange and

beautiful sight, until at length he took courage to speak to a fair child with golden hair, clad in a white robe, who was entering in alone.

'What means this great palace?' he asked; 'and who are all these people passing to and fro?'

'It is the palace of a king,' replied the child; 'and we are all come to choose that which shall be our portion in life.'

'Let me come with you,' cried Rodolph, eagerly, 'if I may; let us enter in together.'

'Not so,' said the other, gravely. 'We must each go in alone, and alone we must make our choice.' So saying, the fair-haired child passed on, and Rodolph stood sadly waiting without.

Then he thought that after a while a hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning round he saw a shining guide standing near, who said,—

'Thy turn has come, Rodolph: follow me!'

So he too entered in through the great gates, and went onwards through the glorious courts of the king's palace. At length he reached an inner chamber, more beautiful than anything which he had yet seen. The floor was of shining silver, the walls were set with precious stones, and sounds of soft music were heard in the distance.

Rodolph was dazzled and bewildered, and stood still, for he found that his guide also had paused, and was pointing to a raised pedestal which stood in the midst of the chamber.

'See, Rodolph!' he said; 'here lies thy choice. Take that which thou dost most desire in life.'

The boy looked eagerly at the pedestal, and there he saw three things—a golden casket, a laurel wreath, and a palm-branch.

'Tell me the meaning of these I pray thee, sir,' he said to his guide.

'That casket of gold,' replied the shining one, 'is a meet emblem of worldly wealth. Wilt thou be rich, O Rodolph? wilt thou pile up money and acquire great possessions? Say, is wealth thy choice?'

For one moment the lad paused, and looked longingly at the golden casket. He thought of all that money could buy; how to him, the poor student, it would mean comfort, and food, and clothing. He thought of his poor toiling father and mother; how money to them would mean peace and happiness for the rest of their days.

The boy thought of all this, and for one short minute he hesitated.

Then his guide spoke again, as though he had read his thoughts,—

'Yes, truly, this wealth is that which most men long for, and strive for. They fondly think that it is another name for happiness. But here thy choice is fixed. Listen to the price thou must pay, for each of these gifts must be bought. If thou wilt make RICHES thy one aim and object in life, then peace of mind and tenderness of conscience will take to themselves wings and fly away. All nobler hopes and desires which have made thy heart burn within thee will grow cold and die away. If thou wilt set up and worship the idol Gold, thou wilt forget the worship of the true God; thou wilt have no time to love or serve thy fellow-man, but wilt push him aside lest he hinder thee. Choose yonder golden casket, and this is the cost of it.'

With breathless interest Rodolph had listened to the words of his guide, and as he heard them he closed his eyes that he might not see that tempting glittering casket, of which he had learned the fatal price.

There was a moment's silence, then the boy spoke again,—

'The laurel-wreath, the palm-branch, tell me of them.'

'The fame of the world, the praise of men; this garland of laurel is the emblem of that.'

'And what is the price of such a glorious gift?' asked Rodolph, eagerly, as he stretched out his hand towards the laurels.

But at that moment he caught sight of the sad, pitying gaze of his angel-guide, and drew back half ashamed of his impetuous haste.

'What is fame and earthly glory?' said his angel in a low, solemn tone, as though speaking to himself. 'It is but a breath, a shadow; yet they who strive and labour for it must give priceless treasures for a mocking image, must give the substance for the shadow. Yes, Rodolph, if the laurel-wreath be thy choice, then will thy life become a hollow, empty show. It will be ever needful to *seem* great rather than to *be* great. Man cannot read the heart, therefore thou wilt leave that uncared for, and seek only to make a fair outward show: nay, to do that which God condemns, so long as man applauds. The praise of thy blinded fellow-creatures, and not the praise of an all-seeing Judge, will be the test of all thy deeds; and so, when thou art weighed in the heavenly balance thou wilt be found wanting.'

The boy's eyes filled with tears as he listened to the solemn words of his guide.

'Enough!' cried the boy. 'Tell me no more and send me away, for I dare not make a choice!'

As he thus spoke in his despair he looked up at his guide, who smiled kindly at him, and seemed to give him fresh courage as he said,—

'These two, the golden casket and the crown of laurel, are of the earth earthy; dust they are, and unto dust will they return. Yet still, all is not vanity; for there still remaineth a hope, yea, a promise. Look at this palm-branch. It is the emblem of victory, yet not such as man gains upon an earthly battle-field, amidst the wounded and the slain. It is the emblem of glory, yet not that noisy fame which all men delight to honour; rather that of the hero or the martyr, whom man knoweth not, of whom the earth is not worthy. Should this indeed be thy happy choice, earth will be to thee a foretaste of heaven; for in heaven it is the joy of the redeemed to do the will of God, and that will be thy sole aim on earth. Thou wilt even forget to think of the palm-branch, for Self will be as nothing—a tiny shell washed away in the great ocean of love to God and man.'

'And what is the price?' asked Rodolph, in a trembling whisper.

'Thou must give thy life, thy soul!' was the solemn reply; 'all thy hopes and wishes, all thy words and deeds. He who shrinks from the sacrifice of his whole being is not worthy of that noble strife, of that glorious choice.'

There was a moment's silence. The boy asked no more. His choice was already made, and he

stretched forth his hand to grasp the palm-branch. Then a sudden flood of light seemed to pour in and fill the place where he stood, strains of glorious music sounded in his ears, and—Rodolph awoke to find himself in the rude upper chamber of his own home by the forest, with the morning sunshine streaming in, and the song of birds filling the air.

'It was only a dream,' was his first thought, and he sighed. 'And yet it is, it shall be true; for now, by the grace of God, do I make my choice. Not the golden casket or the wreath of laurel, but may the palm-branch be mine!'

Days passed away, but Rodolph never spoke of his wonderful dream, for it seemed to him almost too sacred to make the subject of common talk. Yet the memory of that vision was deeply engraved upon his heart, never to be effaced.

The boy's first thought was, What could he do? How could he seek out some great and noble work at once?

Full of boyish zeal, he had not yet learnt that the noblest task of a hero is that which meets him unsought in the path of daily duty.

As he longed for some great effort, suddenly he remembered the old woman's story of the terrible dragon, which dwelt far away in the depths of the forest, and ravaged and devoured all that came within its reach. Surely, he thought, it would be a grand and noble thing to go out and seek and slay the dragon!

The more he thought of this, the more strong became his longing to set out on this expedition. It was no unusual thing for boys to go off wandering for several days in the woods, during the fine summer weather; so that, when Rodolph asked his mother's leave to take a five-days' journey into the forest, she readily consented, only warning him not to lose himself.

So it happened that very early one bright summer morning the boy set out, with his wallet full of black bread, which, with any wild fruits he might find on his way, was to last him for food till his return. He had thought of asking some young companions to join him in this adventure, but when he remembered that it would probably be a most dangerous, and perhaps fatal one, he made up his mind that it would not be generous to risk the lives of others.

Rodolph therefore went forth alone, having first taken a loving farewell of his friends, though without telling them the object of his search.

It was soon after sunrise when he started and plunged boldly into the gloom of the great pine-trees. Save for the morning song of birds all was silent, and a feeling of awe came over the boy as he realised, more strongly than he had ever done before in his life, that he was alone—alone with God. As a soft breeze arose, and murmured through the topmost branches of the trees, it seemed to him as if he were about to hear that 'still small voice' which once came to the prophet in his solitude.

And so he walked on, full of solemn thoughts, through the dim shade of the forest; now, in the chequered light of the more open parts, then again in the deep shadows of the thick trees. Sometimes he was startled by the wild rush of a badger across



Rodolph starting on his journey.

his path, or a squirrel sprang before him from tree to tree, or a wild bird flew from its nest, roused at his approach.

So eager was he to reach that distant spot where he hoped to find the dragon, that the boy scarcely rested all day, but walked on and on till the sun sank

lower in the heavens and all the western sky was red as fire. Then Rodolph knew that in a very short time it would be quite dark, and that he had no time to lose in seeking a shelter for the night.

(Concluded in our next.)





Natural Scenes. No. XI.—A River.



NATURAL SCENES.

XI.—A RIVER.

REAT rivers, when they are near to the end of their long journey, generally divide into many streams. This is mostly the case when the land is level, or when the river brings down with it much earth. The Amazon, whose length is over 3000 miles, rattles along at such a pace, and pours its mighty volume of water into the sea with such force, that it remains unmixed with the briny wave to the distance of 200 miles. The same is the case

with the La Plata. On the other hand, the Rhine, Volga, Ganges, Nile, and such-like, deposit banks of sand and mud, through which the water sometimes appears hardly able to force a passage into the ocean.

Many rivers carry their waters at length into an estuary or arm of the sea. This is the case with the Shannon, Thames, Garonne, and others. Perhaps the most remarkable estuary we can point to is the Humber, though it is far from being the largest. Look at a good map of England, and notice what important rivers pour their gathered treasures into that channel. Turn your map sideways, so that Wales shall be uppermost, and then consider what the Humber and its tributaries are like. Do they not remind you of an apricot tree growing on a wall? The Humber is the stem, from which grow, on the right side, the Hull, the Derwent, the Ouse, the Ure, the Swale, the Nidd, the Wharfe, and others; while on the left, we have the Trent with all its many tributaries. The same may be fancied of other rivers; of the Po, for instance. Taking the same liberty with the map of North Italy, and looking at the Po as if it were a tree of about 430 miles in height, it might be a vine or peach stretching forth its branches from Alp to Apennine, while its noble head, and its many boughs, bear such fruit as the great cities of Turin and Milan, and the lesser cities of Pavia, Verona, Padua, Mantua, and others.

Dr. Mavor once wrote an instructive fable about the rivers and the ocean. The rivers who had paid their tribute to Father Ocean for many a thousand years at length grew proud and discontented, and envy curdled their crystal waves.

'Why should we rivers lose our freshness in that nasty old salt sea?' said they. 'Why should the ocean rob us of our sweetness and purity? Greedy old fellow! We will no longer flow in our usual channels to glut such a tyrant. We will teach him to know how much he owes to us. Yes; if we may not remain as fresh water, we will not give him another drop!'

Old Father Ocean heard all these murmurs, but they did not trouble him in the least. He did not fear their malice. But he kindly argued with the discontented rivers after this fashion:—

'My good fellows, I'm really surprised to hear you talk as you do. You have long enjoyed the great happiness and benefit of falling into my bosom, where, by my peculiar chemical power, I preserve

you from corruption, and make you harmless and useful. Now if I were to refuse to receive you, what would happen? You would overflow your banks and destroy mankind, either by drowning them or by killing them with fever and ague.'

'And what do we care about man?' squeaked out a little, pert, neisy trout-stream.

'Ah,' replied the grand old father of waters, 'I see it's no use arguing with you, and therefore I will only add these few words,—If you will not agree to flow in your usual manner, I will cut off the supplies and dry you up. You are all in my power. The favours I receive from you are fully and thankfully repaid. From me at first you come, and as long as you live to me you must again return.' G.S.O.

DREAMING AND DOING.

AMY was a dear little girl in many things, but she had one bad habit—she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

In the village where she lived Mr. Thornton kept a small shop, where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season.

One day he said to Amy, 'Would you like to make some money?'

'Of course I should!' said Amy; 'for my dear mother has often to deprive herself of things she needs so that she may buy shoes or clothes for me.'

'Well, Amy, I noticed some fine ripe blackberries in the hedges round Mr. Green's field; and he said that I or anybody else was welcome to them. Now, if you will pick the ripest and best I will pay you eightpence a quart for them.'

Amy was delighted at the thought and ran home and got her basket, and called her little dog Quilp, with the intention of going at once to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to find out, with the aid of her slate and pencil, how much money she would make if she were to pick five quarts. She found she should make three shillings and fourpence—almost enough to buy a new calico dress.

'But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts, how much should I earn then?' So she stopped and figured that out. 'Dear me! it would come to eight shillings!'

Amy then wanted to know how much fifty, a hundred, two hundred quarts, would give her; and then how much she could get if she were to put it in the savings' bank, and receive five per cent interest on it.

Quilp grew impatient, but Amy did not heed his barking; and when she was at last ready to start, she found it was so near dinner-time that she must put off her gathering till the afternoon. As soon as dinner was over she took her basket, and hurried to the field; but a whole troop of boys from the school were there before her.

Amy soon found that all the large ripe berries had been gathered. Not enough to make up a single quart could she find. The boys had swept the bushes clean. All Amy's grand dreams of making a fortune by picking blackberries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she went her way home, recalling on her way the words of her teacher, who said to her, 'One doer is better than a hundred dreamers.'

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U.S. Army.

AN INDIAN FIGHT AT SWEETWATER MINES.



ON the morning of the 4th May, 1870, there was a desperate fight with two companies of the 2nd United States Cavalry, under Major D. S. Gordon and Lieutenant C. B. Stambaugh, a godchild of General Sherman. The Indians had committed some outrages, in return for which a party of miners killed a chief named Black Bear, his squaw, and eleven other Indians, Arapahoes.

When the principal chief of the Arapahoes heard of the fate of Black Bear and his party he was very angry, and called together three hundred warriors (the tribe only numbering about fifteen hundred souls), and marched for Atlantic City, as it is called (a small town in the Wind River valley). Two companies of cavalry camped near the place just before the Arapahoe warriors appeared. A young man, named Bennett, saw them first, as he was driving his mules from the pasture. The Indians at once surrounded him and marched for the town, to kill him in sight of the village, where the troops were, but not known to the Indians. Bennett soon saw they were taking him towards a gulch close by the village where Gordon and Stambaugh were camped.

On coming up to the top of the hill the camp was in full view, and only a few hundred yards away.

Bennett shouted at once for help, and putting out as hard as he could, soon got into camp safe and sound. The sight of the military astonished the Indians, so that they did not try to recapture Bennett, but made good time in every direction to escape. The soldiers were just getting up for *reveille* when the guard saw Bennett coming with the Indians, they driving and whipping him with their bows. The shout rang out, 'Indians! Indians!' and at once they opened fire, officers and soldiers tumbling out of their beds. Some had on their drawers only,—some in one stocking, and many without boots,—all seized their arms, and rushing to the picket lines, unhitched their horses, jumped out with no time to saddle, and without hats galloped over the hills in pursuit of the flying Indians. Learning that some cattle were run off near the town, some of the soldiers galloped through the streets, and hallooing 'Indians!'—a cry the most terrible of all alarms along the border,—soon brought every man to his feet, and gun in hand, rush out to meet the foe. Soon these half-naked warriors had cleared the hills of the red men, and strolling home as the sun rose over the bluffs, when a horseman came into Major Gordon's camp with the news that 'Miner's Delight' camp was attacked, and the teams of Mr. Fleming, who was hauling hay for the Government. Major Gordon, taking Lieutenant Stambaugh, Sergeant Brown, and nine privates (all

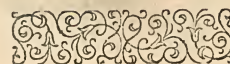
the soldiers in the camp), and leaving orders for the rest to follow as fast as they came in, they set off for the hay-field, distant about eight miles. There they saw none, as the Indians had left, but striking their trail, went on as fast as possible. A storm had been gathering all the morning, and soon as they had gone six miles it burst upon them with terrible fury, completely covering up all traces of the enemy. The major, thinking it useless to follow further, set out to return to the post; but he had not gone far before he encountered a lot of about sixty Indians. The snow and sleet were so blinding at the time that he did not see them until he came close upon them. A charge at once was ordered, and the troops dashed forward, scattering the Indians in every direction. Unfortunately, however, in the attack Lieutenant Stambaugh received a ball from an Indian's pistol, and Sergeant Brown had his jaw broken by another shot. The Lieutenant, though wounded, was held on to his horse by Major Gordon, until surrounded by an immense crowd of desperate warriors, when Gordon told Stambaugh: 'For God's sake, hold on to the mane of your horse, as I have to shoot!'

Lieutenant S. fell off soon after, valiantly fighting. He was shot through the head sideways,—from the throat up through his brain,—through the chest, arms, and hands. He was brave to a fault, and the Indians probably took him for a white chief of high rank.

Seeing these two men fall from their horses, and that few soldiers were there, the Indians rallied and charged them furiously. A severe fight followed over the body of Stambaugh, the savages trying to capture and scalp it, and the soldiers defending it nobly. Six Indians were killed and two soldiers wounded. Soon the Indians retreated, leaving their wounded and dead with the soldiers. The fight lasted about two hours. All then became quiet, and Major Gordon descended the ridge,—a strong position,—and carrying the body of Stambaugh a-piece, hid it away in some bushes. Expecting the Indians would attack him on the way, he set out for camp, the Indians having gone that way. He saw no more of them, however. Late at night with his men he reached Atlantic City, they having eaten nothing since the day before.

Strange it was, the reinforcements he had ordered did not reach him, and none knew where they were. Of course all the miners there were greatly excited; the events of the day were talked over, rockets thrown up, and fires kept burning on the hills as beacons for a guide to the soldiers still out; but before daylight they all came in, after having lost their way in the storm while searching for Major Gordon and his party.

Early next morning, Lieutenant Dinwiddie took a strong detachment of troops and twenty citizens, and went out to the scene of battle, and taking up the body of young Stambaugh, marched slowly back on their sad journey with the noble, brave fellow, to the camp, which should know him no more!





Bennett escaping from the Indians.



A Robin's Nest in Shoe. By HARRISON WEIR.

A ROBIN'S NEST IN A SHOE.



T Keymer, in Sussex, some time since, a pair of robins built their nest in an old shoe which had been thrown away from a neighbouring cottage. It was a curious sight to see the old birds come to the nest, when the little ones at once crowded forward to receive the meat provided for them; when they had eaten this, they as quickly returned again out of sight into the toe part of the shoe, and were perfectly quiet until one or the other of the old birds appeared again with a further supply.

RODOLPH'S CHOICE.

(Concluded from page 396.)

RODOLPH had slept in the forest before, but never so far from home; and as the darkness came on, and the sky could scarcely be seen through the tree-tops, his heart misgave him, and he thought longingly of the fireside at home.

But this feeling did not last long, for his courage soon rose again at the thought of the rock before him, and having said his evening prayer, as he did each night by his bedside at home, he lay down to rest, in the calm faith that God could keep him as safe in the lonely forest as if he were beneath his father's roof.

He was weary with his long day's walk, and soon fell asleep, and slept as soundly on his bed of dry leaves as he had ever done before in his life.

Nothing happened to disturb him, and so his first night in the forest passed without any adventure.

Rodolph woke early, and set off at once to continue his journey, for he thought he would have his breakfast at the first stream he came to, as he could then soak some of his hard black bread in the clear water. But it happened in that part of the forest that the little brooks, of which he had passed several the day before, were few and far between; so that the sun was high up in the heavens when at length, to his great joy, he reached a clear, sparkling stream.

Hitherto his journey had been quite solitary, for he had not even met a single woodman or traveller, but just as Rodolph was bending down to dip his bread in the water a loud, angry voice, shouted out to him,—

'Holla! you poacher! what right have you here, catching our fish?' And before the poor boy had time to reply he received a terrible blow on the head from a long pole which the stranger carried.

He was a great, strong, rough-looking fellow, and when he saw the effect of his blow he paused a moment, and said:—

'You have no business here: the fish belong to us of the village of Stelbach, so go you back to where you came from.'

'I never meant to catch the fish, whoever they

belong to,' replied Rodolph, when he recovered his footing; 'but the woods are free to all, and I go not back for your rough words.'

'Say you so?' cried the other, in a fierce passion; 'then at least you shall never go forward!'

So saying, he struck another violent blow at the young lad, who, in trying to avoid it, stumbled against a stone and fell to the ground. Before he could defend himself the young woodman, for such he seemed to be, stood over Rodolph, and raised his pole to strike again: he would have done so, but the boy, who had recovered himself, snatched the pole out of his hand, and tried to defend himself.

It was a very unequal contest, and though the young boy behaved with cool courage, the greater strength of the man soon overpowered him, and he was left sorely bruised and beaten on the grassy bank.

The young woodman, satisfied with his victory, now prepared to cross the rapid stream in his usual way, by using his long pole to leap over it; but the pole which had been used for such rough blows snapped in two, just at the moment when he was making his vault, and he fell into the water, which bubbled and rushed over him. He tried to get up again, but found he was quite unable to do so, for one of his legs was broken.

He roared out with the pain, and cried loudly for help, as he felt that he could not save himself from drowning; for the stream at that point was deep, and rushed over its rocky bed almost with the force of a torrent.

Rodolph heard his cries and saw his danger; although himself in great pain, and half-stunned with the cruel treatment he had received, he made a great effort and managed to climb down the steep bank into the water to help his enemy. With very great difficulty and labour he at length succeeded in raising and supporting him to the edge of the bank, where the water was shallow and there were some large flat stones on which he could rest.

Then, with the greatest tenderness and kindness, the gallant little fellow helped the young woodman up the steep bank, and tried to bind up the broken limb as well as he could. He had once seen something of the same kind happen to a school-fellow at Heidelberg, and he did his best to remember what he had then seen the surgeon do. Every touch, however, was so painful, and called forth such screams of pain from Karl (for that was the young man's name), that poor Rodolph had to stop many times, and was at his wit's end what to do.

At length, when he had bound up the leg in the most careful manner with slips of his own clothes, torn up for the purpose, the great question arose, 'What was next to be done?' Karl made an attempt to stand, but found it was quite hopeless, even with the help of his companion, and sank down on the ground with a groan.

'How far is it to the village of Stelbach, which you spoke of?' asked Rodolph, anxiously.

'Nearly four miles up the stream,' replied the young man, with a blush of shame as he remembered his boastful language of half-an-hour ago, when he had declared that the whole stream belonged to this same Stelbach.

'If you will tell me the way, I will try to get there and bring you help.'

'No, no! do not leave me!' cried Karl, piteously. 'I shall die here alone in the forest, and the eagles will come and peck at me. See, too, yonder black clouds; there is a storm coming on.'

Rodolph looked up to where he pointed, and saw that there was indeed every sign of a tempest close at hand. And there was no shelter, only the trees, which are so dangerous a refuge, as they so readily attract the lightning.

'Do not leave me!' repeated poor Karl, in his despair.

'I will stay with you,' replied the generous boy. 'Do not fear, you will soon be better.'

And thus, with kind words and gentle care, he tried to soothe him, fetching him water to drink from the stream and sharing his bread with him.

Meantime the storm was fast approaching; the dark clouds collected over their heads, and suddenly the thunder rolled in the distance, and echoed through the forest. Nearer and nearer it came, and louder and louder, till the earth itself almost seemed to shake with the fury of the tempest, and there was scarcely any pause between the flashes of lightning. The rain, too, came down in torrents, and Rodolph was soon drenched, for he had parted with his coat to cover his companion, who shivered with pain and cold.

It was a fearful day, and it seemed to both of them that the storm would never end. When at last, towards evening, the clouds began to clear a little, it was far too late for Rodolph to think of fetching help from the village, even had he known his way, and had Karl been willing to part with him.

But as it was, the poor fellow clung to his young companion as his only hope, and could not bear him even to leave his side. So there was no help for it but for them to make up their minds to spend the night there, on the wet, sodden ground, though Rodolph did his best to find some dry leaves under the thick trees, and made as easy a bed as he could for Karl, who could not bear the least movement.

Never did either of them forget that terrible night; it seemed to them that the long sleepless hours would never pass away, as the one lay moaning with pain and the other patiently watching by his side, cheering him now and then with a word of hope and comfort.

Rodolph, too, had another cause of anxiety, which he did not speak of to his friend, for such indeed his late foe might now be called. The boy's thoughts during this long watch had returned to the dragon, for he fancied that now he must have reached the part of the forest of which the old woman had spoken. What if that fearful beast should suddenly appear in the night and attack poor Karl, who was lying helpless on the ground?

He tried to light a fire, for he remembered having read that wild animals were afraid of fire, but everything was so wet that he could not get the sticks to light. All that he could do, therefore, was to be on his watch, and to pray for help and protection.

It was very hard for the boy to keep awake for so long, and just at the darkest hour before dawn, overcome with fatigue, he was almost asleep, when

he was startled by a sudden rushing through the trees. He did not like to alarm his companion, and so he listened in silence, though with a throbbing heart, for now he felt sure the great moment had arrived.

All at once something rushed fiercely over poor Karl, who gave a shriek of pain and terror.

'What is it?' he cried, trembling.

'It must be the dragon!' exclaimed Rodolph.

He started to his feet, and seizing the broken pole, his only weapon, stood up in an attitude of defence.

'The what?' asked the other, still more alarmed at hearing an unknown name.

But Rodolph, who had said the word thoughtlessly, in the excitement of the moment, would not explain, for fear of adding to the terror of his companion, and charged boldly with his wooden spear.

Just at that moment, however, a gleam of moonlight shone out through the clouds, and Karl, who had been watching the dark moving object with breathless alarm, exclaimed:—

'It is only a stag! I can see its horns. What did you think it was?'

So this was all the adventure. No dragon, only a frightened stag. It was quite with a feeling of disappointment that Rodolph gave up his pursuit, and sat down again to watch by his friend's side. In answer to his questions, however, the boy soon told the whole story of his journey to the forest; how his one aim had been to seek and to slay the terrible dragon who ravaged the country round.

To his surprise, however, he found that Karl, who had all his life lived in that very neighbourhood, had never even so much as heard of the dragon.

Could it be, thought he, that some one else had already slain the dragon—long ago, perhaps? for Mother Brocken, who had told him the story, was very old, and she had heard it when she was a child. One thing was certain, at any rate; it would be of no use for him to continue his search, and therefore he had better make the best of his way home as soon as possible. But poor Karl, what was to be done about him! Ah, this was his first duty; and when the morning dawned at length, and found the poor fellow still more weak, and full of pain after his long, sleepless night, Rodolph scarcely knew how to act.

At last, after much persuasion, he induced Karl to spare him for a couple of hours, that he might go to Stelbach and get help to carry him home.

The boy had promised that he would not stay away a minute longer than he could help, so, still bruised and weary as he was, he set off at a brisk pace, and ran most of the way till he reached the quiet little village. Here he soon found out Karl's home, where his parents were in the utmost anxiety at his not having returned home, and feared that he must have lost his life in the storm. On hearing the tidings which Rodolph brought they set off at once, with several of the neighbours, to fetch the poor fellow home.

Having done all that he could, Rodolph was now at liberty to retrace his way through the forest. He so little thought that he had done anything gallant or unusual, that he was quite surprised when, on parting, Karl grasped his hand warmly, and said, with tears in his eyes,—



Rodolph heard his cries and saw his danger.

'You are a noble fellow, and you have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget.'

'What less could I have done?' asked the boy, simply. 'I fear you found me but a clumsy doctor.'

And thus they parted friends, the two who had met as foes: but which was the conqueror in the end? Was it he who proved strongest in the unequal struggle? or was it he who risked his life, and sacri-

ficed his own rest and comfort, for the sake of an unprovoked and cruel enemy?

We must now bid farewell to Rodolph, as he takes his homeward way through the forest paths, singing aloud in the gladness of his heart. True, he had not slain the dragon, but yet I think that you will hold with me, that he had shown himself a Christian hero.



PEASANTS OF TOLEDO.

TOLEDO is the ancient capital of Spain, and far more worthy, both from its grand position and magnificent buildings, of that dignity than the more modern Madrid. The inhabitants of the city and the peasants of the neighbourhood are a proud race, strong and well built, with handsome countenances and dark eyes; true types of the Castilian people. They have retained, too, very much of the old national

costume, which is by degrees disappearing in other parts. The Spanish love of bright colours would be seen in the young man and woman—probably mother and son—in our picture. He with his scarlet jacket, perhaps bound with green, yellow waistcoat, blue velveteen breeches, straw hat, and red handkerchief underneath it; instead of shoes or boots, pieces of cloth are tied round his feet. The woman, too, is still

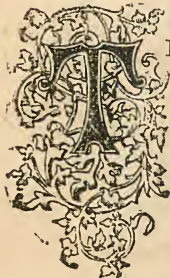
more gay; her gown is of brightest yellow, her apron crimson, the handkerchief on her head green or blue, and that round her neck of various glaring colours.

Toledo is still famous for its arms, and the manufactory which has made the Toledan blades, so renowned throughout the world, still sends forth not only weapons of warfare, but cutlery of all kinds.

J. F. C.

STORIES ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS.

By the Rev. E. B. Tuttle, U.S. Army.



INDIAN TRADITION—THE DELUGE.

THE Oneidas have a tradition about the Deluge which is very singular. According to their story, an unlimited expanse of water covered the whole space now occupied by the world we live in.

At this time the whole human family dwelt in a country situated in the upper regions of the air. Everything needed for comfort and pleasure was found. The

people did not know what death was, nor its attendant, sickness or disease; and their minds were free from jealousy, hatred, or revenge.

At length it happened that all of this was changed, and care and trouble came to them.

A certain youth was seen to withdraw himself from the circle of social amusements, and he wandered away alone in the groves, as his favourite resort.

Care and sorrow marked his countenance, and his body, from long abstinence from food, began to make him look to his friend like the skeleton of a man. Anxious looks could not solve the mystery of his grief: and by-and-by, weakened in body and soul, he yielded to his companions, and promised to disclose the cause of his trouble, on condition that they would dig up by the roots a certain pine-tree, lay him in his blanket by the edge of the hole, and place his wife by his side. At once all hands were ready. The fatal tree was taken up by the roots; in doing which the earth was opened, and a passage made into the abyss below. The blanket was spread by the hole; the youth lay upon it, the wife also (soon to be a mother) took her seat by his side. The crowd, anxious to know the cause of such strange and unheard-of conduct, pressed close around; when, all of a sudden, to their horror and surprise, he seized upon the woman and threw her headlong into the regions of darkness below! Then, rising from the ground, he told the people that he had for some time suspected that his wife was untrue to him, and so, having got rid of the cause of his trouble, he would soon recover his health and spirits.

All those amphibious animals which now inhabit this world then roamed through the watery waste to which this woman, in her fall, was now hastening. The loon first discovered her coming, and called a council in haste to prepare for her reception,—observing that the animal which approached was a human being, and that earth was necessary for its accommo-

dation. The first thing to be thought of was, who should support the burden?

The sea-bear first presented himself for a trial of his strength. At once the other animals gathered round and jumped upon his back; but the bear, unable to carry such a weight, sank beneath the water, and was by all the crowd judged unequal to support the weight of the earth. Several others presented themselves, were tried, and found wanting. But last of all came the turtle, modestly tendering his broad shell as the basis of the earth now to be formed. The beasts then made a trial of strength by heaping themselves on his back, and finding by their united pressure they could not sink him below the surface, adjudged him the honour of supporting the world on his back.

Thus, a foundation being found, the next subject of thought was how to procure earth. Several of the most expert divers plunged to the bottom of the sea and came up dead; but the mink at last, though he shared the same fate, brought up in his claws a small quantity of dirt. This was placed on the back of the turtle.

In the meanwhile the woman kept on falling, till at last she alighted on the turtle's back. The earth had already grown to the size of a man's foot where she stood, with one foot covering the other. By-and-by she had room for both feet, and was able to sit down. The earth continued to expand, and when its plain was covered with green grass, and streams ran, which poured into the ocean, she built her a house on the sea-shore. Not long after she had a daughter, and she lived on what grew naturally, till the child was grown to be a woman. Several of the animals wanted to marry her, they being changed into the forms of young men; but the mother would not consent, until the turtle offered himself as a bean, and was accepted. After she had laid herself down to sleep, the turtle placed two arrows on her body, in the shape of a cross: one headed with flint, the other with the rough bark of a tree. By-and-by she had two sons, but died herself.

The grandmother was so angry at her death that she threw the children into the sea. Scarcely had she reached her wigwam when the children had overtaken her at the door. She then thought best to let them live; and dividing the body of her daughter in two parts, she threw them up towards the heavens, when one became the sun, the other the moon. Then day and night first began. The children soon grew up to be men, and expert with bow and arrows. The elder had the arrow of the turtle, which was pointed with flint; the younger had the arrow pointed with bark. The first was, by his temper, and skill and success in hunting, a favourite of his grandmother. They lived in the midst of plenty, but would not allow the younger brother, whose arrow was insufficient to kill anything but birds, to share in their abundance.

As this young man was wandering one day along the shore, he saw a bird perched on a limb hanging over the water. He aimed to kill it, but his arrow, till this time always sure, went aside the mark, and sank into the sea.

He determined to recover it, and made a dive for the bottom. Here, to his surprise, he found himself in a small cottage. A fine-looking old man sitting

there welcomed him with a smile, and thus spoke to him: 'My son, I welcome you to the home of your father! To obtain this meeting I directed all the circumstances which have combined to bring you hither. Here is your arrow, and ear of corn. I have watched the unkindness of your brother, and now command you to take his life. When you return home, gather all the flints you can find, and hang up all the deers' horns. These are the only things which will make an impression on his body, which is made of flint.'

Having received these instructions, the young Indian took his leave, and, in a quarrel with his brother, drove him to distant regions, far beyond the Savannas, in the south-west, where he killed him, and left his huge flint form in the earth. (Hence the Rocky Mountains.) The great enemy to the race of the turtle being thus destroyed, they sprang from the ground in human form, and multiplied in peace.

The grandmother, roused to furious resentment at the loss of her favourite son, resolved to be revenged.

For many days she caused the rain to descend from the clouds in torrents, until the whole surface of the earth, and even the highest mountains, were covered. The inhabitants escaped by fleeing to their canoes. She then covered the earth with snow; but they betook themselves to their snow-shoes. She then gave up the hope of destroying them all at once, and has ever since employed herself in inflicting smaller evils on the world, while her younger son displays his good and benevolent feelings by showering blessings on his race.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS GUIDE.

From the German, by George Elford.

A TRAVELLER once came to a river, which he must cross with his horse unless he gave up the purpose of his journey; but his courage failed him.

'Who,' exclaimed he, 'can trust a river that has not a bridge? Can't people build bridges? I wish somebody was here of whom I could take counsel!'

While he was thus speaking, up came a man.

'Friend,' cried the traveller, 'would you have any hesitation to venture into this stream?'

'None whatever, sir,' was the reply; 'if I had as good an animal under me as you have, I would, I think, cross Niagara.'

'And yet there appears to me many deep and dangerous places,' said the traveller.

'Well, there may and there may not be,' replied the man.

'Well, then,' the traveller answered, 'if you will ride over first and show me a safe way, I'll give you some money to drink my health with.'

'Very good, sir. I'll do it.'

The traveller dismounted from his horse; the other springs into the saddle, crosses the stream, and then, instead of returning, sets off at full trot.

'Where are you going?' calls out the traveller in affright. 'Stop, stop!'

But neither cries nor threats were of any use. Without caring for his shouts, the man galloped away: either he could not or would not hear. After awhile he turned round, and, to the traveller's delight, trotted slowly back to the stream.

'Oh, you wag or rogue!' exclaimed the traveller, 'to cause me so much uneasiness! Give me my horse and I will laugh at your joke!'

'A joke, indeed!' cried the thief. 'Believe me I'm not joking. This horse suits me well; yet, out of gratitude, I think I ought to give you one more lesson.. Whenever you undertake an important business in future, first try your own powers before you borrow those of others, and do not trust to any one who is ready to promise to do for you whatever you wish.. If I have a horse of my own, why should I let another risk his neck for me?'

So saying the thief galloped off and left the traveller bewailing.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BEGONE, then, leafy Summer,

And leave the forest bare;

Let who will be the comer,

He brings us something fair.

Wild Autumn has his treasures,

To blither May unknown;

Some lights and shades and mellow glades,

And beauties all his own.

Now, as the leaves are falling,

And the tall fern stands dead,

Why need we be recalling

The beauties which are fled?

Why murmur at the havoc

The piping winds have made?

The giant's fall gives light to all

Who languished in his shade.

The wind makes lamentation

Over the happy Past;

Yet come, sweet Meditation,

And listen to the blast;

Translate his strong storm-music,

And one will surely hear

A carol blent with his lament—

He sings the Coming Year.

What though he is unfolding

His banner, sleety pale?

What though his hands are holding

A two-edged sword of hail?

He comes, in love and kindness,

To this old earth of ours;

And wind, and cloud, and snowy shroud,

Are big with songs and flowers.

The Coming Year must borrow

Life from the wreck we see;

O May, O sunny morrow,

How bright your hours will be!

The dear old leaves we gather,

Will, dying, help to fling

Above their tomb the wild flower's bloom,

And all the joys of Spring.

G. S. O.



Autumn Leaves.



Found at his Duty.

FOUND AT HIS DUTY.

A True Tale.



I was a winter's night, many years ago: the ground was covered with frozen snow, and black snow-clouds hung heavy and thick overhead: while an intense cold was made still keener by the driving wind which scudded along over the country-side, carrying in its teeth a storm of icy snowflakes.

The clock in the tower of the parish church of Grays chimed the hour of nine as Talbot, the post-boy, prepared himself and his horse Beauty to carry the mail-bags, filled with their valuable letters, on to Cheetham, nine miles away, over a rugged road, up hill and down dale; for in those days there were no iron railroads traversed by snorting engines, puffing and shrieking on at the rate of forty or fifty miles in the hour, and distances had to be reached by fast-trotting and high-mettled horses.

It was a dangerous deed to ride over a lonely country on such a night as this; but no misgiving clouded the lad's brave spirit. He was soon standing before the office door, patting the sleek coat of his favourite, when the door opened and the postmaster appeared with the bags.

'You'll have a hard time of it to-night, Talbot, my boy,' he said. 'I am thinking whether you ought to go through all this.'

'Go through it!' was the reply. 'What would they do at Cheetham in the morning without their letters? We're not afraid of it, are we, Beauty?'

'But this is the worst night I have ever known; you'll be losing your way. Who can tell the difference between road, ditch, and field in this snow?'

But Talbot took the bags from the speaker's hand, and slung them at his back.

'Lose our way, indeed! Why, she knows every inch of the road! Don't you, Beauty? It won't be the first time we've cantered along, by hundreds.' And he laughed lightly, springing to the saddle with a bound; but added quietly, 'It will be a rough ride to-night, though, and I shall not be sorry to see the lights of Cheetham. If I get there all right it will be one to my score, that's all; for they'll know I'm not afraid of a bit of weather, and they won't have to say of me that I shirked. I mean to take care of that. Good-night, sir.'

He buttoned his coat tightly round him, turned the collar up over his ears, pulled his cap close down, gave Beauty the signal, and galloped away into the dark.

'Ah, well, you are a brave fellow, and I'll see you don't lose anything by it,' said the postmaster, as he closed the door, and sat down by his own fireside.

As Talbot, on his trusty steed, rode deeper into the lonely country, the cold became more terrible.

He was covered with snow that froze into a coating of ice over him, and everything tended to send his courage down as low as the temperature itself; but he fought manfully to keep up his spirits, although it was hard work, for such a night as this had not been known for years.

One mile—two miles—three miles of the road got

over, and Cheetham still six miles away! Straight onward he urged his way, where all was dark before and on either side, save now and then when, as he rode quickly by, he saw through a cottage window a cheerful firelight gleam, when he fancied there a group of happy children around the hearth, with their father and mother, and all else making home bright and happy.

Then, perhaps, he thought of his own home in Grays, of the brothers and sisters there, of his mother, watching and looking anxiously through the lattice, wondering how he could be faring in all this, and praying fervently for her boy, who would be home again on the morrow if all went well.

But enough of this; he must keep all thought for himself now, and fight against this drowsiness creeping slowly over him. There was work to be done; there were the valuable mail-bags to be preserved and delivered.

That was his work, and he would do it. Six miles of the journey over, and still three more to Cheetham.

He had lost all sense of feeling by this time, and scarcely knew if the rein was in his hand, while the tears that would come froze upon his cheek. This was a fight with terrible foes, but Cheetham was only two miles away now, and courage must live a little longer. 'Away and away! Soho, Beauty! Forward!' That was the word.

Two men stood out in the High Street of Cheetham. One was the postmaster of that town, and the other an hostler waiting to feed Beauty and bed her down for the night. The clouds were dispersing, the stars shone out here and there, and there was a prospect of moonshine by-and-by.

'I reckon he won't be here to-night,' said one of them, stamping his numbed feet upon the ground.

'Very likely not. How goes his time? is it up yet?'

'Well, he ought to be in very soon, if he's coming at all,' was the reply.

As they were speaking, a horse with its rider came galloping in; and it was Beauty covered with foam, who, with her burden, now halted before them. She knew the place too well to need any reining in.

'Welcome, Talbot!' said the postmaster. 'That's the way to do it! Nine miles against wind and weather, and true to your time within a minute or two! Unstrap the bags, boy, and then come in and have a warm.' But there was no answer.

'Come, off with you, my man! You seem overfond of this: more than I am, at any rate.'

Still no answer—silent and erect he sat in the saddle.

The hostler raised his lantern to the lad's face: the features were rigid, and the eyes open wide, looking forward.

'Why, he is ill!' he exclaimed. 'He is very bad! What shall we do? I believe he is dying, sir.'

Not dying, but dead, for Death had met with him in the way.

Found—found at his duty.

The postmaster lifted him off in his strong arms, but with difficulty, for the boy was frozen fast to the saddle, and his knees were pressed tightly to the horse's sides. Just as he was taken down his face

came near Beauty's head, when the panting steed snuffed at it, expecting the master's kindly word and touch. Ah, Beauty! Beauty! you will never see your master any more! If you were able to think at all, you never thought you were carrying his lifeless body the last mile of the journey: for all too truly the two discovered this when they had carried him into the house, and all their efforts to restore animation proved vain. He was cold as marble.

'He is dead!' said the postmaster, in a sad voice.

The intense cold had pierced his brave heart, and Death had stolen upon him in the guise of a sleep, rapidly sinking into a slumber to know no waking in this world.

When the history of his end was known there were those who said it was hard to be taken so soon; but the great Reaper has His own times and seasons, and draws no distinction between young and old. Above everything else, when he was no more, there was this sweet memory to lighten in some measure the tribulation of those bereaved ones, who looked in vain for the return of the living on the morrow—the memory of how he closed the story of his life with an act of heroism and faithfulness, and died in doing his duty.

GEX.

NATURAL SCENES.

XII.—A HEADLAND.

MY earliest idea of a headland was derived from a startling picture in an old quarto book on discoveries at sea. The picture is called 'The Spectre of the Cape,' and it is a picture well suited to impress any youthful mind. Da Gama's little vessel, the *San Gabriel* of 120 tons, is shown to us, tossing against the one patch of light in the gloomy heavens, on a black and angry sea. High up is the dim outline of Table Mountain, and it looks spectre-like enough.

When Da Gama was entrusted with his important work, which was to double the Cape of Storms, as the Cape of Good Hope was at first called, he cried out,—

'Let skies on fire,

Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,
I dare them one and all, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can resign.'

The king, Emmanuel, gave him a flag, on which was a white cross enclosed in a red one; and he gave him also letters to the principal chiefs in India. The last night on shore was spent in prayer, and on Saturday, July 8, 1497, the mariners embarked, amid the tears of those who were assembled to see them off. Thousands remained on the sea-shore, gazing until all traces of the four ships had faded.

After visiting St. Helena, Gama encountered stormy weather. The pilot's voice could seldom be heard for the wind, and the days were dismal indeed. The sailors entreated Gama to return, and when he would not some grew mutinous, and he had to put them in irons. Those who were faithful stood night and day to the helm. At length, Providence rewarded Gama's courage, and on November 20, 1497, all the squadron doubled the Cape.

A little island named Rathlin, situated on the north coast of Antrim, had a very noble headland, called Fairhead, or Benmore. It is composed of basaltic pillars,

some of which are 400 feet high. This headland rises from the sea with a slope, and then it runs straight up to the summit, where the rock is covered with a soft and beautiful carpet of turf, moss, and wild flowers. The sea is so rough here at times, that although Rathlin is only five miles from the mainland, the islanders are kept imprisoned in their breezy home for three weeks together.

Of course, Old England boasts many a fine headland. One of the best known is that at Dover, known by the name of 'Shakespeare's Cliff.' That name has been given to it in honour of our great poet, who wrote some lines upon it; well known as they are, our young friends will perhaps not be sorry to read them once more:—

'How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low;
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as beetles.

Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

The murmuring surge

That on th'unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.'

The poet, who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, speaks also of the 'bending head' of this cliff. It is supposed from this description, this bold steep has changed its appearance in the last 300 years. This is likely enough, for large masses of the chalk which composes it keep crumbling down. The 'cock' spoken of in the lines is the cock-boat, from whence our word 'cockswain' comes. The 'samphire' spoken of is a wild plant, much used in making pickles. An old writer says, 'Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country, and it is terrible to see how the people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathoms from the top of the impending rock, as if they were in the air.'

The same county has a headland called the North Foreland, on which a lighthouse has been built, to warn sailors from running aground on the dangerous Goodwin Sands. These perilous sands stretch about ten miles, from opposite the North Foreland, as far as to Walmer Castle. Some say these sands were once an island, belonging to the famous Earl Goodwin, and destroyed by the sea in 1097. And though these sands are dangerous in themselves, yet they are useful as a breakwater, and by them vessels are protected, while in the Downs, from the fury of the north-east gales.

On November 26, 1702, Queen Anne's navy had a fearful loss, four of her ships being wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. The North Foreland light was then most likely of little use. The sailors were wont to say that they had in hazy weather seen the Foreland before they had seen the coal-fire, which burned in an iron grate, on the top of the strong house or tower of flint, which at that time formed the lighthouse for the terrible Goodwin Sands.

G. S. O.



Natural Scenes. No. XII.—A Headland.